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DARVA
CONGER
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Takes Off Her
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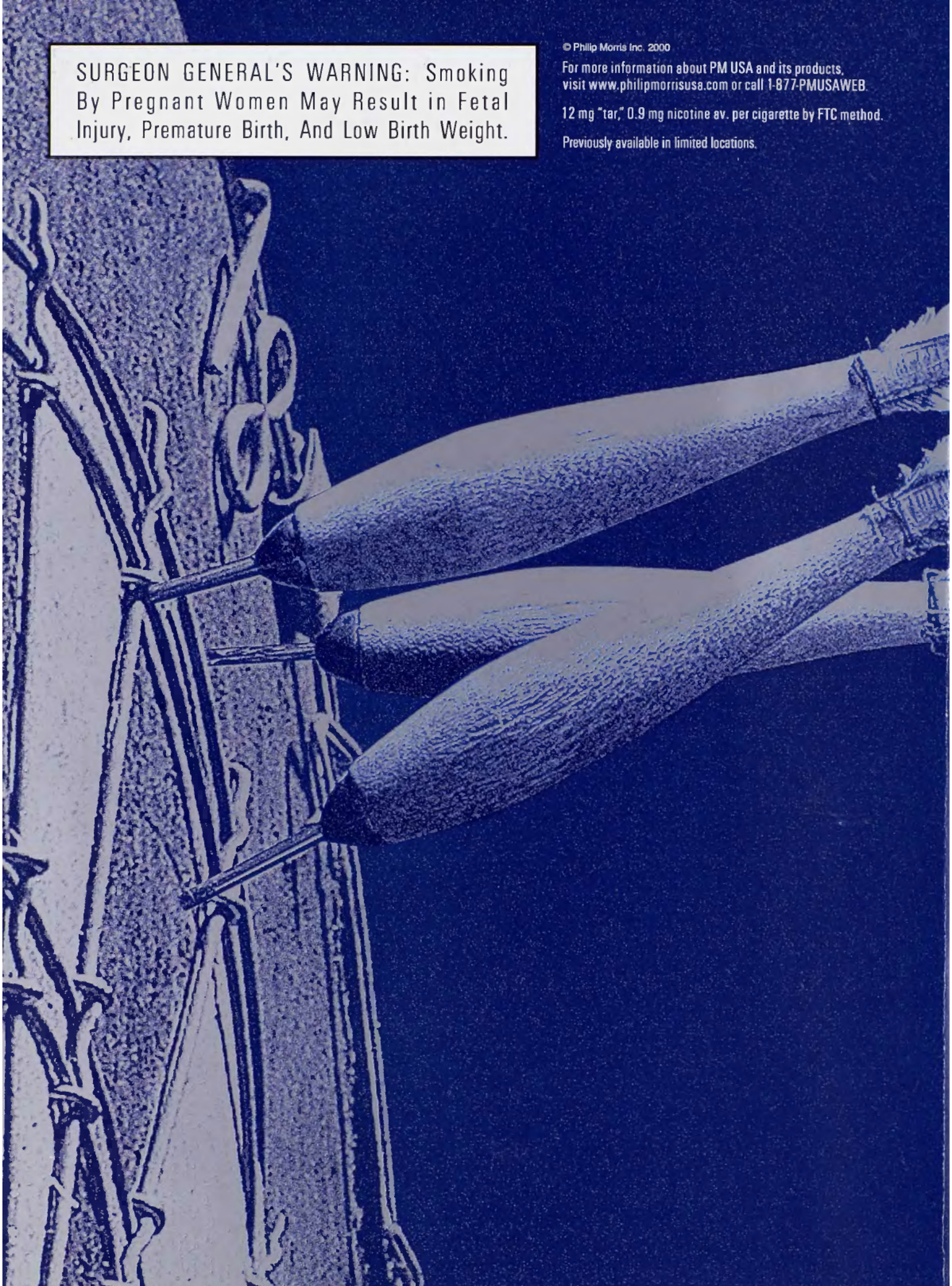
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# Playbill

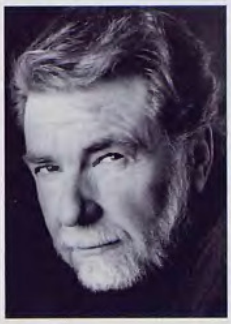
WHEN MOST OF US make a mistake in love, we have the luxury of doing it in private. When it's over, we move on. After going on a goofy lark, **Darva Conger** found herself in quite the opposite position. She took a trip to Vegas, aced her way through *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?* and—*bam*—some joker picked her to be his wife. One dry honeymoon later, she tried to tear asunder the ridiculous bond between them. Then the media hit her lawn, her garbage and her place of work. *Runaway Bride* gets back to the basics in a pictorial by **Stephen Wayda.** As for Mr. Rockwell, the groom, he's proof that it doesn't pay to be rich. And the superrich have even worse problems. Like parking a Gulfstream jet. Or whomping alimony payments. *Millionaires: Do You Really Want to Be One?* by **Jamie Malanowski** is the antidote to today's money fever.

Well then, how about being **John Malkovich?** He's the anti-Leo, a man seductive and sharp. The Steppenwolf Theater member made his mark on the world—and on mistress Michelle Pfeiffer—in *Dangerous Liaisons*. Then he astounded fans with his performance in *Being John Malkovich*. Now we get an even deeper probe inside Malkovich's mind in an acerbic interview by **Kristine McKenna.** She found Malkovich in Paris filming *Les Misérables*. Here's a trailer: "'What was your name? OK, now, can I shove this up your ass?' That's the movies."

While singer **Aimee Mann** is someone we'd love to date, we're glad we never broke up with her. For years rock critics spoke reverentially of her CD *I'm With Stupid* and her songs that blasted ex-lovers and music execs alike. She powered the soundtrack of *Magnolia* and she's released a new disc, *Bachelor No. 2*. In this month's *20 Questions*, Mann spars with **Robert Crane** about the state of girlie singers and the labels who love them. It's a supersinger sandwich: **Macy Gray** is the real deal. Even a crank like Neil Young thinks so. We've been groupies ever since her hit *I Try*, so we sent Assistant Editor **Alison Lundgren** to do a front-row profile. In *There's Something About Macy*, the ladies get into how Macy opens up (grrr) and tells how she fell for a guy on the tour bus. Speaking of fallen women, our four racy muses are back and bawdy in *City Girls* by **Amy Sohn.** In *Episode 3*, the urbane babes discuss boys, toys and being bicurious. On the guy side, **Nathan Newman** addresses the how-tos of dating a friend in *The Single Life*. Chief among them: Establish an escape route early.

There's something about Ray: **Ray Bradbury** is a wonder. He can unravel the male genetic code in a handful of sentences, then celebrate the silly and profound in a burst of literary exuberance. We're referring to his text for *The Nerve of Erv*, a delightful two-page gallery of limpid and lithic cartoons by **Erv Kaplan.** Our other grand master this month is **Donald E. Westlake,** who is back to his absurdly mysterious ways in *Art and Craft* (the illustration is by **Jordin Isip**). Westlake's sly thief Dortmunder encounters con turned artist Three Finger Gillie and gives him a lesson in artistry.

At the turn of the last century, the average American's life expectancy was 47. Now it's 76. With that in mind, doubling today's limit isn't so far-fetched. With some chromosomal twiddling, centenarians will be as frisky as teenagers. *You Don't Look a Day Over 150. Want to Screw?* by **Kathleen Sharp** is a roundup of research that promises a limitless future. The artwork is by **Brian Rea.** For a more traditional approach to preservatives, turn to *Rum for the Money* by **Richard Carleton Hacker.** Equally refreshing is this month's Playmate, **Summer Altice.** Have your drink at hand, because Summer is a one-woman heat wave. See? Your ice is melting already.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# PLAYBOY

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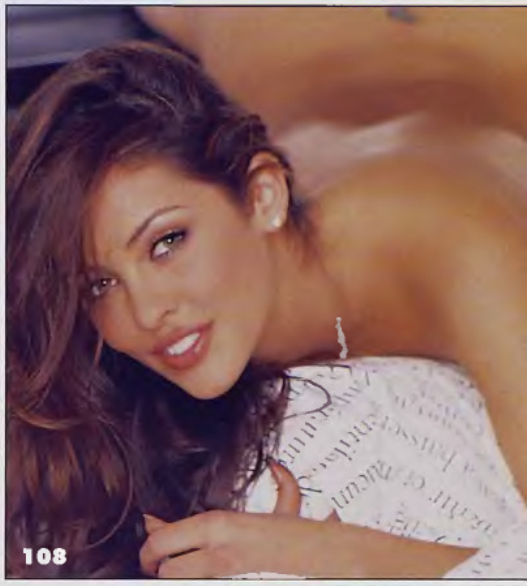


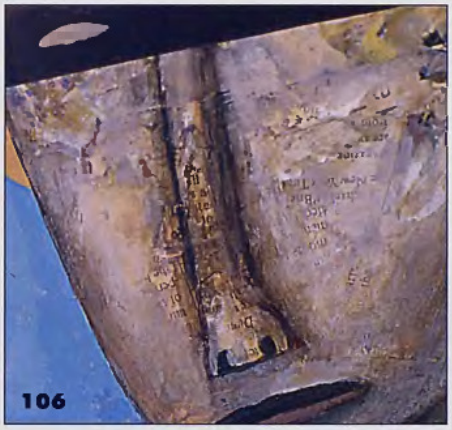


## cover story

Not for love nor money did Rick Rockwell get a glimpse of his bride without her wedding gown. But this month you'll see Runaway Bride Darva Conger minus the silk and the tulle—whether you're a multimillionoire or just an aspiring one. Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover. Our Rabbit is a classy guy, but did you know he's Ivy League material?

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# PLAYBOY

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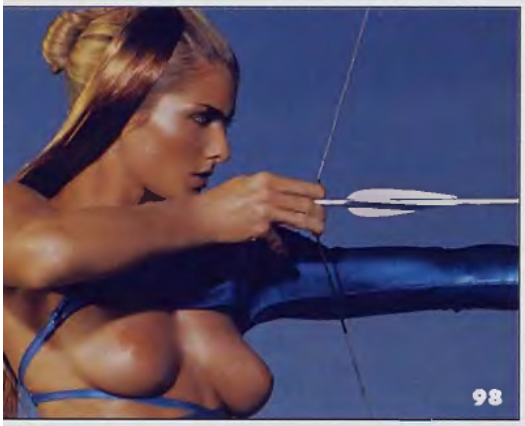

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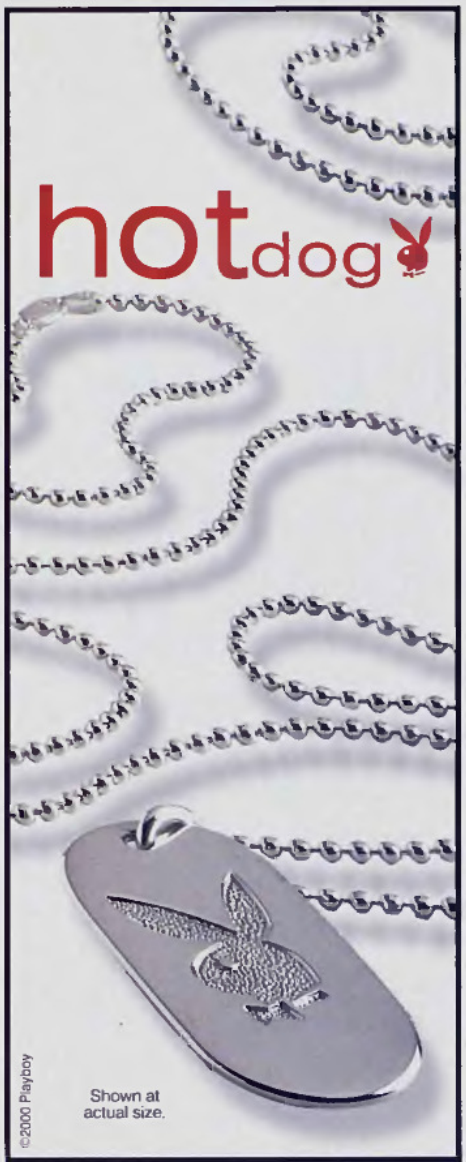


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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

*hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes*

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HEF

Hef hosted a pajama and lingerie party on his birthday with best girls Brande, Mandy, Sandy and Jessica (at left) for just a thousand close friends, celebrities and Centerfolds. The evening included naked, exotically painted go-go dancers and fun and games in the pool and Grotto. This was Darva Conger's first visit to the Playboy Mansion (below), and led to her prize pictorial in this issue.

### MOTOWN WEST

At right, Diana Ross and Hef—the leader of the Supremes and PLAYBOY's supreme leader—celebrating a birthday party in Diana's honor hosted by Motown founder Berry Gordy at his Bel Air mansion. Ross was the center of attention for celebrity guests Sidney Poitier, Billy Dee Williams, Smokey Robinson and John Cleese. She's the center of attention with fans this summer, too, with her national tour with the Supremes.

### PARTY ONLINE, DUDE!

At the Internet World Trade Show in LA, dot-commers vied for attention with parties thrown at House of Blues and Mayan. But the most lavish bash was the Stream search.com Internet Film and Music Festival at the Mansion, capped with a performance by the Brian Setzer Orchestra (right). You get what you pay for.

### THUMBS-UP ALL AROUND

A show of shows, a night of nights: Comic great Sid Caesar and his wife, Florence, joined Christie and Hef for a movie night (above). At right, Hef and Roger Ebert shared two thumbs-up at a Mansion reception for the University of Illinois' College of Communications alumni. Students named Hef their Most Notable Alum. The number two spot went to Ebert.

# HEF'S BIRTHDAY BLOWOUT

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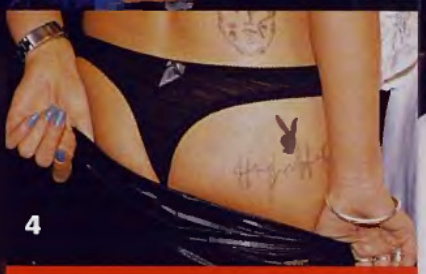
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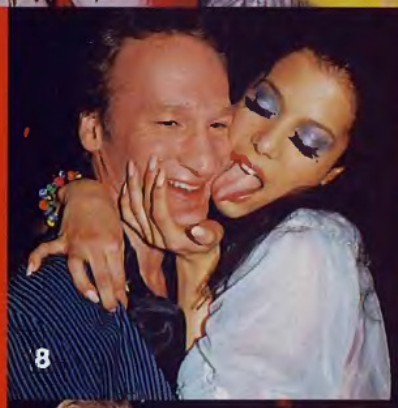
When it came time to blow out the candles, Hef had loads of A-list assistance. (1) Christine Taylor and Ben Stiller. (2) Bud Cort, Edward Furlong, Andy Dick and a reveler. (3) Brande nuzzles her birthday boy. (4) The ultimate PLAYBOY fan got Hef to autograph her Rabbit Head tattoo and then had the signature tattooed as well. (5) Vincent Young and Tori Spelling. (6) Darva Conger and lucky duck Drew Carey. (7) Carrie Stevens, Victoria Silvstedt and Natalia Sokolova. (8) Bill Maher takes a licking. (9) Cheers to Hef and Rena Mero. (10) Carmen Electra. (11) Lauren Holly, Julia Schultz and Bruins football player Freddie Mitchell. (12) Jaime Bergman. (13) Fred Durst and friend. (14) Lisa Dergan and Rod Stewart. (15) Hef and three naked painted ladies. (16) Hef's close pal Tony Curtis and his wife, Jill Vandenberg.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# Dear Playboy

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
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E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM

**A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME**

Add another hit to Pete Rose's list of accomplishments. His *Playboy Interview* (May) is refreshing, insightful and brutally honest. For years, I've heard Pete deny he bet on baseball, but PLAYBOY has provided a forum for him to refute specific allegations. Major league baseball claims to maintain high ethical standards yet continues to ban Rose from the game. Bud Selig had better get used to the fact that Pete is not going away.

Jason Gabbert
Wood Lake, Minnesota

Pete Rose deserves to be in the Baseball Hall of Fame, despite his many faults. To remember him for compulsive gambling is like commemorating an army for the battles it has lost rather than for the wars it has won.

Clarence Santos
Adelanto, California

To keep Rose out of the Hall would be the biggest injustice in all of American sports. He is the best ambassador baseball has.

Denny Jackson
Milton, Kentucky

Would someone please tell Pete Rose to shut up? His big mouth and even bigger ego are what turn people off.

Denis Vlassopulos
Syracuse, New York

I'm continually amazed by baseball's refusal to allow Rose's reinstatement. Ty Cobb was a drunkard and a violent, vicious racist whose personality and off-the-field behavior were so objectionable that even his own teammates couldn't bear him at times. But he was also a hard-charging player who asked no quarter from his opponents and raised the bar in baseball. Ty Cobb is in the Hall of Fame. Why isn't Pete Rose?

Phil Carter
Atlanta, Georgia

Rose played with a furious love of the game, unmatched by the overpaid complainers who now inhabit the diamond. He also accomplished at least one feat—4256 hits—that will likely never be matched. Yet baseball has continued to turn its back on him. At a time when a player can spit on or hit an umpire, drug abusers are re-signed and domestic abusers are forgiven because of their hitting ability, it's obvious that baseball is in turmoil. Invite Pete back, vote him into the Hall and restore some pride in America's favorite pastime.

John Phillips
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

**PLAYBOY RAISES THE BAR**

Compiling a list always involves bias, but PLAYBOY really blew it with *The Best Bars in America* (May). The choice of Casablanca in Boston doesn't even come close. For one thing, it's in Cambridge. And as a Boston resident for over 35 years, I can say with certainty that Casablanca shouldn't make any list. Your trusted sources should have chosen the Rack, Daisy Buchanan's, Il Panino or Biba's instead.

Leonard Carnell
Boston, Massachusetts

I live in a suburb of Houston and was glad to see a new bar on your list—the Mercury Room. However, the bar you describe is actually a new pub called the Mercantile. I stopped in for a beer one afternoon, and while I can't vouch for the nightlife, the ambience is great. But as far as I know, there is no Mercury Room in Houston.

Eric Aikin
The Woodlands, Texas

*We're not sure how you missed it. The Mercury Room is next door to the Mercantile. You should head back down to 1008 Prairie and try again.*

Even with all the blue-ribbon authorities who contributed to this feature, you

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missed the best tavern on the East Coast—Mount Royal.

Nancy and Chris Kozak
Baltimore, Maryland

**NICE SET OF LUNGS**

I'm a PLAYBOY subscriber since my college days. PLAYBOY produces the greatest tributes to women, but photographer Arny Freytag has captured the true essence of feminine beauty in Ivonne Armant's pictorial (*Holy Domingo*, May).

Gary Andre
Los Angeles, California

Ivonne Armant has inspired me to quit rock and roll for opera.

Bryan Birchfield
Birmingham, Alabama

Of all the beautiful senoritas PLAYBOY has featured, there is none more magnificent than Ivonne Armant.

R.A. Haworth
Chicago, Illinois

**BY THE BROOKE**

There's nothing sexier than a woman who is smart and beautiful. Thanks for Brooke Berry (*Boyz 'N' Berry*, May). It took me a while, but I made the connection that Miss May was in your October 1999 *Girls of the Pac Ten* layout.

Tim Goebel
Clarksville, Indiana

**DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE**

We enjoy reading PLAYBOY, but my wife and I were both shocked to see Mandy and Sandy Bentley (*Double Trouble*, May) in poses that are totally inappropriate for sisters. Although they're beautiful women, the photographs are teetering

on the edge. This is not what sisters do together.

Jay and Jodie Cole
Adrian, Michigan

With both twins wearing Hef's pajamas, what's Hef wearing besides a smile?

Todd Sherwood
Victor, Montana

The Bentley twins are attractive, but don't you think Mandy and Sandy are a little too close—even for sisters?

Travis Riffle
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Two are always better than one—especially when it comes to the Bentley twins.

Edward Crean Jr.
Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey

I'm unable to tell the Bentley twins apart, but it also appears that they can't be torn apart. Congratulations on your steamiest pictorial ever.

Andrew Nastachowski
Tomah, Wisconsin

**HIT ME, BABY, ONE MORE TIME**

I can understand why Italians are fed up with mob stories (*Don't Worry, We Only Kill Each Other*, May). If I see one more guy named Sonny, Sal or Tony in a mob movie or TV show, I may put out a hit myself. And what about rap artists who are adopting Italian gangster personae? There's nothing like trading in one racial stereotype for another.

Willie Holmes
Chicago, Illinois

**DON'T FORGET YOUR HELMET**

Under the "Tip Sheet" heading in May's *Playboy After Hours*, there is an interesting reference to the term tough helmet, defined as a girl with a hot body and a terrible face. This is also known as a Cleveland Brown—a girl with a great uniform but a terrible helmet.

Michael DiLorenzo
Waltham, Massachusetts

**NICE AND EASY**

Amanda Green doesn't know the basic tenets of tantric sex (May). The goal is to attain spiritual enlightenment, and sex is a tool to that means. Green's focus on various sexual positions and her comparisons to Olympic gymnastics prove that she misses the point entirely. Timing is the key to tantric sex. That means slowing down the whole process in order to prolong it, strange as that may sound. It's possible to have an orgasm that lasts half an hour—but only if you build up to it gradually.

Usha Devi
Calcutta, India

Green states that the goal of tantric sex is not orgasm, but enlightenment. She's right. Nirvana, which is the same as enlightenment, is described in Buddhist holy scriptures as the most sublime state of eternal orgasmic bliss. So imagine the most powerful orgasm you've ever had, multiply that experience by a thousand times and then make that feeling last forever.

William Hubbell
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Tantric, shmantric. Good sex is always about putting your partner's needs and pleasures ahead of your own.

Nick Neighbor
Pasadena, California

**COME FLY WITH ME**

Recently I planned a trip to Daytona Beach. My flight was canceled after a delay at the airport, and while I waited for the next plane, I noticed that someone had left an issue of PLAYBOY on a seat nearby. I'd like to thank that person, because after a nine-hour wait, PLAYBOY's beautiful women made all my troubles disappear.

Casey Lowman
Icard, North Carolina

**HERE A SNIP, THERE A SNIP**

Thanks for reviewing two new books on circumcision (*Books*, April). Nineteenth century doctors who promoted the procedure in America as a way to curb masturbation fully understood that it could cause sexual harm. It was never a health measure. Circumcision cuts away the most pleasurable part of the penis and destroys the natural gliding mechanism during sexual activity. It severs nerve endings and dulls sensation.

Pat Miller
Toledo, Ohio

Congratulations for exposing a health fallacy, as well as the negative consequences of routine infant circumcision.

James Peron
Childbirth Education Foundation
Oxford, Pennsylvania

**DESIGN OF THE CENTURY**

I'd like to comment on PLAYBOY's new look. The new designs that introduce each feature are distinctive and give the magazine a fresh style for the new millennium. However, much as I enjoy the change, I just want you to know that I don't subscribe for the graphics alone.

Edward Lara
Houston, Texas

**KEEP THE FAITH**

I'm not a country music fan, but with artists like Faith Hill ("Babe of the Month," *After Hours*, May) and Shania Twain, your magazine may persuade me to jump over to country tunes. Here's hoping for a *Women of Country* pictorial in PLAYBOY soon.

Steve Duncan
Saginaw, Michigan

Does a person like me really need 155 horsepower?
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At 155 hp, it's the most powerful production watercraft ever, with amazing torque and acceleration. And to handle that power, we borrowed a hull design from our factory racers, for precise control and a steady ride. Then we added Yamaha's Sound Suppression and Platinum Plus clean air systems for cleaner, quieter rides. Now are you happy? Call 1-800-88-YAMAHA for a dealer, or try yamaha-motor.com.
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GET W.E.T.

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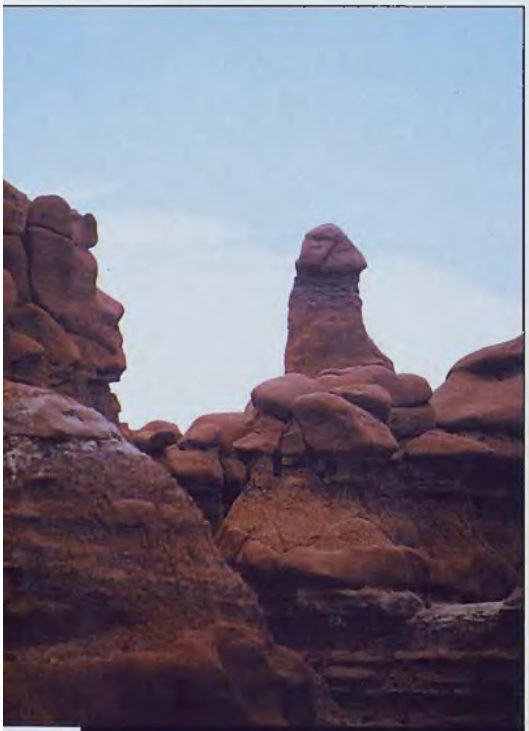
# PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

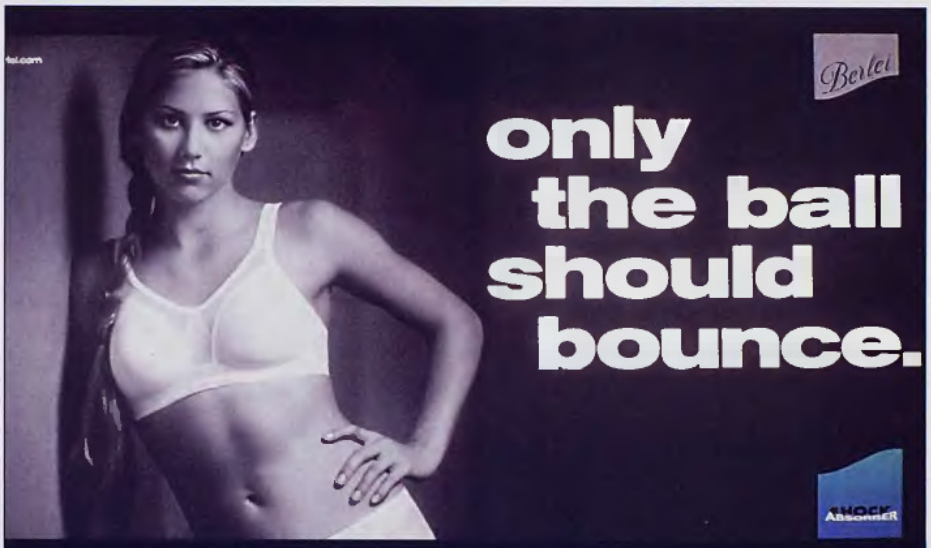
### JUST THE FACTOIDS

The Smoking Gun (thesmokinggun.com) doesn't shoot blanks. Run by Bill Bastone, formerly of *The Village Voice*, The Smoking Gun has made its reputation by posting hard-to-find court documents on the web. Infamous among its many investigative reports is the story it broke on Rick Rockwell, the groom on *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?* The site landed court documents concerning the restraining order placed on him by an ex. Once posted—*bam*—reruns were canceled, the network was embarrassed. In addition, the Gunners displayed government documents that established Timothy Leary as an FBI informant and posted a list of drugs Janet Jackson allegedly bought using false prescriptions. (She's been sued by the guy whose name appears on the prescriptions.) There are FBI papers on Elvis' coke habit, court documents from Kirstie Alley's juicy divorce and a draft of a speech that President Nixon was prepared to deliver "in case of disaster" during NASA's moon mission.



## MOUNT CHUBBY

It took the forces of nature a long time to make this rock formation. Think of all the millions of years, the thousands of pounds of pressure, the slow but steady effects of wind and water. OK, now think of Anna Kournikova showering after a tough match with Venus Williams. See—you can achieve the same thing mother nature did here—and in a fraction of the time.



## SUPPORTING ANNA KOURNIKOVA

We love watching tennis whiz Anna Kournikova play. We love the way she gets down low to hit ground strokes. We love the way she follows through on her serve. We love the way she rushes the net. Here we see her as she appears in an ad in England for Berlei underwear. It turns out Anna sweors by Berlei Shock Absorber bras for her high-impact work on the court. "As an international tennis player, the right sports equipment helps me compete at my highest level. With the Shock Absorber range of sports bras, performance and style are never compromised." With due respect to the fine folks at Berlei, we've thought Anna had the right sports equipment all along.

### WIDE RECEIVERS, TIGHT ENDS

Recently, 1400 billboards caused a ruckus in Los Angeles. The ads read: "On Sunday, April 9, six beautiful women will show you their panties." "On Sunday, April 9, 69 will not be out of the question." "On Sunday, April 9, 12 men will go both ways." "On Sunday, April 9, eight Oklahoma tourists will be beaten in downtown LA." No one knew what the ads were promoting, so an enraged city manager of an LA suburb threw black paint over the panties billboard. Turns out the billboards were promoting a new arena football team, the LA Avengers. The women were the cheerleaders, 69 referred to points scored and the 12 men going both ways refers to how the Avengers play both offense and defense. The tourists were the opposing team. Meanwhile, the manager is fending off accusations of criminal vandalism—not to mention the more serious charge of conducting a PR campaign in Los Angeles without a contract.

### THE FEW, THE PROUD, THE PITHY

The U.S. Marine Corps Survival Checklist is making the rounds on e-mail. Dubbed Murphy's Law of Combat, it also contains many rules that pertain to the workplace. Keep this crib sheet handy the next time you're up against the odds.

"If it's stupid but works, it ain't stupid."

"Don't look conspicuous, it draws fire."

"Never draw fire, it irritates everyone around you."

"Your weapon was made by the lowest bidder."

"If your attack is going well, it's an ambush."

"The enemy diversion you are ignoring is the main attack."

"The easy way is always mined."

"The important things are simple."

"The simple things are hard."

"Incoming fire has the right-of-way."

"Teamwork is essential—it gives them other people to shoot at."

"Anything you do can get you shot, including doing nothing."

### NUMBER ONE CURE

We weren't aware of the widespread belief that you can cure athlete's foot by peeing on your feet, but *Natural Health* apparently fears there is one. As opponents of the trickle-down theory, they maintain that "you need to soak your feet in a basin of urine for several days." Gee, couldn't we just walk barefoot in the subway for a few hours until the itching stops?

### THE TIP SHEET

*Gore Vital*: While Al Gore was campaigning, Ted Koppel observed that he looked "buff in a particularly snug pair of jeans." *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd's call on the pants? "Weirdly tight."

*Top 16 Bad Merger Ideas*: Highlights from TopFive.com—Mennen Black & Decker; Brother Canon Sperry Daimler; Rubbermaid Snap-on Genuine Parts; Pfizer Wang Boeing; Playboy Staples Busch; Zippo Johnson & Johnson Hertz; and Yahoo Wendy's Intuit.

*Roger's Profanisaurus*: A lexicon in *Viz*, it features gross and silly words with a UK twist. For example, there's the term *back on solids*: "Descriptive of a woman who has recently been *drinking from the hairy goblet* but who is now back to eating *beef on the bone*. A cured lesbian."

*Epilight hair removal*: A new way of zapping hair follicles, as practiced at the New York spa Completely Bare.

*Descending bubbles*: Fluid dynamics in a glass of Guinness force smaller bubbles to drop down along the sides.

*The League of Gentlemen*: New series on Comedy Central full of stupid British humor (as if there's any other kind). Which makes it one of the smartest things on American TV.

### ROYAL RUMBLE SEAT

Last March, when Queen Elizabeth made a royal tour of Australia, both British and local reporters wanted to know if her highness had brought along her other throne. Their most pressing concern was whether her 20 tons of luggage included an "ultrasoft kid leather white seat" that could be "fitted to every toilet she wishes to use during her five-city tour."

### ALL A'BORED

Try to stay awake for this one. Don't check out dullmen.com, the website of the Dull Men's Club. You'll find yawn-inducing political commentary (the usual

## BUILT TOUGH

**If you missed the Picturing the Modern Amazon exhibit at the New Museum in New York, a book by the same name (Rizzoli) will give you the highlights. Here is loving tribute to women who are larger than life and stronger than you are. Above, we see Skye Ryland looking good and, for the moment, not kicking anyone's ass.**

## IF YOU READ YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S LABELS, YOU CAN READ HER MIND

| | Express | Banana Republic | Abercrombie & Fitch | Gap | J. Crew | Old Navy |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Her mentol age | Barely legal | 30 | 21 | 24 | Menopausal | 13 |
| Her economic aspirations | Marrying a trust-fund baby who knows how to party | Donald Trump | Full investment in eco-stocks | To be ot the top of a pyramid scheme | Owning a town home in a premiere Florida retirement community | A checking occount |
| School she wishes she went to | Aveda Institute | NYU Tisch | UC–Santo Cruz | Penn Stote | Oxford | Any high school |
| Fashion-appropriate car | Bitchin' Camaro | Mercedes convertible | Vespo | Plymouth Prowler | Volvo | The new Bug |
| Favorite abused drink | Night Troin | Martini | Coptoin Morgon and Diet Coke | Zima | Holf a glass of chardonnay | Cherry Coke |
| Extent of sexual daring | Whot? | S&M with pashmina whips | Watching | Swallowing on camera | Missianary position | Messing around while watching *When Harry Met Sally* |
| Dirty secret | Family operotes a crystal meth lab | Has never tried caviar | Hos 15% body fat | Buys clothes one size too small | Wos rejected by Gomma Phi Beta | Thinks 'N Sync is cheesy |

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# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"Hillary's Senate campaign is Bill Clinton's 'I'm sorry' gift. This is his marital comeback strategy. If Hillary loses, she'll need him. But if she wins, she'll divorce him."—DICK MORRIS, AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FIRST LADY'S

### THE MAN SHOW

In a study of news and public affairs programming on PBS stations, the percentage of on-camera sources who were from Wall Street or corporate America: 36. Percentage of sources who were citizen activists: 5. Percentage of sources from the general public: 6.

### FACT OF THE MONTH

In a survey by Response Insurance, 14 percent of American men said they'd been on the receiving end of some sort of sexual activity while driving, and 24 percent of men who engaged in road sex said their activities led to an accident or a close call.

### SKYWAY ROBBERY

Amount of money a jury awarded 13 commercial jetliner passengers for past, present and future emotional duress sustained during severe turbulence caused by a thunderstorm: $2.2 million. Length of the traumatic episode: 28 seconds. Cost per second: $78,571.

### i-DOCTOR

In a survey of 34,000 faculty members from U.S. colleges and universities, the percentage who are stressed by trying to keep up with rapidly expanding information technology: 67. Percentage who are stressed by research or publishing demands: 50.

### FREE PERMS

Number of accidental electrocutions in Russia last year resulting from attempts to steal electric cables for resale as scrap metal: 500. Miles of cable successfully stolen: 15,000.

### PYRAMID SCHEME

Percentage increase in annual income of poorest fifth of American families since 1990: 1. Percentage increase in income of richest fifth: 15.

### YOU'VE GOT JAIL

Sentence given a 19-year-old man who hacked his way into computers at AOL and tampered with programs: five years without a computer, plus one year behind bars.

### KILLING ME SOFTLY

Percentage of Americans who do not wish to reach 100 years of age: 63. The preferred age length: 91.

### THE YOUNG AND THE BREASTLESS

Number of U.S. teenagers who underwent cosmetic surgery in 1996: 13,699. Percentage increase in number of teenagers who had plastic surgery from 1996 to 1998: 80.

### BALANCE OF SHOWERS

Percentage of Americans today who say that they bathe or take a shower every day during winter: 75. Percentage who bathed every winter day in 1950: 25.

### WIPEOUT

In a Vault.com survey, percentage of people who admit to surfing non-work-related websites while on the job: 90.

### CATTLEMAN'S BEST FRIEND

According to Dr. Larry Myers at Auburn University, the percentage of cows in heat that an average bull recognizes: 70. Percentage of cows in heat that a trained dog can detect: 90 to 100.

### COPY THIS

Amount borrowed to start Kinko's in 1970: $5000. Amount paid by a New York investment firm in 1996 for a 30 percent stake in Kinko's: $215 million.

—BETTY SCHAAL

Bush vs. Gore), bland recipes (rice pudding) and dull activities (tractor spotting). Worst of all, there's a calendar of events endorsed by the club. July is Listening to Corn Grow Month. On the Seventh of the month, Baltimore stages its annual—and tedious—Chesapeake Turtle Derby. There are no women allowed in the meeting rooms. "Women are not dull. Women are exciting," the site says. "The first thing they would do is rearrange the furniture."

### FEELING FLUSH

Seeking to eliminate prison tattoos, unprotected sex and the sharing of drug paraphernalia, the Quebec Public Security and Health Department spent $55,000 on playing cards designed to discourage such behavior. Then they decided the cartoons on the cards were too extreme. One card showed two naked women with a vibrator and the caption, "We can do lots of things without risk . . . except share the vibrator." That's why you bring along a bottle of Labatt's.

### SUPER BASS-O-MATIC

The Trapholt Museum of Modern Art in Denmark has put a new spin on food-as-art. An interactive exhibition at the museum featured 10 blenders filled with water and goldfish. Visitors could make fish shakes at the touch of a button. So far, nine fish have been pureed despite

### IT'S IN THE CAN

Altoids, those curiously strong mints with the infectiously clever advertising campaign, have another thing going for them: the container. After the mints are gone, the tins have become a trendy and handy place to stash all sorts of things—condoms at bedside, credit cards, keys, stamps, rolled joints and pharmaceuticals of all persuasions. Amazing—all this and fresh breath, too.

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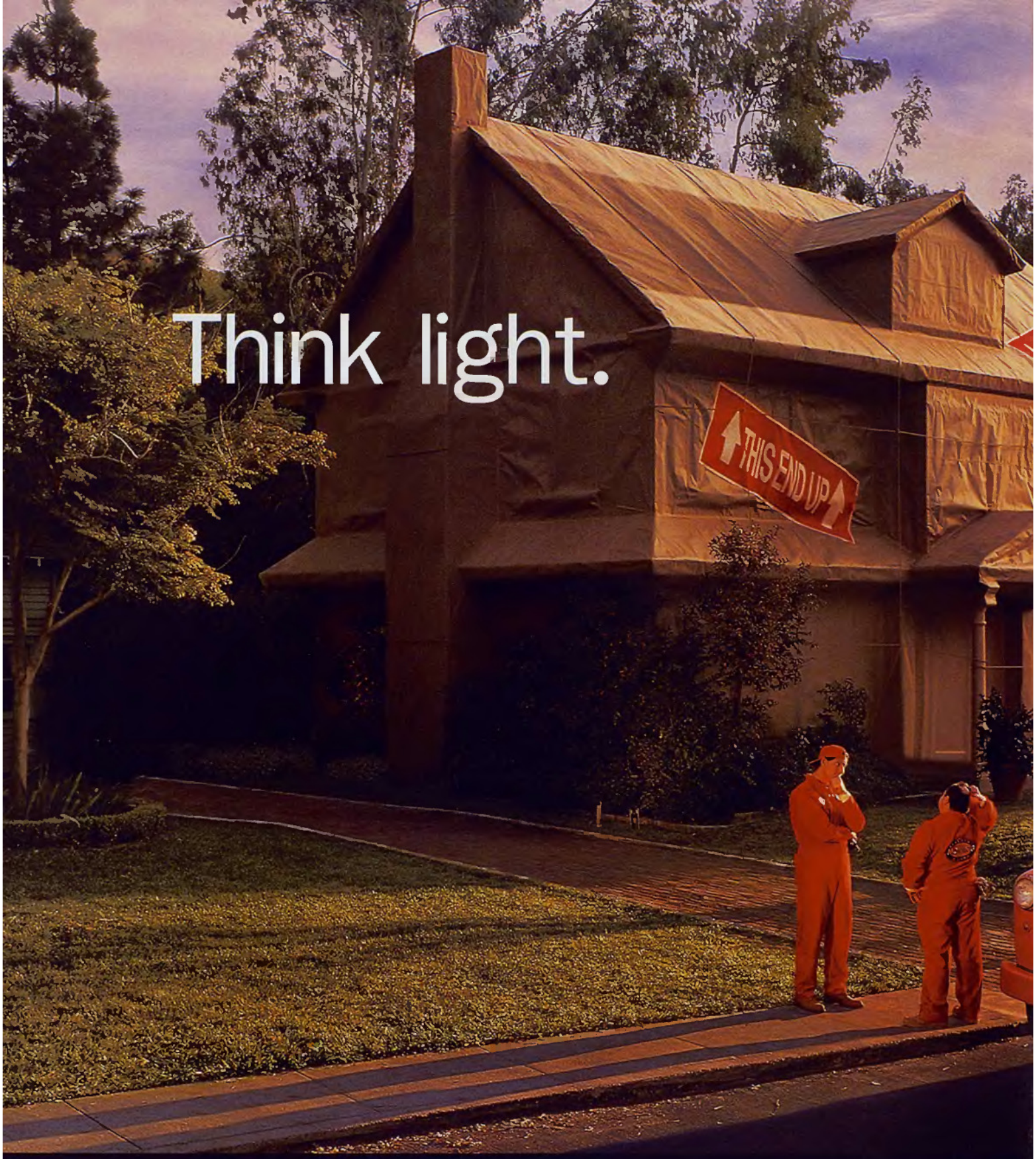


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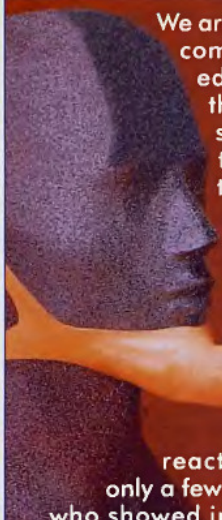
## TAKING IT ON THE CHIN



We are disposed to welcome those cutting-edge innovations that enhance our sex lives. And with that in mind, we took this product—the Accommodator Latex Dong—out of the box it came in and showed it around the office to get a reaction. There were only a few of our colleagues who showed intense interest—and more than a few who just giggled. Apparently, this is supposed to be "the perfect companion for oral sex. Allows you complete freedom to fulfill your every desire," or so it says on the box. Sorry, we think the perfect companion for oral sex is Elizabeth Hurley.

the efforts of animal rights activists, who rescued six of the original 10 fish. It's not yet certain that the activists will be tried as art thieves, though it's hard to imagine the fish fetching as much as a stolen Monet—or even a sushi lunch.

### JUST DID IT!

Bad news for coaches who like to warn against leaving your game in the sack. Marathon organizers have proved what you've always known: Coach was full of it. According to a survey conducted by the London Marathon, people who have sex before the big race are spunkier than their competitors. On average, runners who claimed to have sex before a marathon had better racing times than those who didn't. The survey also found that half thought running had no effect on their sex life, and 30 percent said jogging had improved it. Only eight percent said it made sex worse.

### FORGET IT, JAKE. IT'S TOILETTOWN

At last, someone has come up with a solution to the perennial water shortages in southern California. Perhaps taking a cue from their dogs, officials at the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power have started a project to produce potable water from the toilets of the stars (and everyone else). The $55 million initiative will put water through a five-year process of monitored purification before pumping it into aquifers. The DWP expects the project will be able to provide enough water for 70,000 families. In Angeleno terms, that's about 250,000 Evian bottles a day.

### BAMBOO PORK

It's not just the food that makes Szechwan spicy. Pandas at a research center in the Chinese province are turning on to porn videos. "As part of the pandas' education, we make those which are sexually inept watch videos of other pandas having sex," says Zhang Hemin, director of the Giant Panda Research and Conservation Center. "This has proved to be effective." In fact, it's better than Viagra for the pandas, a species facing extinction. Since the program began, twice as many males are now virile. Another sign they're paying attention: Every one of them has dark circles under his eyes.

### BADA BING, BADA BUMPKIN

Can you spell Webistics? A walk-on extra who appeared on *The Sopranos* as a mobster was hit with a two- to six-year prison sentence for a stock scam targeted at the elderly. Thomas Bifalco of Brooklyn used boiler-room tactics to sell worthless stocks. One victim said he forked over $5000 to Bifalco just "to shut him up." The victim also told the judge that his grandchildren could have handled the cash "better than this bumpkin." Bifalco's other big role? He played the lead in a Long Island production called *Meshuggener Godfather*.

### ALL TALK AND NO ACTION

Lured by business cards promising a free session with a callgirl, Frenchmen lined up to take part in an interactive art exhibit. When each Jacques arrived at the address, he was greeted by an actress posing as a hooker who engaged him in an erotic conversation. Derogatory names for women—such as nympho, bawd and hussy—covered the walls. Unlucky visitors were even cajoled into discussing one of the exhibit's themes, such as the frustration a man feels when he can't pay for sex. After each session, the call girl took a Polaroid of the art patron, which to some must have had the same effect as a French kiss-off.

### DIAMOND THIEF

Zack Hample, a New Yorker in his early 20s, is the ultimate ball boy. Hample holds the record for snagging major league baseballs—as of last season he had 1392. It takes more than a good seat and quick glove hand to rack up such numbers. His schemes include using huge fishing nets and throwing gloves attached to 20-foot strings. He reveals these and other techniques in his book, *How to Snag Major League Baseballs* (Aladdin). Something tells us we'll never see a book on another subject from this guy.

## BABE OF THE MONTH

**Kari Wuhrer** is a Hollywood vet even if you can't place her lovely face. The 33-year-old Connecticut-born cutie caused a commotion in the late Eighties alongside Adam Sandler on MTV's *Remote Control*. From there she did a striptease for Jack Nicholson in *The Crossing Guard* and starred in Stephen King's *Thinner* and the cheesy snakefest *Anaconda* before becoming a regular dimension-drifter on the Sci-Fi Channel's *Sliders*. Not content with just acting, Wuhrer applied her rough, throaty voice to the album *Shiny*, which found a distributor after her legion of lustful Internet fans kept buying it online. Her next role is the unintentionally sexy secretary in *G-Men From Hell*, the movie based on the comic book series by Michael Allred. Although she doesn't play a superhero in the film, Wuhrer reportedly has said her superhero name would be Psycho Japanese Anime Stewardess Who Travels the World Bringing Excitement to Lonely Business Travelers. Imagine the bonus miles. Imagine the One-Hour Lovers' Hotel in Roppongi. "I'm like a car wreck," she told *Night* magazine. "People crane their necks to see what is going to happen to me next."

# movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

THE IDEA OF director Alan Rudolph being cute is somewhat frightening, but ***Trixie*** (Sony Pictures Classics) is the result. Emily Watson is so watchable that she almost—almost—makes the role of a working-class, malaprop-spouting security aide turned detective believable. After routine jobs nabbing shoplifters, she gets a chance to work undercover at a lakeside resort casino. The shy Trixie makes a few friends, including lounge performer Nathan Lane, young Dermot Mulroney and boozy, seen-it-all Brittany Murphy. Then Trixie gets in over her head while trying to pin a spiraling series of crimes on slimy senator Nick Nolte (in a wild, over-the-top performance). Will Patton and Lesley Ann Warren also appear in this messy story, which combines film noir with heavy-handed humor. But Rudolph's film is too stylized. It bears no relation to any truth I could recognize, and while I suspect the actors had fun, there's none left over for the audience. ¥

*Trixie*'s Brittany Murphy and Nick Nolte.

A tenuous reunion,
a good time had by all,
a good cast wasted.

•

***Groove*** (Sony Pictures Classics) is the story of a rave party from start to finish—not the most promising subject matter where this viewer is concerned. Still smarting from last year's *Go*, I approached *Groove* with wariness. But this film has such great energy and high spirits it's hard to resist. *Groove* is observant, funny and fresh, from the beginning, when word of the Friday night bash spreads over the Net, to the setup, where the event's optimistic organizer marshals his team to transform a San Francisco warehouse into a party scene, to the morning after. First-time director Greg Harrison, an experienced film editor, wrote the script, which isn't nearly as original as his mise-en-scène. But the youthful cast—some professional, some not—makes it work. Following a pattern that may have been inspired by *American Graffiti*, Harrison introduces a handful of characters whose stories we follow throughout the long night, through sexual encounters, drug use, separation, betrayal and coming together. It's a wild night, but the impetus for it is clear, and so is the natural high that the rave's ringleader feels for a job well done. ¥¥¥

•

I'm told that ***Chuck and Buck*** (Artisan) had audiences at this year's Sundance Festival sharply divided, and it's not hard to see why. For some, it may hit too close to home, or probe into sensitive territory; Todd Solondz' *Happiness* had much the same effect. But *Chuck and Buck* is terrific, a rare look at an all-too-familiar species seldom depicted on-screen: the incomplete human being. Twenty-seven-year-old Buck (Michael White) has never grown up; he exists in a time warp, reliving the happy days of his childhood with his best friend Chuck (Chris Weitz). When Buck's ailing mother passes away, Chuck and his fiancée fly in for the funeral; it's the first time the two boyhood pals have seen each other in many years. For Chuck, the visit is a courtesy, but Buck believes it is time to rekindle their close friendship and follows his old friend back to Los Angeles, virtually stalks him, despite Chuck's repeated rebuffs. As the root of their

## DECLARATIONS OF INDEPENDENCE

What, exactly, is an independent film? Years ago, the definition was clear: any movie not made by a studio. The connotation was a low-budget production that couldn't get playing time in the multiplexes of middle America. The Eighties saw a dramatic rise in funding and an awareness of indie films, fueled by the arrival of Spike Lee and other talented directors. By the Nineties it seemed as if independents might actually eat away at the age-old power base of Hollywood studios.

Then the studios got wise. Recognizing that they simply lacked the ability to make and market low-budget, offbeat films, they made a preemptive strike. Disney purchased Miramax. Universal bought Gramercy, then October Films, and finally Polygram. Sony hired three astute veterans of the indie scene to run Sony Pictures Classics. New Line launched Fine Line Films to finance and acquire independent and foreign products; 20th Century Fox did the same with Fox Searchlight. Most of these divisions—even Miramax—are run with a degree of autonomy from their parent corporations, but the offshoots are still responsible to their owners. Miramax' Harvey and Bob Weinstein have had to buy back such controversial films as *Kids* and, more recently, *Dogma*, to free their corporate parent from public attacks—but few producers or distributors are as gutsy as they are.

A great many films are still independently produced every year by individuals and by such determined companies as New Yorker Films, First Look Pictures, Strand Releasing, Zeitgeist Films and New Latin Cinema. But creating awareness outside major cities and getting the films into theaters are formidable challenges.

At this year's Independent Spirit Awards, producer James Schamus (longtime partner of director Ang Lee) argued that the now high-profile ceremony, regarded by some as the anti-Oscar, should return to its shoestring roots. He pointed out that even the new kid on the block, Artisan (which distributed *The Blair Witch Project*), has multinational corporate backing.

But director Alexander Payne, accepting awards for *Election* (which was produced by MTV Films and released by Paramount), countered that if he has independence in making his film and is allowed to stay true to his vision, he doesn't care where the money comes from. Indeed, Disney backed Wes Anderson's *Rushmore*, Spike Lee's *Summer of Sam* and Tim Robbins' *Cradle Will Rock*, and gave their directors complete creative freedom. So perhaps the semantic debate is no longer relevant. Or, to paraphrase Louis Armstrong, there are really only two kinds of movies: good and bad. —L.M.

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MacLachlan: On the upswing.

## OFF CAMERA

**Kyle MacLachlan** is reinventing himself. As David Lynch's favorite leading man in the Eighties, MacLachlan went from the big screen (in *Blue Velvet* and *Dune*) to the television hit *Twin Peaks*, where, as FBI special agent Dale Cooper, he made coffee and cherry pie cool again.

Since then, MacLachlan has been spending as much time making a living as following his muse. But with the birth of a new century, he has eased back into the spotlight, as a co-star of Mike Figgis' *Time Code*, a powerful Claudius in the new *Hamlet* (with Ethan Hawke) and in a seven-episode stint on HBO's hit *Sex and the City*.

Perhaps his greatest triumph this year was winning the Michael Douglas and Friends Celebrity Golf tournament, held this spring to benefit the Motion Picture and Television Fund. "I've played golf all my life," Kyle explains. "But when you have cameras on you, and there is a crowd of about 3000 people watching you hit the ball, all you really want to do is just make contact. You just don't want to miss it." But his team (Kenny G, Thomas Gibson and golf pro Jim Flick) took first prize. "Now," he laughs, "they have to invite us back next year."

Not that golf is likely to take the place of his first love, acting. "When you're on your eighth week in Prague in the middle of winter, and you're working six-day weeks and you haven't had a break, you're just trying to survive. But there are so many other great things about it, I can't imagine doing anything else." —L.M.

relationship (and Chuck's desire to cut himself off from Buck) is gradually revealed, director Miguel Arteta dodges clichés at every turn, insisting that we deal with Buck as a person, not as a freak. In the film, as in life, inconvenient pests cannot be written off so easily. The tone of *Chuck and Buck* is consistent and true, and if it's not bound to win any awards for cinematography (shot digitally, the film doesn't look especially good in 35mm), it should win many for its doggedly original, empathetic and good-hearted story. ¥¥¥½

•

British director Mike Hodges made a reputation with the hard-edged 1971 movie *Get Carter*, starring Michael Caine. His career has had many ups, downs and pauses, but he is certainly on top of his game with ***Croupier*** (Shooting Gallery), a tough, original film written by Paul Mayersberg. It's now touring the U.S. as part of Shooting Gallery's innovative (and welcome) showcase series for independent films in search of an audience. Clive Owen stars as a young man whose air of detachment is evident from his first-person narration, as well as from his tenuous relationship with girlfriend Gina McKee. Putting aside his goal of becoming a novelist, he reluctantly takes a job he already knows too well, as croupier in a London casino. Having worked before in the seamy and seductive world of gaming, he knows all the types he'll encounter and recognizes the emotional pitfalls he has to avoid. Fresh in every respect, *Croupier* has the feel of a good novel (enhanced by the lead character's inner voice throughout) and earns a place on the list of the year's best films. ¥¥¥½

•

Try to imagine a Thirties-style musical comedy based on Shakespeare's ***Love's Labor's Lost*** (Miramax). Now try to imagine an entire film that evokes the reaction the Broadway audience had to *Springtime for Hitler* in *The Producers*. Yes, it's that bad. This from the estimable Kenneth Branagh, who adapted the script, directed the film and stars in it, along with Natascha McElhone, Alicia Silverstone and Alessandro Nivola. The problem with *Love's* is that it's so labored. The musical numbers have no substance and no oomph. Even the funny and gifted Timothy Spall seems desperate for laughs in his heavy-handed treatment of *I Get a Kick Out of You*. That leaves only Nathan Lane unscathed; he provides the few moments of true pleasure the film has to offer. But even he is made to suffer: In the production number of *There's No Business Like Show Business*, the camera is consistently—and persistently—in the wrong place. What a shame, and what a waste. When Branagh recites the words of the Bard, the film takes flight. But those moments are fleeting and few. ¥

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin*

***Blood Simple*** (Listed only) The Coen brothers have spruced up and added an introduction to the noir film that put them on the map in 1984. John Getz, Frances McDormand, Dan Hedaya and M. Emmet Walsh star. ¥¥¥

***Chuck and Buck*** (See review) An unusual film about boyhood friends who have an extremely strained reunion—because they share a suppressed memory. This isn't destined to be a crowd-pleaser, but it's good. ¥¥¥½

***Croupier*** (See review) Mike Hodges directs this tough British import about a man who reluctantly takes a job as a croupier in a London casino. As a would-be novelist, he keeps his eyes and ears open. Clive Owen is just right in the leading role. ¥¥¥½

***Groove*** (See review) Good spirits abound in this saga of a San Francisco rave party from start to finish, from director Greg Harrison. ¥¥¥

***Hamlet*** (Reviewed 7/00) Ethan Hawke plays a moody guy in a ski cap in this hollow rendition of Shakespeare set in modern NYC. Kyle MacLachlan, Diane Venora, Liev Schreiber, Julia Stiles and Bill Murray co-star. ¥¥

***Love's Labor's Lost*** (See review) Kenneth Branagh's rethinking of Shakespeare's play as a Thirties musical comedy is a disaster, sorry to say. ¥

***Luminarias*** (Listed only) Warm, intelligent look at four Latinas in Los Angeles trying to get past their own social prejudices and find the right men. Written by its impressive leading lady, Evelina Fernandez, and directed by Jose Luis Valenzuela. ¥¥¥

***Mission: Impossible 2*** (Listed only) Tom Cruise looks buff and does some nice martial arts stunts. But you don't care about the characters in this slick spy story, and that makes it a big yawn. ¥¥

***Shanghai Noon*** (Listed only) Jackie Chan goes west in this amiable Western comedy. Owen Wilson provides the laughs and Jackie the action. ¥¥¥

***Time Code*** (Listed only) Mike Figgis made news with this groundbreaking film, shot digitally in four simultaneous 90-minute takes, following a variety of unhappy LA characters as their lives crisscross. It's exhilarating as a cinematic experiment, but less than thrilling as entertainment. ¥¥½

***Trixie*** (See review) Emily Watson, Nick Nolte, Brittany Murphy and Dermot Mulroney head a fine cast in this major misfire, an ill-conceived comedy–film noir thriller from director Alan Rudolph. ¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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# video

## GUEST SHOT

"I love films like *Celebration* and all the Almodóvar films, especially *All About My Mother*," says actress **Mimi Rogers.** "Then there are *Tootsie*, *The Godfather*, *The Best Years of Our Lives* and *All About Eve*. Do you know what genre I love? Horror. *The Exorcist* is one of my favorite films. I didn't really care for *The Blair Witch Project*, because it failed to work on a psychological level. *The Sixth Sense* was really good." —SUSAN KARLIN

### THE SWEET SCIENCE

*Girlfight*, new in theaters, reminds us that Ali, Foreman, Frazier, Moore and Duran are all back in the squared circle—through their daughters. Since 1896, every major boxing match has been preserved on film, even some bouts between women. Here are others that can take a punch.

***On the Ropes*** (1999): Call it the *Hoop Dreams* of boxing. Cameras follow three young fighters from Brooklyn for a year as they prepare for the Golden Gloves in this Oscar-nominated documentary.

***Twenty Four Seven*** (1997): If you can find this, rent it: Bob Hoskins finds redemption in teaching pugilism to unemployed young Brits. But the odds are against him, and the end is shattering.

***Fight Club*** (1999): What a rush of testosterone, and with a better ending than *The Sixth Sense*. Punches so real you find yourself ducking in your chair. It should have been a contender!

***Hard Times*** (1975): James Coburn makes money during the Depression by gambling on Charles Bronson in bare-knuckle fights. Directed with sweaty gusto by debuting action-master Walter Hill.

***The Great White Hope*** (1970): Yes, it's a boxing movie, but it's not about boxing: James Earl Jones is fighting for his love—Jane Alexander—and his life.

***Rocky*** (1976): Which is your favorite? Number one took home the Best Picture Oscar, but for sequel cheese we like number three (1982), in which Mr. T scares Burgess Meredith to death.

***Savate*** (1994): Fast-moving combination of wild Western with explosive Gallic kickboxing martial arts. French action star Olivier Gruner is the last chance for poor farmers against a sicko land baron. B-movie with A-plus fights.

***Raging Bull*** (1980): One poll had this as the best movie of the Eighties. And who is going to argue with a bell ringer like Jake LaMotta (Robert De Niro)?

***Requiem for a Heavyweight*** (1962): What's next for a boxing champ's career? He joins the WWF! Anthony Quinn and Cassius Clay (Muhammad Ali himself) star in Rod Serling's moving saga.

***When We Were Kings*** (1996): This 22-years-in-the-making documentary of the 1974 Ali–Foreman "Rumble in the Jungle" won an Oscar. Ali is at his poetic best, and it has Howard Cosell as a bonus. (See also 1977's *The Greatest*.)

***The Quiet Man*** (1952): Duke's up: Flashbacks let us know that John Wayne at one time was a boxer—but something sent him into seclusion in Ireland. You'll love the endless, freewheeling brawl with the ultimate man's man, Victor McLaglen, during the finale. Now *that's* boxing. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

## GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

There's nothing quite so satisfying as savoring someone else's shortcomings. That's why ***Great Blunders of WWII*** (VHS or DVD from the History Channel) is such a pleasure. Of special note are sections (using rare and never-before-seen footage) on how the London Blitz was started by accident, why the Japanese were so poorly prepared at the Battle of Midway and Hitler's failure to finish off the Russians at Stalingrad. You don't have to be smug to like this, but it helps.

### DISC ALERT

The recent arrival of director Arthur Lubin's 1947 ***New Orleans*** on DVD (Kino, $30) fulfills a necessary criterion any entertainment format needs to succeed—the availability of Billie Holiday. Lady Day's lone Hollywood feature role came in this United Artists' take on the birth of jazz, playing a maid who sings to beat the band. It's quite a band, too, led by Louis Armstrong, whose duet with Holiday on *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans* is doubly galvanizing: The DVD includes two Paramount musical shorts from the period, *Symphony in Black* (Holiday again, this time with Duke Ellington), plus *A Rhapsody in Black and Blue* (featuring Armstrong). Quite a euphonic find. A groundbreaking, inner child–pleasing picture getting dressed up for DVD release is ***Pee-wee's Big Adventure*** (Warner Bros., $25), the 1985 fantasy that launched Paul Reubens and director Tim Burton. With full-length commentary from Burton and Reubens. You could almost imagine sitting there beside them watching the movie——well, maybe not. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

## video mood meter

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|---|---|
| ACTION | ***The World Is Not Enough*** (we'd watch just for the theme music, but Marceau is the most deliciously complicated Bond girl yet), ***The Guns of Navarone*** (among the best World War II–intrigue movies, newly remastered and looking great). |
| DOCUMENTARY | ***Mr. Death: The Rise and Fall of Fred A. Leuchter Jr.*** (the wizard of "humane" execution embraces Holocaust denial; another brilliant Errol Morris study), ***The Source*** (Chuck Workman celebrates the Beats; cool beyond words). |
| COSTUME DRAMA | ***Titus*** (Hopkins and Lange go to war in Shakespeare's first and bloodiest drama; a gross, exhilarating surprise), ***Onegin*** (Ralph Fiennes, fittingly bemused as Pushkin's remote noble, blows it with Liv Tyler; true to the poem, but dry). |
| COMEDY | ***Boiler Room*** (tyro stockbrokers take *Glengarry Glen Ross* and *Wall Street* as guides to life; greed is good and funny), ***The Big Tease*** (plucky Scot storms the World Hairdressing Championship in LA; not quite the sum of its good lines). |
| SLEEPER | ***The Third Miracle*** (doubting priest Ed Harris begs a sainthood case for Anne Heche's mom; smart script, tight drama), ***Play It to the Bone*** (buddy pugs Harrelson and Banderas square off for a title shot; go with the ambiguity). |

# music

## ROCK

PHISH IS THE most popular jam band today. But in the studio, they confront the same problem the Grateful Dead did: How do you cram cosmic weirdness into a three-minute song? On ***Farmhouse*** (Elektra), Phish has finally created a studio album that captures the celestial beauty of its live shows. Unlike most current guitar rock, Phish songs like *Dirt* and the title tune are more about resolution and joy than conflict and despair. With wry humor and insight, the band shows you the universe in a grain of sand—or a clod of dirt.

The Velvet Underground may have been the most innovative band in the Sixties. But live, they were ragged. In 1974 former Velvets leader Lou Reed released a concert album that radically reworked many Velvets classics. ***Rock and Roll Animal*** (RCA) sounds like Led Zeppelin doing glam-metal versions of *Heroin* and *Lady Day*. The newly remastered edition brings out more of the live show's sonic crunch and punch, and features two previously unreleased songs.

Throughout his long solo career, Neil Young has continually shifted between two musical personae. An album by the raging grungemeister of *Rust Never Sleeps* is typically followed by a reflective, low-key acoustic collection such as *Harvest Moon*. ***Silver and Gold*** (Reprise) is definitely in the latter vein. Deceptively simple melodies and naked self-reflection draw you in. It's Young's most heartfelt work in years. —VIC GARBARINI

## FOLK

Carol Noonan respects all the right traditions of English and Irish folk music, with her soulful quaver reminiscent of Sandy Denny or Jacqui McShee of Pentangle. On ***Carol Noonan*** (Noonan Building Wrecking), she sings exclusively about loss: loss of love, loss of friends and relatives, loss of life. When love presents itself, it's a trap, and then it's gone. Is it bleak? Yes. Depressing? No. Her beautiful voice offers the consolation music is supposed to provide. Noonan has some fine backup musicians here, too—the cello and viola are especially apt with her dreamy voice. The music business doesn't know how to market stuff like this, so Noonan markets herself. If you want to buy her CD, dial up carolnoonanmusic.com or 877-GET-MYCD, and Carol Noonan will get all the money, which she deserves. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

David Olney has a lot of nerve. His ***Omar's Blues*** (Dead Reckoning) asks us to listen to songs held together by a character based on Omar Khayyám. But Olney isn't crazy. His first version of *Omar's Blues* (there are three) is based on Buddy Holly. The best tunes here don't simper out of *The Rubáiyát* but explode out of the Old Testament. Three songs are based on the life of King David, from slaying Goliath to the death of Absalom. If you share Olney's nerve, you'll learn that Townes Van Zandt wasn't just babbling when he named Olney as one of his favorite songwriters (along with Mozart, Dylan and Lightnin' Hopkins).

Stacey Earle is her brother Steve inside out—joyous, folksy, domestic, and as insistently upbeat as he is in pulling you toward dark truths. Her album ***Dancin' With Them That Brung Me*** (Gearle) is musically simple but doesn't lack depth. After the almost giddy *Promise You Anything* and *Is It Enough*, Earle portrays a young woman mired in poverty (*No New Shoes*), trying to protect her kids while cutting them free (*Kiss Her Goodnight*, *Wonderful Life*). She finally breaks loose in *How I Ran*, a beautiful summation of marital disintegration and the discovery of hope. —DAVE MARSH

Jammin' at the *Farmhouse*.

Fresh Phish,
Joni carries a torch,
and offbeat jazz.

## POP

Joni Mitchell has long been a monument to her own ego—a great talent grown so self-impressed that she couldn't distinguish between her golden history and her leaden present. So maybe her album of standards makes you cringe—especially since she named it ***Both Sides Now*** (Reprise). But for once, Joni's infatuation with her own voice serves her well. Backed by a full orchestra, with cameos by Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter, Mitchell's nicotine-cured contralto sounds lustrous. She swings, she phrases, she bends and she ornaments, beating the pants off similar efforts by Linda Ronstadt and Sinéad O'Connor. And if Mitchell believes *Both Sides Now* and *A Case of You* hold up next to *You've Changed* and *Stormy Weather*, she's right. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

## RAP

Since the demise of Public Enemy as a musical and political unit, people may wonder what happened to activist hip-hop. In the new century, Dead Prez is the answer. Dead Prez is a New York–based duo that rails against the oppression of African Americans. ***Let's Get Free*** (Loud) is the debut of Sticman and M-1, who attack the educational system (*They Schools*), police (*Police State*, *Animal in Man*) and materialistic MCs (*It's Bigger Than Hip-Hop*). Dead Prez has a mellower side as well: rapping in praise of a good diet (*Be Healthy*), hard work (*Discipline*) and foreplay (*Mind Sex*). Prez celebrates Huey P. (as in Newton) and disses Master P. *Let's Get Free* has a thick texture of samples, played instruments and sound effects that match Dead Prez' rhetoric, which is sometimes more impassioned than convincing. But these young MCs articulate a political discontent that's bubbling under in the black community. —NELSON GEORGE

## JAZZ

In the early Nineties, guitarist Dave Cantor began writing breezy melodies and witty lyrics. He also found a cool, sophisticated singer named Kelly Flint, and Dave's True Story was born. On ***Unauthorized*** (Chesky), DTS adds horns and vibes and reclaims a kinky sensibility that jazz has abandoned to rock. *Dear Miss Lucy* is a gentle swing melody, but the singer addresses her hubby's dominatrix. In the bluesy torcher *Florida Time*, an imprisoned murderer describes his bookie, who looks like "Ted Bundy did the day he ate the volts." DTS offers art songs for a new century, spiced with jazz and neon details.

Bob Dorough casts his weird spell on ***Too Much Coffee Man*** (Blue Note). Now 76, he sics his raspy, slightly unhinged voice on his own hallucinogenic lyrics and on like-minded fun such as *The Coffee Song* (a Sinatra hit in the Sixties). Dorough's conviction outreaches his voice, and that's a big part of his hipster appeal.

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# fast tracks

**DID THE POPE HAVE A CLUE IT WAS LOU DEPARTMENT:** **Lou Reed** was among the artists sharing the bill in Rome for the Great Jubilee Concert for a Debt Free World, keynoted by **Pope John Paul II.** First **Bob Dylan,** now this. The Holy Father is hipper than we thought.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Nine Inch Nails** drummer **Jerome Dillon** wrote the end title song for **John Waters'** movie *Cecil B. DeMented*, starring **Melanie Griffith** and **Stephen Dorff.** . . . **Pete Townshend** and **Roger Daltrey** are collaborating on a movie about **Keith Moon.** Daltrey is working on the screenplay and Townshend has agreed to let the group's songs be used. . . . **LL Cool J** is filming a remake of *Rollerball*, which also stars *American Pie*'s **Chris Klein.** . . . **Russell Simmons** has based his HBO pilot on *My Fair Lady*. It chronicles the transformation of a young singer from the street into a pop diva. . . . A documentary on former Los Angeles disc jockey and Sunset Strip scenester **Rodney Bingenheimer** is currently in production for a Sundance premiere in 2001. Cameo appearances by Rodney's pals include **David Bowie, Cher, Nancy Sinatra,** the **Ramones** and **Pee-wee Herman.** . . . **Master P's** No Limit feature film, *Lockdown*, will be out in the fall and his clothing line, No Limit 100% Genuine Gear, is available in major department stores now.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Internationally known psychic and editor of *Voices From Spirit Magazine* **Linda Polley** is now a recording artist. She allegedly began channeling songs from **John Lennon's** spirit in 1999. To hear a sample go to just free.com/music/spiritist. . . . **Peter Blake,** the artist who designed the *Sgt. Pepper's* cover, has an exhibition in Liverpool of previously unshown **Beatles**-related art for the next year. The display includes items from *Sgt. Pepper*, the Live Aid poster and, on loan from a private collection, a John Lennon portrait of **Julie Christie.** . . . In other Beatles-related news: **Yoko Ono** is working on a line of baby clothes and products, some of which will use Lennon's drawings of son **Sean** and animals. . . . Fox has filmed and will broadcast members of the San Francisco Ballet dancing to **Santana's** *Love of My Life*. . . . **Elvis, B.B. King** and **Robert Johnson,** among others, were inducted into the Mississippi Musicians Hall of Fame, but there is no hall yet. . . . **Brian Wilson's** summer symphony tour will arrive at the Hollywood Bowl in late September. Look for performances of *Pet Sounds*. . . . Rapper **Common** is raising money for his newly formed Common Ground Foundation to provide musical instruments to disadvantaged kids. . . . The Aspen Labor Day Jazz Festival will feature **Bela Fleck and the Flecktones,** but also the **Allman Brothers, Jimmy Cliff, Lyle Lovett** and **Joe Cocker.** . . . In other Fleck news, the new CD, due out any day, includes friends **Shawn Colvin, John Medeski** and **Yes** vocalist **Jon Anderson.** . . . **Pearl Jam's** 40-date tour wraps up in Seattle in November, where it all began. . . . Get this: Indiana University granted **John Mellencamp** an honorary doctorate. . . . **Merle Haggard**—who's now recording for Epitaph Records (home of skate punk)—says he would be more comfortable sharing a bill with **Eric Clapton** or **Bonnie Raitt** than pretty much anyone in country music. . . . Don't get in a row with Bo: "Apparently Nike really doesn't know Diddley," the president of **Bo Diddley's** management company announced this past spring. The rock star sued the sneaker giant after accusing them of using his name and image without his permission. —BARBARA NELLIS

# ROCK METER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Dead Prez** *Let's Get Free* | 7 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 8 |
| **Joni Mitchell** *Both Sides Now* | 9 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 7 |
| **Carol Noonan** *Carol Noonan* | 3 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 7 |
| **David Olney** *Omar's Blues* | 5 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 7 |
| **Phish** *Farmhouse* | 5 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 8 |

For poetic charm, the handsomely packaged ***Concert for Garcia Lorca*** (Go Jazz), by jazz balladeer Ben Sidran, uses the life and work of Spain's rebel poet to inspire a variety of talking blues recorded at Lorca's house. —NEIL TESSER

## DANCE

Mixmaster James Hardway extends his groove to symphonic proportions on ***A Positive Sweat*** (Streetbeat/Pandisc). Propulsive but loose, the drum and bass set the foundation while the sax and flute improvise. It should be useful at your next rave, or whenever your imagination roams. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

With *The Rockafeller Skank* and *Praise You* showing up everywhere, DJ Fatboy Slim is getting his props. But his most irresistible album isn't even his own music—it's the mix tape ***On the Floor at the Boutique*** (Astralwerks), which climaxes with *Rockafeller Skank* from a start provided by Michael Viner's Incredible Bongo Band and Fred Wesley and the Horny Horns. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Krust's ***Coded Language*** (Island), a Bristol DJ–produced drum and bass CD, is a potent party-starter. Krust's mastery of double beats and sharp-edged sonic textures is a fine primer for dance music. The explosive title track features Brooklyn-based poet Saul Williams in a rant that's matched only by Krust's biting soundscape. —NELSON GEORGE

## COUNTRY

***I Hope You Dance*** (MCA Nashville) is Lee Ann Womack's third album, and one where she really finds herself. She sings commercial country with a hint of bluegrass (Ricky Skaggs sings backup on *The Healin' Kind*) and pushes alt-country toward the mainstream (the songs here by Buddy and Julie Miller and Bruce Robison never sounded better). With her quavering high notes and mixture of string band and string section, Womack's music recalls Patty Loveless and Dolly Parton. But neither of them ever made an album quite this ambitious.

Phil Lee has kicked around the alt-country scene longer than there's been one. Songs such as *Nobody But You* are as unreconstructed as Steve Earle's best, but only about half as angry. That's pretty good for a guy who's putting out his first album, ***The Mighty King of Love*** (Shanachie), at 49, after doing stuff like driving a truck. Maybe years of bottling up that talent makes it pop out with special vitality. —DAVE MARSH

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# wired

## TINY TUNERS

You don't see the tuners that govern the television stations you pick—they're hidden in the guts of your TV set or cable box. If your television features picture-in-picture viewing, it has two tuners, and you can watch only two stations simultaneously. As we move toward high-speed (a.k.a. broadband) Internet distribution and millions of channel options, we'll want to fill the TV screen with shows. That won't be possible with current tuners; they're expensive and big (about the size of a cell phone). But sit tight. California-based Broadcom Corp. has introduced a television tuner on a chip. The company's breakthrough technology shrinks the tuner to the size of an infant's thumbnail and cuts the cost to

AMANDA DUFFY

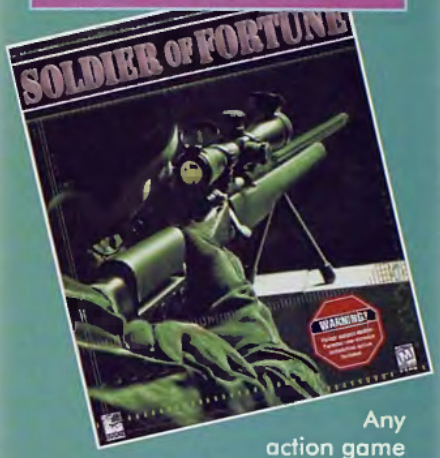
cents on the dollar. Televisions and cable boxes can be stuffed with these chips to receive dozens of channels at a time. That means you can watch a football game from multiple angles at once (you pick them) or see instant replays on demand. You can also monitor several stations simultaneously for news. Turn on the closed-caption function on all of them and tell your computer or digital TV and VCR to comb the electronic universe for references to your favorite stocks. When it catches the words Cisco Systems, for instance, it can pop to full screen and you'll be among the first to hear the report. The size of the tuner-on-a-chip will also allow you to receive full Internet and broadcast entertainment on smaller devices. That means you'll have your choice of where you want to see the latest Hollywood blockbuster—on the big screen or on your Palm Pilot. —TED C. FISHMAN

## SATELLITE PHONES REVISITED

While Motorola-backed Iridium deals with its financial woes, another international company, Globalstar, has launched a similar mobile satellite phone service. Currently operating in about 30 countries (including the U.S.), Globalstar operates with 12-ounce mobile phones that send and receive calls by way of cellular networks (when you're in traditional service areas) or satellite (when you're in more-remote locales). Call packages start at $30 a month, plus $1.69 per minute for satellite usage fees (compared with Iridium's $2- to $8-per-minute charge) and any long-distance charges. Another difference between the two services is the message, says Andrew Radlow, director of marketing for Globalstar USA. "Iridium promised a lot and was unable to deliver. We're being much more conservative—and realistic." In other words, Globalstar won't guarantee you can call home from the South Pole. "But it is possible," says Radlow. Qualcomm makes the first Globalstar phones for U.S. subscribers. The GSP-1600 Tri-Mode phone weighs 13 ounces and will operate on a cellular network or through Globalstar's satellite, with the assistance of a foldout antenna. Currently, the $1200 phone features only caller ID and an address book, but Qualcomm has plans to offer fax and data transmission later this year. Qualcomm also makes the GSP-2800/2900 Fixed Satellite phone for those who live in remote areas without traditional wire service. The $2500 desktop phone uses a Radio Antenna Unit positioned on the roof to communicate with Globalstar's satellites. Now you really have no excuse for not calling your mother.

—BETH TOMKIW

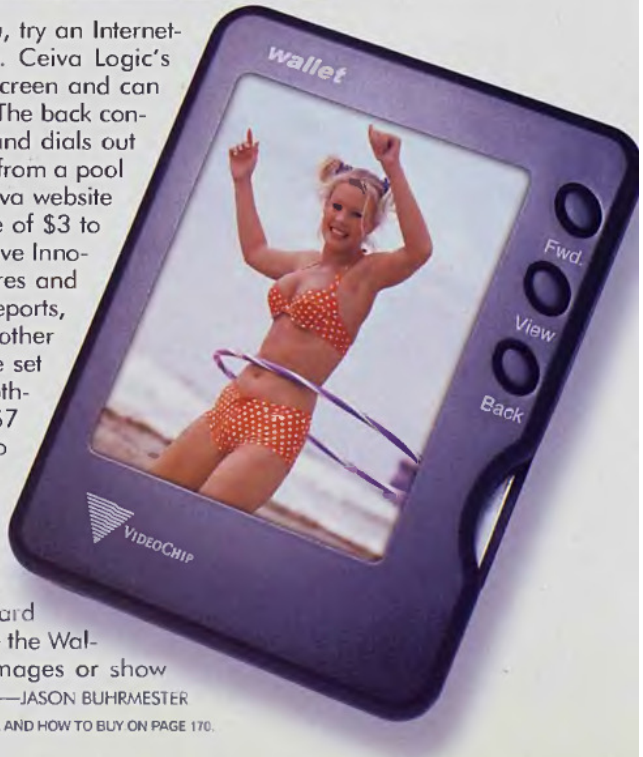
## GAME OF THE MONTH




Any action game that was created with input from a Green Beret has to be good. Activision enlisted former paratrooper and Green Beret John Mullins as the "realism" consultant for its mercenary-versus-terrorist game, **Soldier of Fortune,** and the result was so gory they released a separate, toned-down version. The graphics in this controversial PC game divide each enemy into 26 "gore zones" that when shot with a weapon from the game's large cache will leave a foe limping or missing limbs. The effect is sure to upset pacifists. —JOEL ENOS

## WILD THINGS

If old-fashioned frames bore you, try an Internet-connected digital picture frame. Ceiva Logic's Ceiva has a five-by-seven-inch screen and can store up to 10 images at a time. The back connects to a standard phone line and dials out each night to update the images from a pool of your photos stored on the Ceiva website ($249, plus a monthly service fee of $3 to $8, depending on the plan). Weave Innovations' StoryBox stores 36 pictures and can download images, weather reports, sports scores, stock quotes and other information. The StoryBox can be set to update hourly, daily or at any other interval ($299, plus a $3 to $7 monthly service fee). You can also replace the photos in your billfold with VideoChip Technologies' new pocket-size digital frame, the Wallet (pictured). The five-by-four-inch frame can display all of the images stored in a standard digital-camera memory card. Use the Wallet's buttons to scroll through images or show them in thumbnail form ($350). —JASON BUHRMESTER




WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
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Newport
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Lights Box: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; Box: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

## MOUSE YOUR WAY UP EVEREST

Since reading *Into Thin Air*, Jon Krakauer's harrowing account of the deadly Mount Everest expeditions of May 1996, I've become an avid armchair mountaineer. I now get my daily fix of Everest news from **www.everest2000.com**, where I can follow the current attempts to ascend the world's highest mountain. The site has daily audio dispatches from climbers, 360-degree panoramic pictures you can zoom in on and rotate, and biographies of the team members. I'm especially interested in the Everest–Lhotse enchainment climb, which is led by Italian climber Simone Moro. His party is attempting to scale Everest and to immediately follow that by scaling the as-yet-unclimbed northeast ridge of Lhotse, both without using any supplementary oxygen.

## FAME TRACKER

There are way too many celebrity fan sites, and there are nearly way too many celebrity "suck" pages. But there are precious few sites like FameTracker (**fametracker.com**), which cleverly pokes fun at the whole idea of celebrity while being hopelessly starstruck itself. Billing itself as the "*Farmer's Almanac* of Celebrity Worth," FameTracker has regular sections, such as "Two Stars One Slot," in which similar actors are kabobed on a skewer. Example: "Battle of the Alternately Loathsome and Lovable Frat-Boy Types: Let's say you need a slimy, slightly Aryan-looking weasel to play a shifty sports agent or a nasty Hollywood producer or a vain car salesman. Who you gonna call? How about Greg Kinnear? Or have you considered Jay Mohr?" There's also the Fame Audit, which looks at the current flashgun factor of stars.

## LIKE WATCHING TV UNDERWATER

My parents recently got high-speed DSL (digital subscriber line) service, which transfers data many times faster than a modem. While visiting them, I checked out Atom Films (**atomfilms**), which shows short independent movies and cartoons over the web. I shouldn't have bothered. Even at 272,000 bps (that's more than five times faster than a standard modem) the signal was horrible. I also tried to watch a few of the "Generation Y" shows at Digital Entertainment Network's **Den.net** and experienced lots of delays and weird speed changes. If you are a college student with a T1 line running into your dorm room, you may want to give these sites a try. If not, and you still insist on watching videos on a tiny window on your computer, try the hilarious cartoons at **Spumco.com**, which are directed by John Kricfalusi, creator of *Ren and Stimpy*. The site uses Flash animation, which makes cartoons look and sound great even at slower modem speeds.

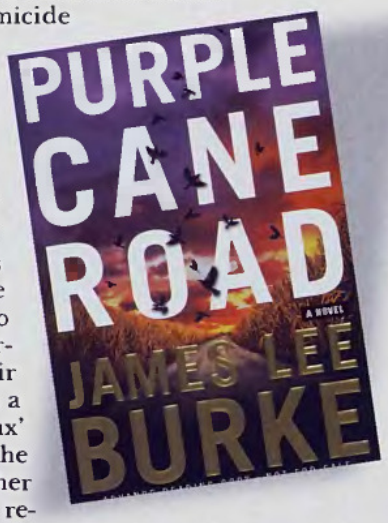
## PERSONAL ANALOG ASSISTANT

The further technology carries us, the more fun it is to look back, and the Net specializes in bottomless vintage inventory. Take fountain pens—those chubby, leaky writing instruments that were all but vanquished by ballpoint pens and e-mail. Fountain pens have become the coolest tube-shaped objects you can carry in your pocket. And the web is overflowing with sites about the beloved devices. Take one look at PenCentral's (**pencentral**) links to fountain pen stores, online auctions, shows, clubs, *(concluded on page 171)*

# books

## I REMEMBER MAMA

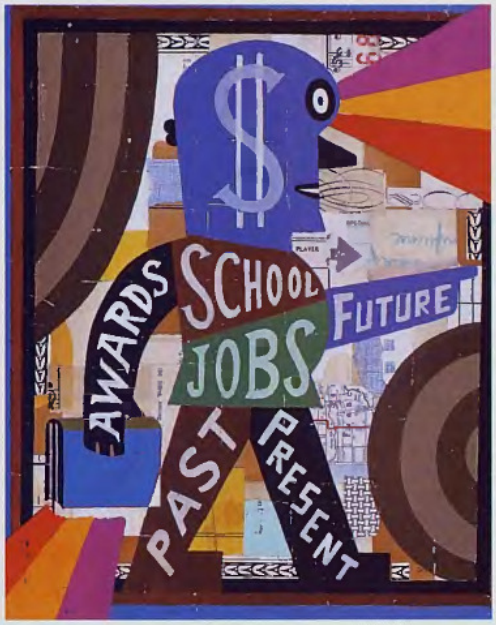
Why is *The Sopranos* such a hit? It's the opposite of *Friends*. It shows a man struggling with real issues of manhood—unresolved demons of family and past. Such concerns are as rare in literature as they are on television, which may explain the fascination we have with Dave Robicheaux, the former New Orleans homicide detective turned small-town cop and bait shop owner. In Edgar Award winner James Lee Burke's ***Purple Cane Road*** (Doubleday), Robicheaux is haunted by a failure of nerve. He recalls passively watching as two little girls are struck by a man—the state's executioner, who drove from parish to parish with an electric chair strapped to a flatbed. As a consequence of Robicheaux' nonintervention, one of the girls grows up and kills her abuser. When Robicheaux reopens the case, he comes across disturbing allegations about his own mother's death. Soon he's up against corrupt cops and a contract killer. As always, Burke explores degrees of evil and the effectiveness of violence.




—JAMES R. PETERSEN

## GET A JOB

Sorting through shelves of postcollegiate career guides can be as daunting as actually landing a job. Our advice? Don't waste money on the instant-success books, the ones titled *40-Minute Power Résumé, Coming Alive From Nine to Five, 201 Dynamite Job Search Letters*. Welcome to the real world: If it sounds too good to be true, it is. Rely on the *Dummies* books and you risk having your résumé, cover letter and interview techniques read and sound like millions of other job hunters'. Our choice to distinguish yourself from the crowd: ***The Unofficial Guide to Hot Careers*** (IDG) by Shelly Field. It includes advice on creating jobs that don't exist, working from home and selling yourself. Plus, the book's margins are saturated with key advice (don't use a cordless phone to make an important business call). And ***100 Best Nonprofits to Work For*** (Macmillan) by Leslie Hamilton and Robert Tragert offers a list of job sites for the socially conscious, such as AIDS Project–Los Angeles, Doctors Without Borders and People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. But if your taste runs more to Pantera than to PETA, you may want to take a look at ***Career Opportunities in the Music Industry*** (Checkmark). You'll learn about record producing, songwriting, even piano tuning and karaoke.

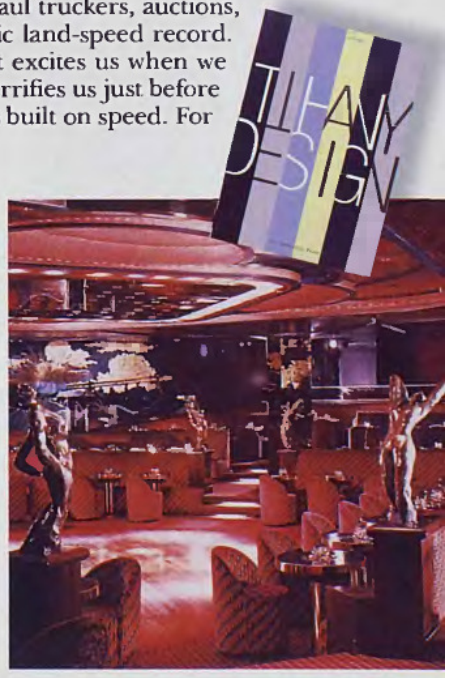



—ALISON LUNDGREN

## ONE TO THE HEART

Doug Aitken and Dean Kuipers mix art, culture, photography and graphics to find the essence of speed in ***I Am a Bullet: Scenes From an Accelerating Culture*** (Crown). Topics include the demolition derby, long-haul truckers, auctions, Las Vegas and the supersonic land-speed record. The speed of change is what excites us when we get up in the morning and terrifies us just before we go to sleep. Our culture is built on speed. For excitement, read this fast.

DESIGNING MAN:
As ***Tihany Design*** (Monocelli) shows, orchitect Adam Tihany currently reigns as the foremost interior designer of hotels and restaurants worldwide. His gems, ronging from New York City's Le Cirque 2000 and Club A (pictured at right) to the King Dovid Hotel in Jerusalem, are lush, sumptuous ond striking. So is this glorious book. Look further for his fantostic designs in choirs, china ond the Bomboy Sapphire martini gloss.




—HELEN FRANGOULIS

# MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

They called it a woodie, and the well-varnished appeal of this automobile attracted the attention of sunburned surfers and worked its way into more than one Beach Boys song. Hons Holberstodt's ***Woodies*** (Metrobooks) celebrotes the lacquered look of these classic cors, from their inaugurol 1929 production to their 1953 demise. Packed with gorgeous photos, *Woodies* trocks the car's evolution from family sedan to surf cruiser. The 1947 Ford Super Deluxe "Woodie" Wagon ranked number 48 in Dennis Adler's ***The Art of the Automobile: The 100 Greatest Cars*** (Horper Collins). The book assembles history's shorpest sets of wheels, chosen by Adler and a team of collectors (with a foreword by car connoisseur Joy Leno). Adler's beoutiful photos and details of the car's design accompany each entry, from Alfo Romeo to Volkswagen Beetle. Don't look for lost year's Lexus. The lotest cor listed is a 1971 Mercedes. Creoting a classic tokes time, Adler says.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

# pure symphonic.

Mamoru Takahara
Shot Live at Kioi Hall
Tokyo, Japan



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DVD-Audio Ready Speaker System



SA-DA10
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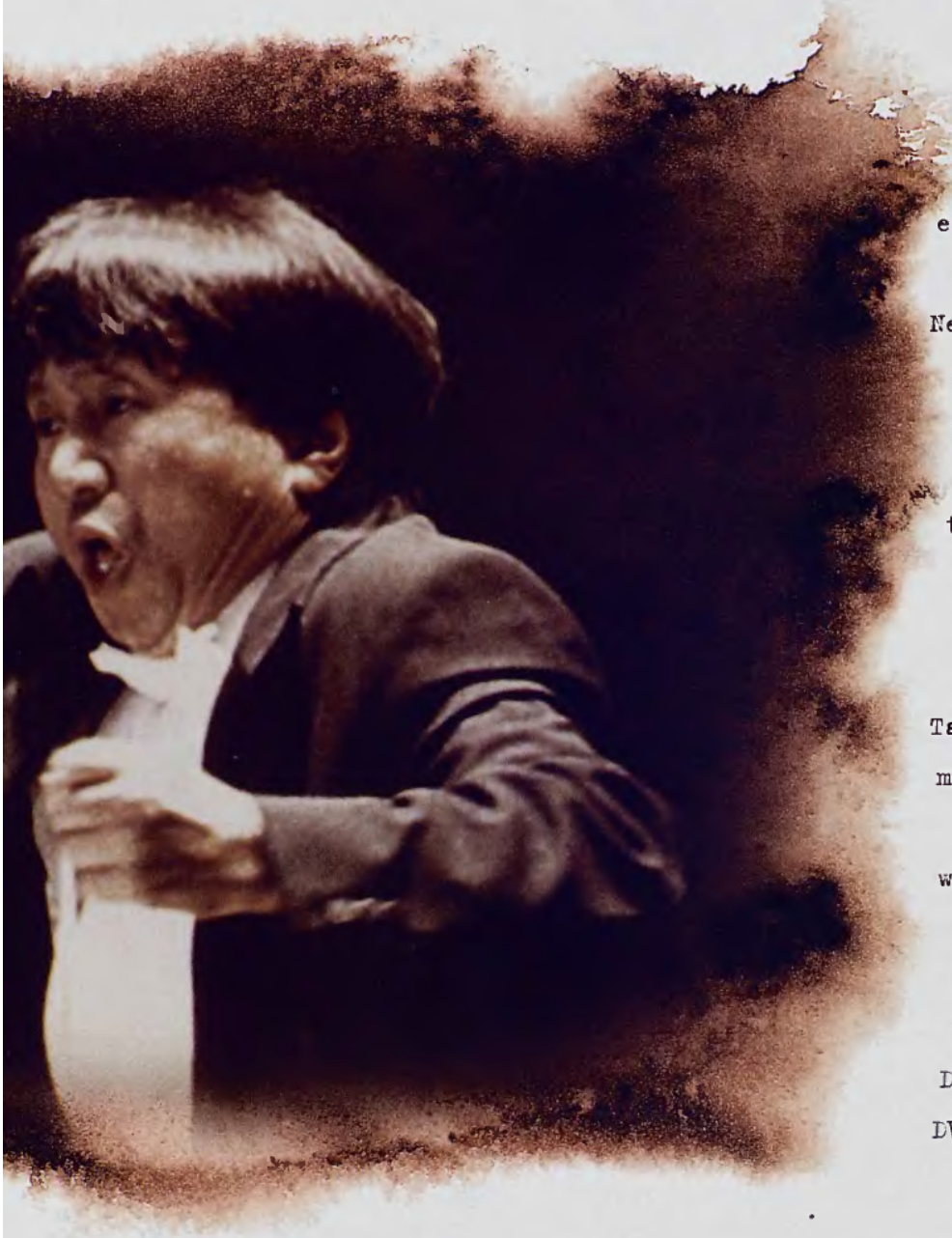
# pure Takahara.



Mamoru Takahara approaches the podium, a living bolt of musical energy. He lifts the baton and the musicians of the New York Symphonic Ensemble snap to attention. Then, suddenly, it begins: the melding of individual talents into one powerful musical force. From the sweetest violins to the thunderous timpani, Takahara's passion with the music becomes your own. If you can't be there to witness this phenomenon in person, we want you to hear it as if you were. With our newest Technics DVD-Audio/Video player and DVD-Audio ready components, you can.

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By ASA BABER

MATTHEW STRAUSS

# HOW SHE FOOLS YOU

I WORK under the strange assumption that most women are fascinating, intelligent, exciting and great fun to play with but are mystifying and deceptive creatures when it comes to manipulating men (almost all of whom are willing to be ruled by the women in their lives so long as they can get laid on occasion—make that on any occasion).

My vision of the struggle between the sexes may not win me an appointment to the faculty of a well-funded women's studies program in one of our great and freethinking universities, but it does present a certain shrewd and practical approach to the subject of gender. And shrewdness and practicality in dealing with women may be attributes we need—like it or not.

Yes, Mr. America, there are things going on in the female psyche that will remain hidden from us to the end of our days. Women may not be aliens, but there are times when they seem like creatures from another planet—such as every time I walk through the ground floor of any major department store. What do I find there? The cosmetics department, known in some circles as Deception Central.

You walk through the revolving doors, and what hits you first? The smells. Perfumes from the Orient, powders and flowerlike mists, an assault on the nose and the senses greater than any garden walk or forest primeval. "This," I once said to a buddy as we tramped through Bloomingdale's, "is what women wish our crotches smelled like." It was a spontaneous and crude remark, and I know I will go to hell for it, but it had a certain truth to it.

There, behind the cosmetics counters and in the aisles, are the saleswomen who staff Deception Central. For the most part, they are attractive wenches, often dressed in lab coats or some kind of uniform. Sometimes I close my eyes to a near squint and pretend they are there for me. "This is ancient Rome," I tell myself, "and I am an emperor returning from combat, and these beautiful women are here to praise and pamper me. All hail Asa!" (Don't worry. I'll be OK. I live in fantasy only half the time, and even then I remember to watch my step when I cross the street.)

But the saleswomen aren't there for men, of course (unless you're a guy who wears makeup). These smooth-faced, well-coiffed, hard-eyed maidens are there for female customers, who have come to Deception Central to learn about the newest ways to fool and confuse us. (To quote from one cosmetics advertisement: "It blurs the line between perception and reality to create a vision of perfection—right before your eyes, for a perfectly airbrushed finish." I ask you to read that sentence again, and ask yourself what's going on.)

Now, my own true love is a woman of exceptional attractiveness. She has sparkling eyes and a complexion of strawberries and cream. When she walks into our living room every evening after her workout and shower—when she is without makeup or hair spray of any kind—I find her to be at her most beautiful and fetching, and I always tell her so. She then usually blushes and says something like, "Cut it out!"

However, my praise and admiration are not enough for her, because she, too, prowls the aisles of Deception Central with her sisters. She books appointments with experts who "color-print" and "customize" her skin tone and sell her exotic compounds (for many dollars per ounce or bottle). Rest assured, if there is a new lip gloss or moisturizing lotion on the market, she will be there pronto to check it out. Like most women, she feels a need to blur perception and reality—and that includes my perception and reality.

Because she is a good sport, and because she knows I'm a writer who will steal anything he can for material to write about, she recently agreed to let me watch her apply all her cosmetics and deceptions. What follows first is her morning routine. Before you mock it, let me ask if you know what your significant other is doing behind the closed doors of her powder room every morning. I didn't think so.

Start with a cleansing soap ($12 per bar), followed by a toner that "deflakes, polishes and refreshens the skin," at $12 per bottle (prices are approximate). Then apply some expensive skin treatment with vitamins in it ("It costs $72 per ounce, but I have no idea what it does," she tells me). Then a moisturizing lotion ($17 per bottle). It should be noted that she bought this lotion to get some freebies (powder, perfume, soap, etc.). Then comes a cream with sunblock ($20), then a "T-zone" (forehead, nose, chin) lotion to reduce oiliness, then a line-prevention liquid ($45), and then one of the most deceptive items on the list, a lotion with "holographic pigments" that "instantly imparts the image of perfection and plays with light to create flawless-looking skin" ($30).

I have to hurry here, because we are still covering only the foundation applications (the real makeup has not yet begun). Something that costs $20 per bottle that supposedly evens out the skin tone, a tube of cream called concealer that hides circles under the eyes ($12), a loose powder that takes away shine ($4), a pressed powder that does the same thing ($8)—*and now for the real makeup*: a packet of blush ($16), eyebrow pencils ($4), highlighter and regular eye shadow and then darker eye shadow ($14), an eyeliner for under the eye next to the lash line ($4), mascara ($7) and then either lip liner ($6), lipstick ($15) or lip gloss ($12). To apply all this she uses various natural-bristle brushes that can cost $60 per pack. Then there's her liberal use of hair spray.

That's the A.M. routine. The evening's is somewhat simpler: an almond scrub mask once a week ($15), a special soap in the shower ($6) plus a refining cleanser ($3.50), a cream ($15), a pore-refining lotion for that good old T-zone ($3) and some moisturizing lotion under the eyes ($15). Then comes the kicker—a dab of cream ($80) that "creates new texture and radiance." Her shampoo is something that costs $18 per quart (conditioner in another bottle costs the same). Then she uses a smoothing balm ($36 per quart), a straightening gel ($12) and a volumizer ($10). All this for a naturally beautiful woman who doesn't need an ounce of it.

In *Diner*, there is a scene where two city boys are driving around a rural area they have never encountered before. They see mansions and horses and golf courses and all the accoutrements of wealth. Finally, one guy turns to the other and says something like, "Did you ever get the feeling that there's something going on that we don't know anything about?"

Well, did you?

HOW TO TURN A FRIENDSHIP INTO A LOVE AFFAIR

## BY NATHAN NEWMAN

IT BEGAN AS woman trouble often does: a midnight phone call followed by a knock at the front door. Kate had been my best female friend for almost eight years, and we had seen each other through tortured affairs, career realignments and broken leases. We had shared everything except each other. Having long ago acknowledged a sexual undercurrent—and excluding a multimartini-inspired make-out session on New Year's Eve 1993—we proudly had chosen not to act on it. *Knock-knock.*

Kate went on to tell me about the latest thick-skulled cad, who began their Saturday night date by arriving 20 minutes after the movie started. They proceeded to a trendy restaurant where he made an embarrassingly big deal out of knowing the owner. Once they were seated, his rotating "radar-head" indicated he was more interested in either the group of coeds waiting for a table or ESPN, or both. After a couple of much needed merlots and a fairly decent steak (clearly the highlight), she allowed him to walk her home. Having picked up a three-figure tab, he made it clear he was expecting to be invited upstairs. After the standard "I'll call you next week," she mustered the gumption for a closed-mouthed, four-second kiss and immediately shot Luis the doorman a "help!" look. Crossing the threshold to safe harbor, Kate swore she heard her vanquished conqueror mutter something that sounded like, "For 123 bucks, I should've at least gotten upstairs."

Sympathetic, I went into the you're-too-good-for-jerks-like-that talk. She put her head on my shoulder and rubbed her tears of frustration into my Michigan T-shirt. I smelled the wonderful shampoo smell I remembered from our now-celebrated night of kissing only. She looked up at me, all mascara rivers and smeared red lips. I did what any good and true friend would: I stuck my tongue down her throat.

I hate that I sometimes find myself becoming turned on when a woman cries, but vulnerability can be so damn sexy. Still, this was different. This was someone I knew, trusted and, most of all, respected. This was Kate, for Christ's sake! I assured myself that I wasn't exploiting her misfortune as I helped pull her black lace 34C over her head.

Webster's defines platonic as "not amorous or sensual but purely spiritual." It is also defined as "idealistic, visionary or impractical." Standing over my naked, sleeping female friend at 5:22 A.M., I realized old Plato probably never had an extremely cute, slightly tipsy and wee bit weepy woman banging on his front door in the middle of the night.

At the diner the next morning, we chatted as if we had run into each other on the street. Work, friends, gossip. Both of us knew that last night had changed everything incontrovertibly, but we were bent on practicing avoidance, if not denial. Then a long—and I mean long—pause as we contemplated our omelettes and our futures. "Why is it that I can never meet any guys like, you know, well, like you, Nathan?" And so we found the courage to confront the inevitable. Perhaps what we had sought for years was always right there in front of us. Last night we discovered we could make each other come. Now we would see if we could make each other happy.

We had too much of a history to play games, but we still needed a game plan. Rule 1: No givens. Were we equally enthusiastic about this risky undertaking? I woofed, she high-fived me. Good enough. Second, keep the lines of communication open at all times, just as they had always been. We owed each other nothing less. Finally, some downside planning. Establishing what was best about our friendship, we vowed to return to it if the wheels came off. We were listening to our hearts but promised to use our heads. Not to mention other body parts. The check came and I wondered if I was now supposed to pay it.

Still, dating Kate would be a slam dunk, a welcome vacation from a world of often confusing, sometimes frustrating and occasionally devastating love affairs. Doesn't every good relationship begin with friendship?

Two weeks into it, and no disturbing bombshells. We hit a comfort zone, and intimacy had come at a more accelerated pace than either of us had been accustomed to. But that did carry with it some negatives. As much as I had always admired Kate's long dark tresses, I never had to clean them out of my hairbrush. Or get stuck on the phone with her whiny friend Lisa. And I found myself suddenly jealous of the men from Kate's past. I wished she hadn't shared quite so much. Or maybe I shouldn't have been so damn curious about Ian's handwritten sonnets and Steve's predilection for sex in public rest rooms.

Soon a month of Nate and Kate: The Couple had passed, and so far, so good. It was still fun being together, and the sex was satisfying, if not mind-altering. What had changed were the rules of our relationship. All of a sudden we were dating with a capital D and everything had become charged with meaning. Stuff we used to laugh about and dismiss (like which take-out to order, or my penchant for black sneakers) was now up for exhaustive discussion. The charming idiosyncrasies that had given our friendship teeth were points for deliberation. If you're lucky enough to meet someone you like, you're soon trying to change them and make them that much closer to *(concluded on page 173)*

IT JUST DOESN'T GET ANY SWEETER THAN THIS.

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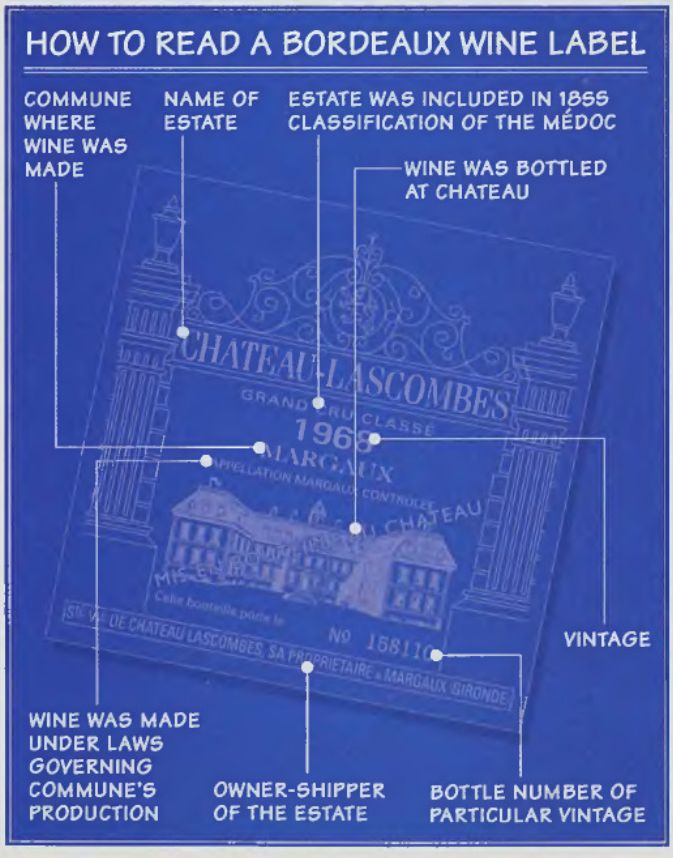
# MANTRACK

hey...it's personal

## Marques of Excellence

The Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegonce cor show turns 50 on August 20, and to celebrate, the holders are bringing back 20 Best of Show droolmobiles. Pictured obove is the 1937 Tolbot-Logo T150C Figoni et Faloschi coupe, which drove away with top honors in 1997. If you think it's o looker, woit until you see the 1937 Alfa Romeo 8C 2900B Touring Spider, which won in 198B, or the 1931 Isotto Froschini Tipo BB Viggo Jensen Cobriolet d'Orsay from 1995. Admission to the Concours d'Elegance, at Pebble Beach Resorts, is $100. (Advance tickets are recommended. Call B31-372-B026.) Vintoge vehicle events on August 16–20 include a race ot Laguna Seca and auto auctions.


HOW TO READ A BORDEAUX WINE LABEL
COMMUNE WHERE WINE WAS MADE
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OWNER-SHIPPER OF THE ESTATE
BOTTLE NUMBER OF PARTICULAR VINTAGE

## Relief Pitcher

Sangria hos been o populor summer quencher in Spain for a long time. Alberto Heros, the supervisor of the Spanish Pavilion ot the 1964 World's Foir in New York, is credited with making the drink popular in this country. Here's his recipe: Pour a bottle of Spanish red wine into o pitcher. Add two teospoons of sug-or ond mix until it's dissolved. Add o lemon or lime cut into slices and holf an orange cut into slices, o jigger of Cointreou, a jigger of Sponish brondy and 12 ounces of club so-da. Stir, then chill with ice for 15 minutes. Pour into wineglasses (with-out the fruit). You can substitute a robust wine from southern Fronce (or elsewhere) and use a domestic brandy. Coreful: They're sneoky.

# MANTRACK

## Global Cooling

The Cooling Globe from Prescriptives looks like a lightbulb, but it's the second to the last thing you'd want to stick into a light socket. Toss it into the freezer, and once the propylene glycol filling is cold, glide the globe around your eyes to reduce puffiness, over your face to soothe razor irritation or across your forehead for morning-after relief. Or pop it into an ice chest and take it to the beach for a quick cool-off. The price: $30.

## Clothesline: Ray Romano and Brad Garrett

Ray Romano (left), star of the CBS hit series *Everybody Loves Raymond*, confesses that his wife dresses him because everything he puts on she hates. "She says the only things I wear are from Nike, but that's not true. I also like the French designer Le Gap." Romano's favorite place to shop is Hermann's Sporting Goods (he likes to go casual), "but for the first time in my life, I'm wearing Armani." Brad Garrett (right), who also appears on *Everybody Loves Raymond*, says when you're 6'9" and weigh 250 pounds, you wear anything without a hood. "I get all my stuff from Big Fat Fucks on La Cienega in LA. My favorite articles are hats and suspenders—but the latter sometimes hurt Area 57, if you know what I mean. I also love shoes. I wear a size 15, but I'm not in proportion. If I get an erection, I've got to take my wife's word for it. That's how bad it is."

## Steam Cuisine

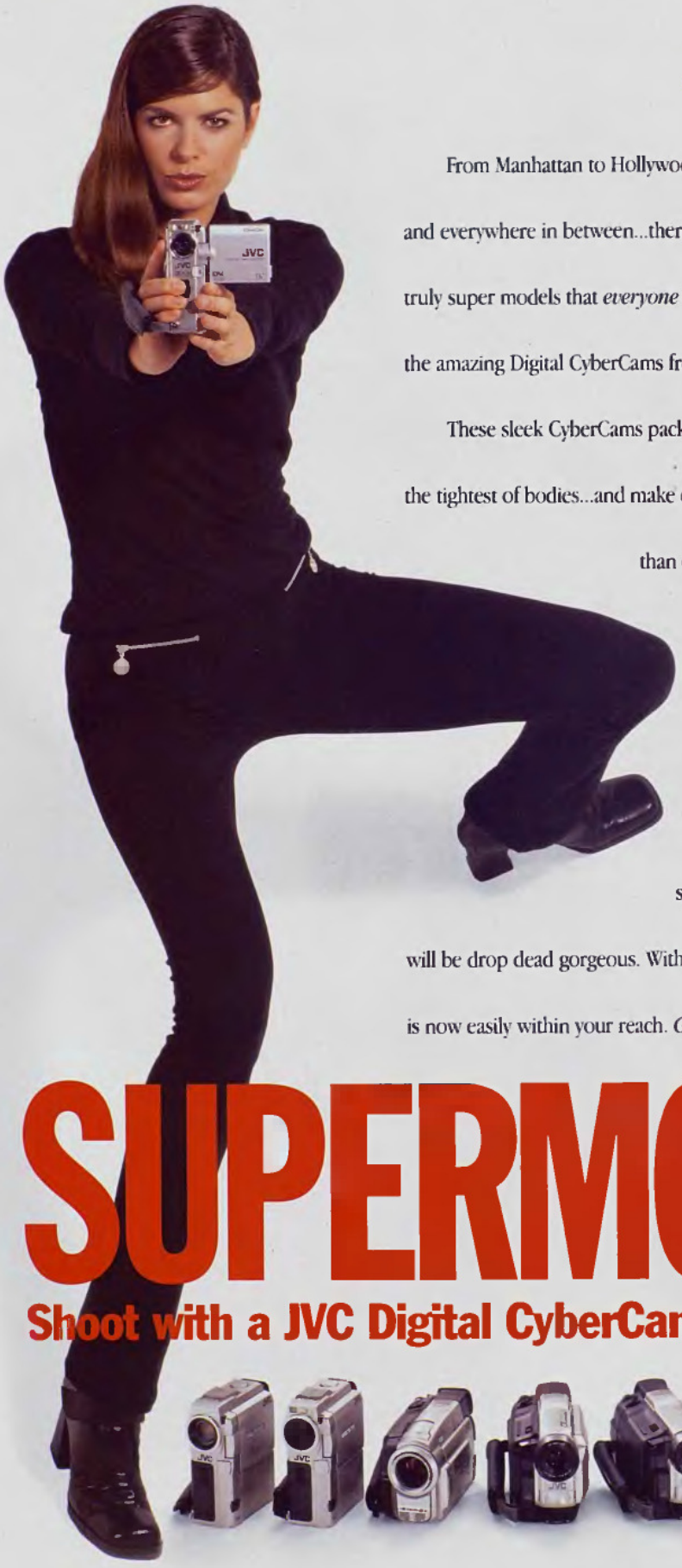
As we search for healthier ways to prepare food, Jenny Stacey encourages us to consider the ancient art of steam cooking. You don't need butter, oil or salt, and the food retains a high level of its nutrients. Steaming is fast and versatile and a great way to cook for those on low-fat, high-fiber diets. In her $19.95 book, *Steam Cuisine* (Firefly), Stacey describes the three methods of steaming and offers 90 recipes for preparing vegetables, fish and shellfish, poultry, meat (including a terrific jambalaya) and desserts. The dish at left—calvados apples with mint cream—is delicious and easy to make.

## Guys Are Talking About . . .

*Surround-sound speakers.* You have your home theater, now what do you do with those pint-size rear speakers? Hang them on the wall? Instead, check out FurnitureWorks' RB1 A/H speaker stands (pictured), designed for satellite and surround-sound speakers of unusual shapes and sizes. Bose Cubes, Boston Acoustic Micros, Klipsch Quintets, Infinity Minuettes, Polk Audio RM Satellites and Energy Take Systems all fit the stands when using any one of three adapters. Price: $89.95 a pair. • *E-Beer.* Punch up beer.com on the web, take a look at the live bar scene via StellaCam at New York's Belgo Nieuw-York, Vancouver's Shark Club or Brussels Cafe Comm, and buy whoever's sitting in the StellaCam chair a Stella Artois beer (or you can chat with the person online). Future Beer.com cities include Chicago, San Francisco, London, Paris and Sydney (in time for the Olympics), among others. • *XXX condoms.* Trojan has introduced a Pleasure Mesh latex condom featuring an interlocking micromesh pattern of more than 300 raised Xs "that stimulate both partners' sensitive areas." Price: about $8 for a box of 12. • *Tequila brews.* Tequiza Extra, Anheuser-Busch's new version of Tequiza, has a bolder tequila taste with less lime and sweetness in the flavor.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

**NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.** Must be a legal US resident, 18 or older. Void in PR and where prohibited. Residents of MI and OH may request a list of winning numbers by sending a SASE to JVC Winning Numbers, PO Box 7125, Melville, NY 11775-7125. To receive rules, send a SASE to JVC Request, PO Box 7125, Melville, NY 11775-7125. See official rules for complete details. FL residents see page 159 for rules. Entrants agree to be bound by complete official rules. Game ends 8/31/00.



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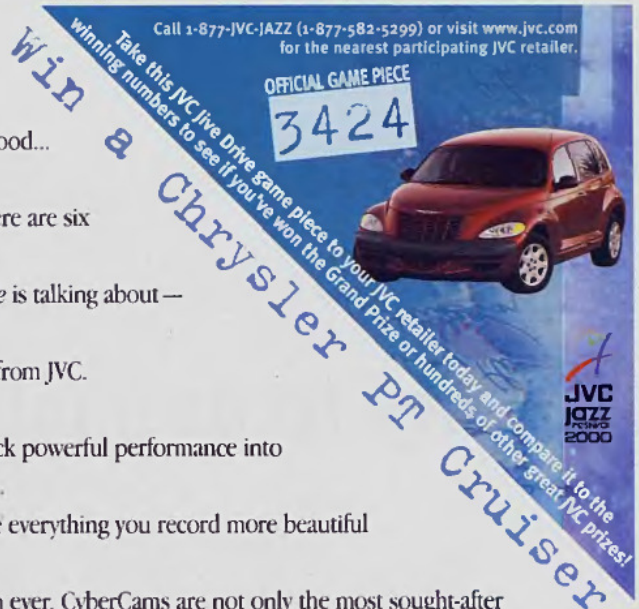
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*Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.*

# The Playboy Advisor

**W**hat is the best sexual position for men?—T.S., Omaha, Nebraska

*For the sake of argument, let's work this through. Given the importance of visual stimulation in male sexuality, the best position would have to allow the man to see his partner's reactions. A guy loves to know he's the reason she's moaning, groaning, sighing, grabbing and begging for more. That eliminates the reverse cowgirl, also known as woman on top facing away. Next, consider comfort. Missionary position can be one of the most uncomfortable. To maintain the best angle and allow his partner to breathe, the man must rest his weight on his palms or elbows. Over time, that takes a toll. It also doesn't give him easy access to her clitoris. Doggie style is fun, and you may get to stand. But she's facing the other way and you can't see her breasts unless you crane your neck. We can't overlook the spoon position, though the angle can be tough there, too. In our view, that leaves the cowgirl as a favorite. It's comfortable for the guy because he's on his back with a great view and the woman can control the depth and positioning of his thrusts. It also leaves the guy's hands free to roam.*

**I** see women wearing wedding bands on the ring fingers of their right hands, on their left hands or on other fingers. Can you help sort out the meanings?—S.Z., Rochester, New York

*The English custom is ring finger, left hand. Any other finger and you'll have to ask—if she's single, that works well as an opener. One tradition is that the vena amoris, or vein of love, runs directly from this finger to the heart. Another is that priests arrived at the third finger of the left hand during the ceremony by counting off the Trinity. There are other customs, of course. A Greek Orthodox bride wears the ring on her left hand during the engagement and moves it to her right following the ceremony. In a traditional Jewish ceremony, the groom places the ring on the bride's right index finger. Portraits from the Middle Ages show the band on either hand. In the early 18th century, fashionable British women preferred the left thumb.*

**L**ast evening when I came home from work, I caught my husband in the bathroom trying to pull up his pants. I asked him if he had been taking a shower. He said no. While I was in the bathroom preparing for bed I heard him fiddling with the VCR. I can't prove it, but I think my husband was jerking off to an adult movie. Why do men do this? I don't have a problem with my husband's satisfying himself, but why does he have to sneak around? It's especially

troubling because he's in the mood for sex only about once a week.—S.B., Fort Wayne, Indiana

*Blow your husband every day for a week and see how often he masturbates. Your husband beats off for the same reason he did before you were married—it feels good and it doesn't require permission. He masturbates in private because he's always done it in private; by definition, it's a solitary act. If you're there while he masturbates, it's sex. That involves negotiation; he's not always in the mood for that. While compiling The Book of the Penis, Maggie Paley asked numerous men about why they masturbate. One guy noted that women's magazines often print letters from readers who have discovered that their husbands beat off and are now asking themselves, Am I not satisfying him? His response: "There isn't one person on earth who can satisfy any man. Men masturbate always. It's not a reflection on his relationship with his wife. He's shaving and suddenly he thinks, I'll jerk off. And he does." Your problem isn't his masturbation but that you aren't having sex as often as you'd like. If you want to discuss this with your husband, tell him you don't mind if he touches himself, but that you'd like to be around whenever possible to touch him everywhere else. What would he do if he caught you masturbating? Maybe he should. Masturbation can get the party started.*

**W**hat exactly is an extra dry martini? Isn't that another name for gin?—P.L., San Antonio, Texas

*Some people argue that, prepared properly and served in the right glass, straight gin qualifies as an extra dry martini. (As the story goes, Winston Churchill made martinis by glancing across the room at the vermouth.) That's ridiculous. A martini has to include some measure of vermouth, even if it's added from an eyedropper or spray bottle. The classic recipe for dry is four to eight parts gin to one part vermouth. For extra dry, swirl the vermouth in the glass to coat the sides, then dump it and add the gin. Alternatively, you can fill a pitcher with ice, add two measures of dry vermouth, stir and pour the vermouth off. When you add the gin, it will pick up the vermouth from the ice.*

**M**y boyfriend and I occasionally make wagers with each other on silly things like baseball games, card games, board games, anything that strikes our fancy. The winner might get treated to dinner or a massage. Last month, my boyfriend and I had just started a game of Scrabble when he suggested we place a wager on the game but raise the stakes. He suggested that if I lost, I would have to wear a miniskirt and sheer blouse into an adult bookstore and bend over so that the male customers could see my bare rear end. I accepted, but only because I didn't think he was serious, and he sucks at Scrabble. Somehow he managed a five-point victory, and now I'm stuck. The idea of flashing strangers makes me nervous. I offered him alternatives, such as spanking me in bed or a marathon blow job. He refused and started to sulk. Now he acts as if everything is OK, but he doesn't show the same enthusiasm in bed. Am I being a prude? Why can't he settle for me doing something else?—C.M., San Jose, California

*Honor the bet. It might turn you on more than you expect. Ask your boyfriend if a thong would be acceptable, or if you could pay off the wager while visiting a gentlemen's club in a distant city (you don't have to take the stage; just drop a napkin). Either option is less of a compromise than your alternatives, which don't honor the spirit of the wager or fulfill his desire to see the lustful reaction of strangers. He used the bet to tell you what turns him on; that's not a bad strategy. Your boyfriend is far from the only guy who finds it arousing to know that other guys are turned on by the woman he's taking home. In the meantime, consider what he could do to arouse you and demand a rematch. Triple points for dirty words.*

**C**an you tell me the proper etiquette for carrying a cane with a tuxedo? I bought a black cane with white tips as an accessory, thinking I would be able to find out how to handle it. No luck. Can you help? How do I carry the cane when I stroll around? Do I hold it at the end or in the middle? Do I touch it to the



ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

ground as I walk? What do I do while I'm seated? Should I lay it on the floor or lean it against my chair? Should I pose for photos with the cane in one hand and my other arm around my date? How the hell did guys know what to do with their canes in the old days, before they were an upper-class accessory?—D.C., Nashville, Tennessee

*Unless you don't mind everyone whispering "Who's the guy with the cane?" behind your back, we'd leave this accessory in your umbrella rack. If you decide we're dead wrong and believe the cane is going to get you laid, here are a few tips: (1) Hold it two thirds of the way up, or at the top. (2) Lay it on the floor when you sit down, preferably out of sight where you might forget it. (3) The secret to walking with a cane is to hold it with authority. (4) Pose for photos as Adolphe Menjou would have: with one arm around your date, leaning jauntily, holding the cane at the end. Don't make the stick of wood look more important than your date. She'll already have her doubts.*

We know about stranger rape and date rape, but what do you make of this? I dated a passionate woman and we spent a lot of time having sex. She would often claim her memory of what took place the night before was fuzzy. She could sleep through anything. One night while she was out cold, I had intercourse with her until I reached climax. She was amused when I told her the next day. Rape or not?—H.G., Toronto, Ontario

*Is this some parlor game from hell? You played rape roulette and escaped a lucky man. Had your casual lover with the fuzzy memory not been amused, you could be writing us from prison. An unconscious woman can't consent, no matter what you think she might have said. If she's out cold, Casanova, fuck your pillow.*

I am a 25-year-old mother of two who has been married for five years. During the past couple of months my husband has changed. He is always busy at the computer. It isn't work-related, but he sits there until the early hours of the morning. If I try to start a conversation or make physical contact with him in a loving way, the tone of his voice and the look on his face tell me that I'm bothering him. I hate this. When I ask if he loves me, or if he wants someone else, he becomes upset and says I am making something out of nothing. I want my husband back!—L.P., Dallas, Texas

*You're not alone. The Internet has sucked many husbands (and wives) into the void, leading them to neglect their duties as parents, lovers and members of the household. A few therapists would be quick to declare your husband addicted to the Net, as if turning off the computer would resolve whatever drives him to escape. It's more likely that he's depressed. The challenge is convincing your husband there's a problem, and it may take a therapist or close friend to accomplish that. (If the family men reading this wonder if they surf too much, how long has it been since you went a day without logging on?) To get things rolling, write your husband an e-mail and explain how you feel. Don't accuse him and don't defend yourself, just state your case. Tell him he's a great husband and father but that his wife and children miss him. Suggest that you visit a counselor together to discuss the situation with a third party. If he still says you're overreacting, go alone.*

I replace the flag flying from my home every Fourth of July. Now I have several tattered flags in my garage. What is the proper way to dispose of them?—W.V., Sandusky, Ohio

*Federal law requires that you destroy worn flags in a "dignified manner," preferably by burning. Place each flag in a metal container and douse it with lighter fluid. It should be a private affair. For a more patriotic sendoff, take the flags to an American Legion or VFW post. Many hold disposal ceremonies on Flag Day (June 14) with color guards and prayers.*

My girlfriend wants to experiment with anal penetration, but I've heard stories about embarrassing trips to the emergency room because of "misplaced" sex toys. How can we be sure things don't get stuck?—J.H., Los Angeles, California

*Be very, very careful. If that vibrator or butt plug doesn't have a flange, or rim, think long and hard before sticking it in anyone's bum, no matter how good you think it might feel. The sex toy store Good Vibrations (800-289-8423) has a nice selection of user-friendly toys and lubes. If there is an accident, don't hesitate to visit the emergency room, and be honest when you get there. The doctors on duty have seen it all, evidenced by their habit of sharing their favorite crowded, anonymous pelvic X rays with medical journals. Besides dildos and vibrators, physicians have removed screwdrivers, artillery shells, curling irons, spatulas, baseballs, flashlights, candles, vegetables, a polyethylene waste trap from the U-bend of a sink, sewing needles, salami and shampoo bottles. For God's sake, people, there's no shame in buying and using toys designed for anal pleasure. It's certainly safer than grabbing whatever's handy.*

My girlfriend and I are getting married on December 22. We would like my 21-year-old nephew to conduct the ceremony. Is that possible? What steps need to be taken?—J.E., Phoenix, Arizona

*To make the marriage legal, your license must be signed by a minister or other legal authority and filed with the county clerk. Your nephew could perform the service under the tutelage of a minister willing to sign the license. Alternatively, he could become a minister himself through an institution such as the Universal Life Church, which ordains anyone who asks. Most states, including Arizona, require only that a recognized minister sign the license, and they recognize ULC credentials. About a third of the states require that ministers register before marrying anyone. Ask the county clerk for assistance, or church officials can provide guidance. Founded in 1959 by Kirby Hensley, the ULC has a colorful history. It asks members to believe only in "that which is right, and in every person's right to interpret what is right." Its trinity consists of freedom, food and sexuality. "If you deny your desire for sex, you deny life itself," Hensley believed. Amen. To be ordained, visit ulc.org or ulc.net or write the church at 601 Third Street, Modesto, California 95351.*

I met a woman at a party. She has beautiful hair and a slender body. The problem is, she's small-chested. My last girlfriend had 36C breasts, and I loved them. Obviously, a lot of other guys love large breasts too, since that's all I see in PLAYBOY. This woman and I have been on three dates, and the sparks aren't exactly flying. I wonder if I would be more interested if she had larger breasts. That thought upsets me. I mean, how shallow can you get? How would I feel if she said to me, "I'm sorry, I'm not interested in you because your penis is too small"?—D.S., Minneapolis, Minnesota

*Don't blame the breasts. We received a letter this month from a reader who insisted he broke up with his girlfriend because her forehead was too big—as if that were the reason. If this woman had blown you away with her charm and personality, her breasts would have appeared to be the perfect size, because they belong to her. That's not to say you should feel guilty about what initially attracts you to a person—we all have our preferences. Your comment about PLAYBOY is telling, because in fact the women in our pictorials come in all sizes, but you remember the ones who excite you. That said, any man looking for adventure knows never to judge a woman on something as insignificant as her bra size—he could miss out on something big. Instead, he considers how she carries what she has. Our photographers call it "the long burn." They know from years of experience that what makes a woman sexy is her confidence, not her measurements.*

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*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail via playboyadvisor.com, which includes a database of past columns. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, is available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

# PORN WARS

By James R. Petersen

The posters hanging around the University of Colorado–Boulder announced our arrival. I would be debating Gail Dines, head of the women's studies program at Boston's Wheelock College. The topic: "Pornography: His and Hers."

I was willing to participate, though it seems to me the debate is over. Porn won. By the industry's estimate, Americans rent 700 million X-rated tapes a year. Men and women who appreciate porn know what to do with their arousal. They borrow sexual energy from the culture and spend it on themselves.

I assembled a slide show of sexual images dating from the dawn of humanity to the present. With every change in technology, from cave painting to the Internet, mankind has recorded and circulated pornography. I showed petroglyphs with rampant penises, Greek vases depicting games of genital tag, ancient Hindu temple carvings featuring group gropes that have endured for 10 centuries, prints that accompanied 16th century poet Pietro Aretino's sex sonnets, engravings that aroused the founding fathers, Tijuana eight-pagers from the Thirties, WWII pin-ups, golden era porn starlets and lesbian erotica from cyberspace.

The selection revealed my bias. I asked the audience to complete the sentence "Sex is. . . ." I happen to feel that sex is a form of enthusiasm; that porn is a form of fantasy play in which we experience risk, danger, power, helplessness, chuckles and orgasm; that, yes, porn aids masturbation and sometimes sex; and that most men are aroused by women's bodies (as opposed to, say, house pets, vegetables or blenders). The most shocking image I showed was the 1901 patent for a device designed to prevent erections in boys. This contraption punished arousal with electric shocks. We've come a long way.

Dines followed my presentation with the classic feminist antiporn slide show, one that has remained unchanged since the Seventies. The images are toxic and unrelenting. Dines has a simple I-know-it-when-I-see-it definition of porn. Her book *Pornography: The Production and Consumption of Inequality* offers two succinct explanations: Pornography is the material sold in pornography shops for the purpose of producing sexual arousal for mostly male consumers, and it's "a specific kind of sexual material that mediates and helps maintain

A.J. GARCES

the sexual subordination of women." In short, it's whatever you can buy in a 42nd Street adult bookstore.

A PLAYBOY cover from 1979 showing two sisters was a nod to mainstream exploitation before the brutality began: the infamous *Hustler* cover showing a woman being fed to a meat grinder (including the satirical disclaimer by Larry Flynt that the magazine would no longer treat women as meat); a pictorial from *Penthouse* showing a woman wrapped in cloth, suspended from a tree (Dines pointed out the similarity to photos of lynchings); a naked woman with someone twisting her nipple with a pair of pliers, supposedly an image from the world of snuff films. Then there was the *Hustler* shot of a group of men mauling a woman on a pool table, the pictorial that feminists claimed led to a rape in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Jodie Foster turned the rape into an Oscar-winning performance in *The Accused*. Dines lamented the plight of the victim, Cheryl Araujo, who had moved to Florida and apparently took her own life. Dines continued her show with cartoons of cockroaches, rats and bodily fluids not usually associated with sex. She delivered an incantation of familiar, if flawed, statistics: One in four women will be raped. Battered women have a higher rate of post-traumatic stress disorder than Vietnam vets. The average female college graduate earns the same as a male high school graduate. Sisterhood will not stop until all women are safe from rape, till all women receive equal pay, till all women. . . .

The audience applauded, as audiences have for decades.

After our closing remarks, the moderator opened the floor to questions. A woman came to the microphone, looked at Dines and said simply: "I disagree." Another man, fingering a rosary or worry beads, said that he had come prepared to agree with the feminist position, but that the unrelenting, negative images had had the opposite effect on him. A male student challenged Dines' statistics. "I volunteered for the rape crisis center here. When I learned that I had to perpetuate those one-in-four figures, I resigned." Everyone had his or her own opinion about porn, based, for a change, on personal experience. Some women watched with boyfriends and were appalled—but they viewed the problem as personal, not political. Some had explored their own sexuality through images. Some wanted better porn, or sex information that teaches men how to please women (something they found lacking in most porn).

The event turned into a public airing. The people had taken over the debate—and their own sex lives.

# THE STATE OF THE DEBATE

## porn wars
## Part II

At least a dozen people sent *The Playboy Forum* copies of an editorial that appeared in *USA Today* last October. Kimberly Palmer, a junior at Amherst College, penned a jeremiad with the catchy title *Male Students Flaunt Pornography, Degrading Women and Themselves*.

We read the piece with curiosity. The editorial purports to reveal what the young modern woman thinks about sexual images offered by pop culture. The author is of the demographic that might be labeled daughters of the sexual revolution.

Palmer launches her diatribe with a description of TLC's hip-hop video hit *Unpretty*. "An attractive teenager almost risks breast-implant surgery to please her boyfriend, but decides against it at the last moment. Her boyfriend is reading porn at home when she bursts through the door and rips the magazine from his hands."

Never mind that few teenagers can afford breast surgery. The TLC video blames a men's magazine for women's poor self-image. Palmer indicates that TLC speaks for the millions of young women "sick of our boyfriends' reading, posting and staring at images of scantily clad women with Kate Moss hips and Pamela Anderson Lee chests."

She complains about the prevalence of sexual images. "At college I can't avoid images of exposed, contorted women. At a party last weekend, a poster of a nearly naked model peered down at me from a dorm-room wall. At an MIT frat house this summer, obscene magazines decorated bathroom stalls.

"Viewing porn used to be a clandestine activity," she writes. "Now men do it openly in the coed common rooms of college dorms, making it much harder to ignore." What's more, she says, it's easier to access in private. "In today's dorm rooms, fitted with high-speed Internet connections, college students are two clicks away from the most hard-core porn available."

Palmer attempts to add logic to her "gut feelings of disgust" by citing John Stoltenberg, a founder of Men Against Pornography and confidant to notorious antiporn activist Andrea Dworkin. Stoltenberg has the novel theory that when men hang posters of naked women "they are like dogs peeing to mark their terrain. The posters tell women, 'This is what happens to you here.'" A true believer, Palmer goes on: "Women are being told they are valued for the sum of their body parts, and this is how they should look—shapely and unclothed."

Palmer then advances the theory that men who view porn are damaged goods (a phrase that used to apply only to women who were no longer virgins or who had acquired a venereal disease through unchaste acts).

Concerning a scene in *American Pie*, in which a father buys adult magazines for his son, Palmer says: "He doesn't have to make love to his son. It's young women who have to deal with the damage inflicted by pornography. We have to try to understand why there are stashes of obscene videos under our boyfriends' beds, and somehow try to believe that they don't objectify our bodies in the same way."

Diligent student, she recycled the old prude's tale that "men who view sexually explicit images have a harder time having healthy relationships, as they are more likely to associate sexuality with pictures than with people."

Turning to fiction to support this claim (evidently there is no real-life experience that does so) she quotes an Alice Walker short story: "He does not know how to make love without the fantasies fed to him by movies and magazines. They have insinuated themselves between him and his wife, so that the totality of her body is alien to him."

"Convincing frat boys that they should get rid of the PLAYBOYS in their bathrooms is not an easy task," writes Palmer. Nonetheless, men should "take control of their sexuality and stop hurting other people, as well as themselves." One might argue that reading and viewing images is just that—taking control—but Palmer thinks that an innocent male (i.e., ignorant, untainted by media) should "reject posters and magazines and hold real women instead."

That *USA Today* ran Palmer's editorial was not news: Mainstream media have little good to say about sex. What took us by surprise was that three days later, the newspaper ran five letters in response to Palmer's column—and that four of them took her to task for her views.

David Tindell of Birchwood, Wisconsin criticized Palmer for lumping PLAYBOY with hard-core porn. He subtly attacked the notion of sisterhood, noting that the debate on porn has always been about one group of women telling another what is appropriate: "Women who pose in pornography—and men too for that matter—do so willingly. If women refused to pose, there would be no porn. So perhaps instead of railing at men for viewing porn, she should take issue with her 'sisters' about their willingness to drive down the other side of porn's two-way street."

Deane Jordan, writing from Orlando, Florida, called attention to the double standard, noting that porn is not the only medium guilty of flagrant

sexism: "The only significant difference between users of porn and users of romance novels is that men advertise their habit—for example, displaying porn on dorm walls—whereas women exercise their habit, e.g., ignoring good men in college while hoping to be discovered by some rich, handsome, tall Prince Charming. The latter is a ubiquitous female fantasy that is as offensive and demeaning to men as the male fantasy of easy sex and heavenly bodies is to women. In the best of both fair worlds, he should give up his dream lady and she her Prince Charming. In the unfair feminist world, however, only the man is wrong and only he must change."

Hank Youngerman of Avon, Connecticut offered a more libertarian critique: "I'm grateful that we have people such as *USA Today*'s contributing columnist Kimberly Palmer around to tell others what to think. Perhaps when she gets done deciding what pictures other people can look at, she will be able to tell us what kind of music to enjoy, where to spend our vacations and whom to vote for. No one says that Palmer has to like pornography or to buy it, and if she feels strongly enough, she can refuse to socialize with people who do. But if she believes that she—or anyone else—has the right to coerce others into acting in conformity with her beliefs or desires, then she invites us down a road toward the surrender of all individual freedoms. What makes Palmer a better arbiter of what others should or should not do than, say, *Hustler* magazine publisher Larry Flynt? No one, regardless of his or her views, has the right to tell me or any other adult what to like. If there is a more important personal right, I don't know what it is."

Right on. Bob Spettigue of Penfield, New York reduced the matter to a question of dating etiquette and choice: "If she and 4 million other women are tired of having boyfriends who view pornography, they need to find new boyfriends. They do not own their boyfriends any more than their boyfriends own them. Therefore they don't have the right to insist that their boyfriends change to suit their preferences."

Barbara Parcells of San Diego concurred with Palmer that media images represent "the whore-ification" of the American woman. She suggested that female disgust with porn is why many men can't find a girlfriend.

To each her own. The sexual revolution tried to insert a new creature—the girl next door—between the stereotypes of madonna and whore, but some feminists evidently believe any image of a sexual woman places that woman in the whore camp. What struck us most about the back-and-forth is that the debate is active, being fought by average citizens. Politically correct, knee-jerk positions are being challenged by common sense, and sometimes with wit. In April, *Harper's* magazine unearthed correspondence between Galen Sherwin, president of the New York chapter of the National Organization for Women, and Ingrid Newkirk, president of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals.

Sherwin wrote:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"I am outraged by the most recent advertisement by PETA featuring a woman's unshaven panty line with the tag line 'Fur Trim. Unattractive.' This is a gratuitous and insulting image that makes its point at the expense of women.

"It is ironic that PETA, an organization that seeks to counter mainstream notions about what makes women beautiful (i.e., wearing fur), would choose to do so with an image that reinforces oppressive beauty standards. This ad basically says that women's natural state is unattractive—hardly an original point, as that is what women are told in one form or another by countless ads for beauty products, accessories and clothing lines. It also resorts to a crotch shot to make its point—a cheap shock tactic with a twist that adds insult to injury.

"Enough already! Why don't you try protecting animals without objectifying women? I think you'll find that this approach is much less likely to alienate those who might be inclined to support the work you do."

Newkirk's response:

"Dear Ms. Sherwin:

"I was dismayed to read your snotty letter about our panty ads. I would be surprised if you don't shave your legs or underarms. I'd also bet that if you have ever worn a bikini, you made sure not to have hairs poking out. If you didn't, you would have been the only woman at the pool or the beach not to be so particular. PETA's ad speaks to something the overwhelming majority of women—not men, women—worry about: grooming. Since we left the Sixties style of unshaven leg hair and bushes behind, most people like the groomed look better. It's not sexist, it's just a fact. The depiction of a woman's waxed legs or crotch isn't automatically exploitative. Do you picket Montgomery Ward or Bloomingdale's when you open the paper and see the underwear ads? I'd bet not. In fact, if you're like the majority of women, you have probably thought, That's a nice push-up bra, and cut out the sales ad for panties. If women didn't do and think those things, the stores would stop running the ads. They aren't for men. And what if they were? If the women in the NOW office see a picture of a cool-looking man in BVDs, do you all pitch a fit or do the heterosexual staff linger over it? If you're a lesbian, substitute some hot chick for the guy and tell me the harm in enjoying the scenery. Do you not wear pantyhose because it creates an exploitative look? What about skirts? Or are you only threatened by the sight of women's naughty bits used as a political statement? Frankly, I'd be amused to see Christian women 'Jigglin' for Jesus,' or how about relief workers using their sexuality for their cause by showing their buttocks? Think of it: 'Fannies against famine!' Please stop this knee-jerk, reactionary rubbish. There are a lot of women out there—including longtime feminists like me—who don't appreciate being spoken for in this repressive way. We can use our bodies for pleasure, profit and politics if we want. Please stop playing the role of an outraged father, brother, or boyfriend!"

Finally, some progress.

## TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE

Name five famous Chicagoans. Eliminate those who wear numbers on their jerseys, those who made their living with Thompson submachine guns, who went by the nickname Boss or who have television talk shows.

Who's left?

This past April the city of Chicago moved to name a downtown street after the founder of PLAYBOY. No big deal. Chicago aldermen have handed out more than 800 honorary street signs. The plan was to erect a sign, HONORARY HUGH M. HEFNER WAY, on the corner of Michigan and Walton, just steps from the building that for more than 20 years housed the magazine's headquarters.

On the day before the unveiling, the Chicago city council went through a convulsion that one reporter aptly named Sign of the Times vs. Silly People.

Alderwoman Carrie Austin complained that Hugh Hefner should not be honored because he had made millions of dollars "on the backs of women."

Michelle Dempsey, an attorney vaguely associated with something called the Commission on the Status of Women in Illinois, told the council, "Playboy is now a multimedia sexual abuse enterprise that mainstreamed and thereby established the sexual abuse and use of women and girls as fun."

Dempsey was, to say the least, overheated. She launched into a feminist filibuster, quoting Linda Lovelace and reading from the Constitution. "Do not allow this high-class pimp, the biggest pornographer in our country, to have his own street in Chicago," she declaimed.

Christie Hefner was eloquent in her defense of her father. The Playboy Chief Executive told reporters, "People who feel the nudity in PLAYBOY is harmful are hard-pressed to find any sexiness in the culture that they are comfortable with."

She noted that 40 percent of Playboy's executives are women. The first issue of the magazine is in the Chicago Historical Society.

Christie Hefner appeared before the city council, attempting as much to protect the city ("this has the potential of having Chicago look stunningly provincial") as to defend PLAYBOY ("sexiness and equal treatment of women are not at odds with each other").

Hef dismissed the tempest with aplomb, noting that controversy about PLAYBOY is as much a part of Chicago as snow in April.

"Anybody who calls PLAYBOY pornography is living in another century," he said. Hef has had run-ins with city hall before. In 1963 Chicago cops arrested him for publishing nude photos of Jayne Mansfield. "At least this time, unlike 30 years ago, Mayor Daley spoke up on my behalf." (Asked about the brouhaha, the younger Daley had said, "You cannot exclude someone because an alderman or the mayor or somebody else doesn't like him.")

*The Chicago city council went through a convulsion that one reporter aptly named Sign of the Times vs. Silly People.*

The debate spilled over into a second day of city council hearings. The parade of silly people continued. The most ridiculous moment came when James Madigan, a third-year law student at the University of Chicago, proclaimed that Hefner's success was "due to one basic business service. He gets women to expose their genitalia for money."

Unfurling a Centerfold for the packed room, he charged, "PLAYBOY is a tool from which men gratify themselves sexually."

Alderman Ed Burke took the opportunity to deadpan, "You're not qualified as an expert on that, are you?"

Madigan, in a rush to distance himself from the idea of treating women as sex objects, defiantly explained, "No. Actually, I'm gay."

Then Alderman William Beavers pressed on: "You say that magazine is for people to commit masturbation? I've read it a number of times, but I don't think that I ever did any masturbating."

Isn't democracy grand?

The local media ate it up. Neil Steinberg of the *Chicago Sun-Times* noted that the "protest seems like a time warp." On *Chicago Tonight*, Eric Zorn, a columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*, defended PLAYBOY but grumbled about the foolishness of giving streets more than one name. The local president of the National Organization for Women, while honest enough to admit that NOW has no official position regarding pornography, claimed the articles do not keep PLAYBOY from being pornography. She made the tired argument that the magazine makes money by celebrating the idea of women as sex objects, of women existing to be looked at by men, of its being fun to look at naked women. Bill Zehme, a contributing editor of *Esquire* who is now working on an authorized Hefner biography, thought the controversy was ridiculous. "Hugh Hefner is the Walt Disney of sex. He took sex away from the pimps and the dark alleys and the backstreets and told us that it was all right to be sexual, and nothing more. This man has never hurt anyone. And people want to lump him as a pornographer. This mystifies me."

The street sign went up.

FORUM

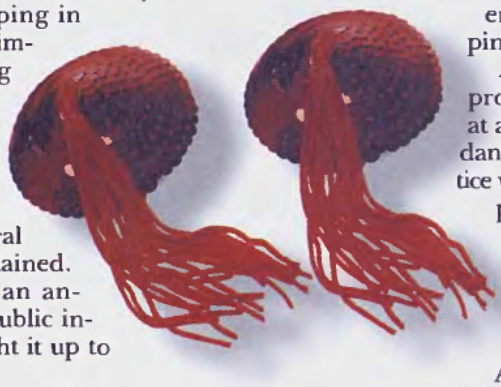
# SPLITTING HAIRS

## the supreme court weighs in on nudity

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

The city fathers of Erie, Pennsylvania had a mission. Concerned about what they felt to be a recent increase in nude live entertainment within the city, they drafted an ordinance that would consign the lap-dancing divas of Kandyland to a life of virtue or, at least, to the imposed purity of pasties and G-strings.

The city council insisted it was not against nudity—in legitimate theater or art or, as one politician fondly recalled, skinny-dipping in the high school swimming pool during gym class. "We're not prohibiting nudity, we're prohibiting nudity when it's used in a lewd and immoral fashion," one explained. The council took an ancient law against public indecency and brought it up to date, to wit:



"A person who knowingly or intentionally, in a public place, (a) engages in sexual intercourse, (b) engages in deviate sexual intercourse, (c) appears in a state of nudity or (d) fondles the genitals of himself, herself or another person commits public indecency, a summary offense."

So there would be no confusion, the city fathers defined nudity as "the showing of the human male or female genital, pubic hair or buttocks with less than a fully opaque covering; the showing of the female breast with less than a fully opaque covering of any part of the nipple; the exposure of any device, costume or covering which gives the appearance of or simulates the genitals, pubic hair, natal cleft, perineum anal region or pubic hair region; or the exposure of any device worn as a cover over the nipples and/or areola of the female breast which device simulates and gives the realistic appearance of nipples and/or areola."

It seems that the city fathers wanted to return to the moral dress code of Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello, who both wore acres of cloth in *Beach Blanket Bingo*. Indeed, they expressed concern with the use of simulated nipple covers found on "nude beaches and on unclothed purveyors of hot dogs and machine tools." It makes us wonder where they went on their spring breaks.

In March, the U.S. Supreme Court, arguably the only group of public servants more daft than the city fathers of Erie, upheld the ordinance. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor performed a dance of the seven veils, stripping away First Amendment protections one at a time. Nude dancing, the justice wrote, is "expressive conduct," but only within the "outer ambit" of the First Amendment. And that outer ambit, erect and throbbing, is exactly what patrons of Kandyland pay good money to see, but the nether regions of liberty are manipulable. The justices then proceeded to split hairs.

The court stated that Erie's ordinance passed muster because it governed behavior, not speech; that adding pasties and G-strings did not alter or diminish the content or idea communicated by erotic dance. "Even if Erie's public nudity ban has some minimal effect on the erotic message by muting that portion of the expression that occurs when the last stitch is dropped, the dancers at Kandyland and other such establishments are free to perform wearing pasties and G-strings. Any effect on the overall expression is therefore *de minimis*."

In effect, O'Connor gave the city fathers a free pass, accepting their claim that "the council of the City of Erie has, at various times over more than a century, expressed its findings that certain lewd, immoral activities carried on in public places for profit are highly detrimental to the public health, safety and welfare, and lead to the debasement of both women and men, promote violence, public intoxication, prostitution and other serious criminal activity." The city did not have to provide evidence of these effects. In language that was unintentionally hilarious, O'Connor concluded that the city council members, "familiar with downtown Erie, are the individuals who would likely have had firsthand knowledge of what took place in and around nude dancing establishments in Erie, and can make particularized, expert judgments about the resulting harmful secondary effects."

Justice Antonin Scalia admitted to being skeptical that "the addition of pasties and G-strings would reduce the tendency of establishments such as Kandyland to attract crime and prostitution, and hence to foster sexually transmitted disease." He supported Erie, but for different reasons. In a concurring opinion signed by Justice Clarence Thomas, Scalia declared that "the traditional power of government to foster good morals (*bonos mores*) and the acceptability of the traditional judgment, if Erie wishes to endorse it, that nude public dancing itself is immoral, have not been repealed by the First Amendment."

Justice John Paul Stevens dissented in a style that called attention to the perverse reasoning of the majority: "To believe that the mandatory addition of pasties and a G-string will have any kind of noticeable impact on secondary effects requires nothing short of a titanic surrender to the implausible." The court, he said, had endorsed a dramatic shift in legal doctrine, saying essentially that secondary effects justify the "total suppression of protected speech and become, in effect, the basis of censorship.

It's a small step from pasties and G-strings to blindfolds and gags.

# READER

### DANCER FOLLIES

I live near a large university. Last spring, the owner of a local club decided to hire topless dancers four nights per week. His establishment is about a block from the university. The chancellor raised a fit, claiming that strippers performing so close to the school would tarnish its image. He vowed to "take whatever steps we can to ensure this does not happen. Nude dancing should not be near churches. It shouldn't be near schools. It should not be near universities."

Eager to appease the university, the city council quickly passed regulations to restrict establishments that hire exotic dancers. The bar cannot serve alcohol on the days when the women perform. The performers must wear bikinis and remain at least five feet from patrons. They can't accept tips except those placed in a common receptacle. The club must be filled with bright lights. The ordinance also outlaws arousal, forbidding male customers from reaching a "discernibly turgid state." The chancellor attended the council vote and spoke strongly in favor of the new law; I spoke against it. The idea that a student can't be interested in both PLAYBOY and Plato is absurd.

The ordinance passed, 9–0. The bar owner has said he is unhappy about the influence the educators have. "When I bought this place, I didn't think I was going to be governed by the university," he said. Because of the restrictions, he dropped his plans to hire dancers.

The most disturbing part of this episode? The school involved is Hugh Hefner's alma mater, the University of Illinois. In the fall of 1997, he gave the university $500,000 to establish the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Scholar fellowships for graduate students. He also supports an annual magazine journalism scholarship for undergraduates. Given that the university has so clearly dedicated itself to trampling the free speech rights of others—and protecting adults from the perils of looking at nude women—Hef might want to reconsider where he invests his money.

Todd Isler
Champaign, Illinois

FOR THE RECORD

## A TOUCHING GESTURE

**I CAME FOR A CAUSE**

*—Bumper sticker presented to men and women who touched themselves for charity during the second annual Masturbate-a-thon, held on May 7. Participants collected pledges for each minute they masturbated. Sponsored by four sex toy stores, the event brought in more than $10,000 for organizations that promote women's sexual health. "It's like a walkathon, but more fun," organizers explained. "You don't have to leave your house, and you won't get blisters."*

### ROAD RIGHTS, CONTINUED

In May, Michael Challis took issue with your article "Road Rights" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), which described what police can and cannot do when they pull you over. He wrote, "Common sense tells me that if an officer smells marijuana while conducting a traffic stop, then marijuana is in the vehicle," and "Honest people do not have to worry about having their vehicles searched."

I recently traveled from Mississippi to New Jersey and was stopped for speeding in Virginia. The troopers asked if they could search my car. I wanted to get on my way, so I consented. One officer patted me down on the side of the road. The other searched my car, announcing suddenly that he smelled marijuana. I have never smoked marijuana or done any illegal drugs, and I don't drink or smoke. None of my friends have ever smoked cigarettes or pot in the car. Although the only thing I was guilty of was going a little too fast, the troopers made me feel like a felon. I drove away knowing that honest people do have their vehicles searched. It also was chilling to realize that if I had hung around with the wrong people, I might have ended up in jail.

Ernest Bowker
Vicksburg, Mississippi

*There are other reasons to refuse police searches. Earlier this year in Lexington, North Carolina, police pulled over Jose Guadalupe Pedro-Cruz and searched his vehicle. Inside, they found a package that had been mailed from Mexico. A field test showed it contained nearly seven pounds of methamphetamine. It was the department's biggest meth bust ever, with an estimated street value of $350,000. Pedro-Cruz spent the next 10 days in the county jail before a state drug lab informed the Lexington police that they had actually seized seven pounds of cornmeal, flour and candy.*

### CAN'T DRIVE 55

While I agree with Joshua Green's position that the states should push to eliminate federal speed limit mandates ("Pulling a Fast One," *The Playboy Forum*, May), Green has fallen into a statistical trap. He writes that "traffic-death rates are at their lowest point ever" despite higher speed limits. However, he neglects to credit safer cars and better roads built over greater expanses. He suggests driving at lower speeds may be even more dangerous than driving faster, since "most highway fatalities occur at 45 miles per hour or less." Yet most accidents occur in congested areas where speed limits are lower in response to traffic patterns. It is

# RESPONSE

equally possible that driving habits and congestion make collisions in these areas more likely, and that these are strictly an epiphenomenon.

Ken Anderson
Des Moines, Iowa

### MORE ON SWAT

James Bovard's description of the SWAT killing of innocents ("Flash. Bang. You're Dead," *The Playboy Forum*, March) is horrifying, especially when it's considered in the context of the many other police crimes now being reported in the media. If the victims of these SWAT teams had been killed on American soil by foreign soldiers or agents, the public would be livid.

I am executive director of the National Organization for the Prevention of Police Abuse, which is promoting a national day of mourning for all victims of police crimes. You don't have to have been beaten or injured by an officer to have been victimized. The moment an officer lies—be it in traffic court or to cover up for another cop—he or she becomes a criminal.

Until this problem is recognized and fixed, we will continue to see young police officers rationalize their corruption by saying, "I'm just doing what I'm told." We encourage citizens and legislators to support funding that will allow for proper training and salaries for a truly professional police force. Police crime is as serious a threat as any that Americans face.

G.A. Molinar
Santa Teresa, New Mexico

*We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

# Officer Laptop

## do we really need more cops?

By JAMES BOVARD

Bill Clinton campaigned for president with the promise to put 100,000 new cops on the streets. With a law enforcement officer on every block, he said, Americans would feel "freer from fear." When Congress made the initiative part of its 1994 crime bill, Clinton extolled the men in blue, saying "there is simply no better crime-fighting tool to be found."

Despite $9 billion in federal spending, the 100,000 cops never materialized, at least not in a form you would recognize. Federal money flowed into Community Oriented Policing Services and a program known as Making Officer Redeployment Effective. According to a Department of Justice report on the latter, 78 percent of the police departments audited could not show that federal aid resulted in more cops on the street.

AMY CRICHOR

Grants to the Washington, D.C. police department would have allowed the recruiting of 781 additional officers, but not a single new cop was hired. We can understand its reluctance. Washington is still recovering from a burst of hiring in the early Nineties, when the city took on 1000 new cops. Some 25 percent of those officers have since been discharged for misconduct or indicted for criminal activity.

Nassau County, New York received $26 million and was credited with hiring 327 new cops. A Department of Justice audit found the county actually reduced its force by 218 officers.

So how was the money spent? The Justice Department report discovered that more than 40,000 of the 100,000 new cops weren't even cops. In Little Rock, Arkansas 42 of the 82 new cops were "equivalents in technology." The town used the money to buy laptop computers. The Omaha, Nebraska police department received credit for hiring 72.8 new police officers, though the $2.8 million grant was used for laptops and civilian hires.

When the money was spent on human cops, the results varied. New York City grabbed $425 million and went on a binge, hiring an additional 6127 officers. The city's murder rate dropped from 983 in 1996 to 633 in 1998; auto thefts fell from 60,380 to 44,056. Observing recent events in New York, one might conclude that the drop in crime resulted from the style of policing rather than the number of new police. How many cops does it take to kill an innocent immigrant, or to torture a suspect with a broomstick?

Justice Department statistics indicate that crime nationwide fell 27 percent between 1993 and 1998. Many criminologists attribute the decline to changing demographics and a strong economy, not beefed-up police forces. The *Chicago Tribune* examined grants to the nation's 50 largest police departments. The newspaper found no correlation between the growth in number of officers and crime rates. But not for lack of trying. The *Tribune* noted, "In Johnstown, Ohio, officers stop motorists on any pretext, including having too much snow or rust on a license plate."

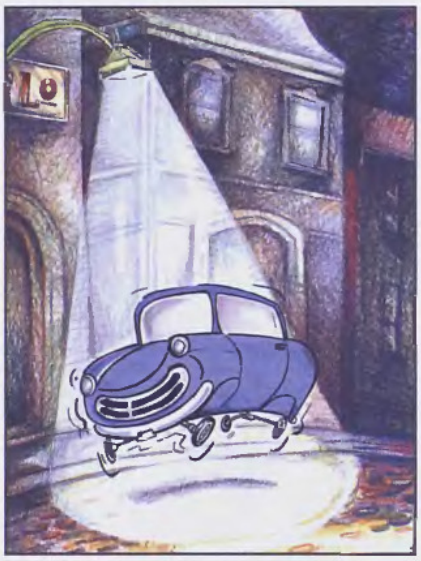
They should consider themselves lucky. Before we hire more cops, we should reconsider what laws they will enforce. Are the new police officers merely shock troops in the war on drugs? According to the American Bar Association, drug arrests rose 73 percent between 1992 and 1998. Nearly 700,000 people were busted for marijuana violations in 1998—that's more people than were arrested for murder, rape, robbery and aggravated assault combined.

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## WHEN IN ROME

ROME—*The country's highest court has ruled that making love in a parked car is part of the Italian way of love and should not be considered a crime. When police ar-*



*rested a 40-year-old man for having sex with a transvestite in a parking lot, the man challenged them in court. The high court ruled in his favor, saying that sex in a car—whether between lovers or customer and client—is legal as long as the couple chooses an isolated spot and has the cover of night. In another ruling, the court overturned a 25-day sentence given to a teacher who stroked the leg of a female pupil with his foot under a table. It concluded that footsie is not a "manifestation of sexual instinct."*

## A CANDY BAR TOO FAR

TYLER, TEXAS—*When a jury sentenced a repeat offender to 16 years in prison for shoplifting a Snickers bar, the prosecutor joked, "It was a king-size." Because the 29-year-old parolee had 10 prior convictions for theft, criminal mischief, assault and drug possession, the prosecutor charged him as a habitual offender, making him eligible for the felony sentence. The man's first conviction, when he was 16, was for stealing a bag of Oreos.*

## DISMISTRESS

NEW YORK—*Soon after Steven Wolfe hired 24-year-old Shayne Kahn to work at his executive-search firm, the two began an affair. Wolfe's wife found out and insisted he fire Kahn. He did, then suggested she call his wife and beg for her job back. (She did; the wife said no.) Kahn sued for $3 million, alleging gender discrimination. A federal judge ruled against her. He concluded that while "Wolfe behaved like a cad" and the firing may have been unfair, "rejection and discrimination are not synonymous."*

## NUDE AMBITION

TORONTO—*Loredana Silion, an exotic dancer from Romania, hoped to take her act overseas. She visited the Canadian Embassy in Bucharest for a work permit, but immigration officials said she didn't have enough training. The club in Toronto that had offered her a job required its dancers to work nude, and Silion had only danced topless. She pleaded her case to a Canadian judge, but he sided with the government. Immigration officials said Silion can reapply when she has more experience working without a G-string.*

## SEIZURE MEDICINE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Congress passed a law making it more difficult for the government to seize cars, homes, cash and other property from people accused of crimes. Under previous forfeiture law, prosecutors could seize assets by showing probable cause—the lowest burden of proof—that the property was connected to an alleged crime. The new law holds authorities to a higher standard. It also awards legal fees to owners who successfully challenge seizures and allows judges to release property in hardship cases.*

## CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Supreme Court upheld an Arizona prison's ban on images that show frontal nudity. A prisoner in Maricopa County sued in 1995 after officials refused to allow him to subscribe to* PLAYBOY. *Officials claim the policy prevents unrest and harassment of female guards. Now other prisons are considering bans, and the Supreme Court last year upheld a similar policy in the federal system. A spokeswoman for the ACLU said the bans are too harsh. "Reading* PLAYBOY *does not seem to be something that can be construed as a security risk."*

## OVERREACTION 101

MAMARONECK, NEW YORK—*School officials suspended a sixth grader for three days because he teased two female classmates by saying, "Roses are red, violets are black, your chest is as flat as your back." His parents offered to have him apologize, but the school insisted he had violated sexual harassment guidelines. In Sayreville, New Jersey, meanwhile, officials suspended four kindergartners who were caught playing cops and robbers. The children had pretended their fingers were guns and said they wanted to shoot one another. That violated the school's zero tolerance policy toward weapons, and the children were sent home for three days.*

## LAWN SHOW

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA—*The neighbors of a stripper who practices her routine around a 10-foot pole in her front yard complained to police and the county commission. Police say that because the woman doesn't remove her skimpy costume, her outdoor routines don't violate decency laws. Neighbors say the sessions typically attract a crowd of teenage boys and men, who leave the area littered with empty beer cans. They also complain that her practice*

*sessions distract drivers (as well as their passengers, who include children) along the busy commuter road that runs past her duplex. "Preteen girls see her," one woman said. "What kind of example is she setting for them?"*



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN MALKOVICH

## *a candid conversation with the eccentric actor about the failures of america, the genius of dr. dre and what being john malkovich is really like*

*In Paris, where he is starring in a film adaptation of Victor Hugo's Les Misérables along with his friend Gérard Depardieu, John Malkovich is being John Malkovich. He is living in a spacious suite in one of the most exquisite old hotels in the city, surrounded by spectacular views, an original Turner oil painting and an abundance of exotic flowers. Fittingly, one evening when Malkovich dines in the hotel restaurant, the only other person in the dining room is Mikhail Gorbachev, the former president of the Soviet Union, who gazes at him curiously. If Gorby thought, I know I've seen you in something, but what? he can be forgiven.*

*"Malkovich occupies the purgatory of middle celebrity," Ron Dicker wrote in the San Francisco Examiner. "He treads in a murky realm that generates such questions as, 'Say, didn't you play so-and-so in that, you know, uh, movie?'" In 16 years of movie and theater work, Malkovich has earned Academy Award nominations for his performances in Places in the Heart and In the Line of Fire and an Emmy for his role in a television production of Death of a Salesman. Beyond the nominations, awards and laudatory reviews, he is generally considered one of the world's most distinguished actors. He's known for choosing movies that may not be blockbusters but are eccentric, daring and occasionally breathtaking.*

*Until recently, Malkovich's most memorable roles were the crazy assassin pursued by Clint Eastwood in In the Line of Fire and Valmont in Dangerous Liaisons, in which he seduced Michelle Pfeiffer (offscreen as well as on), Glenn Close and Uma Thurman.*

*But even those formidable performances were dwarfed by his playing Malkovich in last year's Being John Malkovich. In the movie, a frustrated puppeteer, played by John Cusack, sells trips into Malkovich's body for $200. Visitors are sucked through a tunnel that shoots them into Malkovich, where they experience the world—including sex, seduction and the purchase of towels—from the actor's perspective before they are spit out onto the side of the New Jersey Turnpike. The movie was a critical sensation. In the minds of some reviewers, Malkovich went from esteemed to revered. Stephen Hunter, writing in The Washington Post, said, "As John Malkovich, John Malkovich is brilliant."*

*The movie apparently changed people's assumptions about the actor's background. David Thomson of London's Independent wrote, "Until Being John Malkovich, anyone asked to guess where Malkovich came from and where he was educated would have surmised, 'from under a rock' and 'at the University of de Sade, where he graduated in the intellectual annihilation and physical ravishing of a dozen virgins.'" In fact, Malkovich was born in 1953 in Benton, Illinois, a small coal-mining community—"a very protected town," he says. His parents grew up there; and his maternal grandfather, a larger-than-life character who drove a pink Cadillac, owned The Benton Evening News. Malkovich's older brother, Danny, now edits the paper, and his mother, Joe Anne, writes the society column.*

*It wasn't Norman Rockwell, however. The Malkovich family—which includes Danny, John and three younger sisters, Amanda, Rebecca and Melissa—was somewhat out of control. Malkovich's father, a renowned conservationist, was always away at work, and his mother didn't believe in discipline. As a result, bedlam often reigned. "It was a temperamental household and we all had violent tempers," says the actor, who recalls his youth as a series of food fights, fistfights and hostile practical jokes.*

*Malkovich was a bright boy who played the tuba in the school band. His nemesis was his big brother, who ridiculed him mercilessly about his weight (he was a chubby kid) and knocked out one of his teeth. John retaliated by pushing Danny through a window. (Later, he based his performance as Lee, the nose-picking nutcase of True West, on his brother.)*

*"America is a big, wild country where lots of bad things come to pass. The right wing wants their guns, the left wing wants their criminals coddled and no one wants anyone punished. That's why we live in Europe."*

*"You can fake chemistry between people. You can fake sex, love, explosions, special effects, horror. There is no delineation between a love scene and a breakfast scene. One doesn't require more of the actor than the other."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J.C. STEWART

*"At dinner, Dustin Hoffman would occasionally fart while sitting at the table. When he farted, he'd waft it up to his face with his hands, then look over at me and say, 'It's my house.' He can make me laugh so hard."*

*"As an actor, John can do that temper bit pretty good," his mother says. "He's had plenty of practice."*

*When Malkovich was 16, he decided to get his weight under control and lost 70 pounds by eating nothing but Jell-O for two months. Two years later, he left Benton and enrolled as a drama major at Eastern Illinois University in Charleston, Illinois. "From the start I was relaxed onstage," Malkovich recalls. "It's home to me." He continued his studies at Illinois State University in Normal, Illinois, where he became friends with the actress Joan Allen. She has said that she remembers Malkovich as "this flamboyant dandy in purple clothes, with long hair and longer scarves, somewhere between Oscar Wilde and Franz Liszt."*

*In 1976, he quit school in order to work full-time at Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater, which had been founded two years earlier by Gary Sinise, Jeff Perry and Terry Kinney. Over the next six years, he directed and/or starred in approximately 50 plays.*

*His first movie was Robert Benton's Places in the Heart, in which he played an emotionally shattered blind man. It brought him his first Oscar nomination. That same year he turned in a critically acclaimed performance as a photojournalist in The Killing Fields.*

*After a few unremarkable films, he went on to play the Machiavellian lothario Vicomte de Valmont in Stephen Frears' Dangerous Liaisons. It was his first part as a romantic leading man, but his preening and pouting character had little in common with the macho heroes typical of American movies. As a result, female moviegoers swooned and magazine writers began to describe him as the "thinking woman's hunk."*

*The Nineties brought a wide variety of films, including the commercial successes In the Line of Fire, Con Air and, of course, Being John Malkovich.*

*His most recent movie is Knockaround Guys with Seth Green and Dennis Hopper, and this past spring he completed principal photography on his feature-film directorial debut, The Dancer Upstairs, an adaptation of the Nicholas Shakespeare novel. Malkovich is currently collaborating with British filmmaker Pierre Hodgeson on a script about Baby Doc Duvalier and has several other films in development as one of three partners in Mr. Mudd, a Los Angeles–based production company launched in 1998.*

*Early in his career, Malkovich honed an offscreen persona that is best described as aristocratic dandy. He moved to Europe, spoke condescendingly about American movies whenever the press gave him the chance and worked on his wardrobe. Indeed, Malkovich loves clothes, and he was a model for print ads and on the Paris runway for designers Comme des Garçons, Andrew Fezza and Antonio Miro. His personal life has always seemed a little like Valmont's in Dangerous Liaisons: Malkovich married a Steppenwolf colleague, actress Glenne Headly, in 1982. The marriage hit the skids in 1987 when he met actress Michelle Pfeiffer on the set of Dangerous Liaisons. The two fell in love and Malkovich, torn between Headly and Pfeiffer, wound up losing both of them. Two years of serious depression and lots of therapy followed.*

*Malkovich has now been with the same woman for 10 years. He met Nicoletta Peyran, an Italian scholar of Asian culture, in 1990 on the set of The Sheltering Sky. She was director Bernardo Bertolucci's assistant. Malkovich says it took him a long time to get her to talk to him. "She thought I was a stupid jerk," he recalls. The two live together in the south of France with their 10-year-old daughter, Amandine, and eight-year-old son, Loewy.*

*When Playboy decided to sit Malkovich down for an interview, Los Angeles writer* **Kristine McKenna** *was tapped for the assignment. She met Malkovich in Paris. Here is her report:*

*"Malkovich dresses beautifully and arrives for every meeting in impeccably cut suits. His manners match his wardrobe, and he treats people with an old-world courtliness one rarely encounters these days; indeed, his manner is so formal and refined that it draws attention to itself. His air of noblesse oblige can be intimidating, but one quickly comes to suspect that his haughty demeanor is a bit of a bluff. After the ice was broken, Malkovich's other sides came through: He has a wickedly dry sense of humor, he's an astonishingly good mimic and he's not above indulging in gossip.*

*Television has a tendency to inure you to all kinds of things you shouldn't be inured to—plus, it reduces one's IQ by 100 points, which is more than I can afford to lose.*

*"One of the most remarkable things about Malkovich is how completely at ease he is with the feminine side of his personality. On sets, he occasionally passes time between shots sewing or doing needlework. He speaks in a soft voice barely above a whisper and uses his hands with uncommon delicacy. At the same time he's an intensely masculine man, and this contradiction is the source of his sex appeal. There's something languid and sleek about Malkovich, and women tend to eye him hungrily when he's in public.*

*"During several meals and dozens of cigarettes—he buys them filtered, then breaks off the filter before smoking them—I grilled Malkovich about America, the movie business and the people who run it, women and his surprising appreciation of Dr. Dre."*

**PLAYBOY:** Today you were working on the same set on which you shot *Dangerous Liaisons*, where you became involved with Michelle Pfeiffer, which led to the unraveling of your marriage to Glenne Headly. Was it disconcerting to work there again?

**MALKOVICH:** No, because I'm not sentimental. What was happening in my personal life had nothing to do with the film. In fact, I had a good time doing that film. It was a fascinating period, and the movie was based on one of the great Western novels. We had an excellent screenplay and it was a very good film, even though the shoot itself was usually a nightmare.

**PLAYBOY:** Why a nightmare?

**MALKOVICH:** Because [director] Stephen Frears is rude to everyone. He used to call Michelle "the Hawaiian" because he assumed she was from someplace where people surfed. He's infantile. Every day before we'd start to shoot he would come in and tell me that I had completely ruined the film. I never cared, though; Stephen is brilliant. And I love him for his brilliance.

**PLAYBOY:** After your affair with Pfeiffer, do you think on-set romances help or hurt a film?

**MALKOVICH:** They're irrelevant because film isn't about what really is. Film is about what appears to be. You can't fake theater, but you can fake anything in movies. You can fake chemistry between people. You can fake sex, love, explosions, special effects, horror——

**PLAYBOY:** So it's irrelevant whether you are attracted to or repulsed by the woman with whom you are shooting a love scene?

**MALKOVICH:** It's totally irrelevant. As far as I'm concerned, there is no delineation between a love scene and a breakfast scene. One doesn't require more of the actor than the other. Both are all about communication. If I do a play where I have to break down sobbing for no reason in the middle of the second act every night, how do I feel about that? I don't really feel anything, because it's simply what the play requires. I did a movie years ago, and I won't say which one, that starred two actresses I didn't much care for, but they both kissed well. So what? It's not whether you want to sleep with them any more than it's about whether you want to cry in front of them, hit them or do any of the things your part requires you to do with them. Sometimes you don't want to do anything with them and you wish they were dead, but you have to say, "I'll love you forever and my life's no good without you."

**PLAYBOY:** Is your experience really the same whether you are kissing or fighting in a scene?

**MALKOVICH:** If you have a sex scene with somebody you really like, it's a different experience for you, but it's not relevant to the movie. Although it wasn't always fun, I loved making *Dangerous Liaisons* and working with Uma Thurman,

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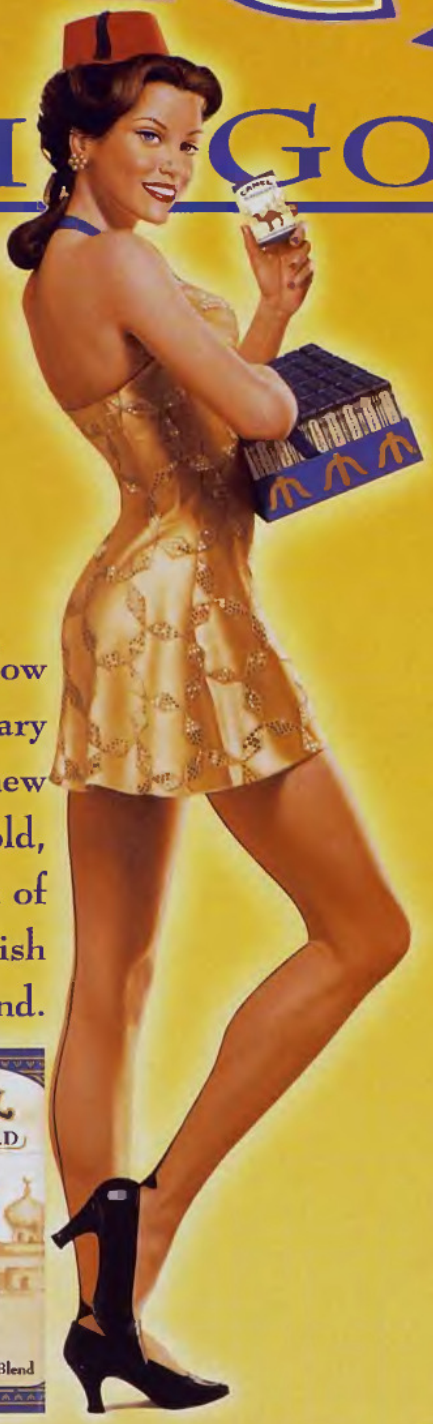

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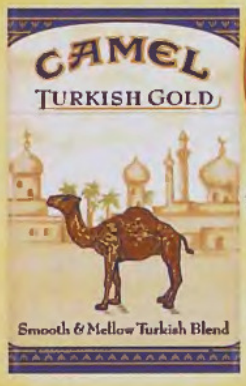


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Michelle Pfeiffer, Glenn Close, Keanu Reeves and Peter Capaldi. Can the audience tell that I enjoyed them all? That depends on how effectively I did or did not play the character. On *Liaisons* I had a scene with a girl I'd never met before. She was a great girl, quite sexy and lovely and nice. She was a serious actress, but she almost quit the night before we shot a particular scene because she was so horrified by it. I met her the day of the shoot and we chatted for a few minutes. I said, "Hi, hello, how are you? Would you like to go over text? Oh, and by the way, sorry, but I hope you won't mind terribly if I stick this inkpot up your bum." That's the movies. "What was your name? OK, now, can I shove this up your ass?" I've done scenes like that with people I like, people I live with, people I had sex with, people I'd never met and people I hated, and I don't think any of that is at all visible.

**PLAYBOY:** If not your relationship with your co-stars, what can ruin a scene?

**MALKOVICH:** If the other actor doesn't show up emotionally or the scene isn't well written. The truth is, most actors, even ones I don't like, generally show up and try. It's rare for me to dislike other actors. I'm generally collegial and amiable. Once an actress screamed at me, "You've been judging everything I've done since the day we started!" but it was completely untrue, and I told her. "You're fucking demented! I don't give a fuck what you do, babe, not a fuck!"

**PLAYBOY:** Because of the nature of your work and the fame that comes with it, beautiful women are not only readily available to you, but they approach you, often aggressively. Do you like it?

**MALKOVICH:** I don't think that has any meaning, because it's not about me. I feel only the most tangential connection to the public entity known as John Malkovich. It's wrong to assume that all people who become actors, directors or writers want to become famous. I know some who do, sure, but many don't.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it tempting?

**MALKOVICH:** You make the decision every day about what you're going to do or be, what you need or what you don't need. Once I went to New York to work—reluctantly, by the way—more avenues and possibilities were open to me, but I don't know how much it changed me. I never see the films I'm in and I'm not that famous. I've always had a way of sidling by all that.

**PLAYBOY:** But your face is plastered all over Paris, on posters for *Being John Malkovich*.

**MALKOVICH:** Yes, but the fame isn't such that it's intrusive. After a while you learn to stop thinking about the fact that you're being observed much of the time you're in public. If I go into a restaurant I don't look around to see what people are doing or saying. It is weird, however, to be regarded as someone with power,

but I think it's an indication of one's mental health to find that weird. It's a sign of sanity to distrust power and to want to examine that which is perceived as power.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been a fan? When you admire someone's work, do you want to meet them?

**MALKOVICH:** No. If you see someone's deepest work you get a better idea of who they are than if you meet them, have coffee with them or fuck them. The work shows you pretty much what's there. There are, of course, artists I have tremendous respect for who are in no way a disappointment as human beings. I've only seen Tom Waits once or twice in the last few years, but I used to see him quite regularly and he's a fantastic man. I can probably never know him the way I know him when he opens his mouth in front of a piano, but he's a fantastic boy and I love him.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you in awe of anyone?

**MALKOVICH:** I could be in awe of someone like Nina Simone. She lives near me, but I've never seen her. She recorded a version of a song called *Who Knows Where the Time Goes?* where she talks for a long time about the meaning of time before she begins to sing. Very few people can pull that sort of thing off—Jacques Brel, Bob Dylan and Tom Waits can do it, and when Nina Simone is operating at the top of her game, she's the real deal. Personally, I think music is the great art form of this period and is the language system shared by the greatest number of people. At the moment I'm very busy with "Some niggers try to be the king, but the ace is back." That's a line from *Dr. Dre 2001*, which is so good. He's a genius. This album isn't like the stuff he was doing with NWA. It's more musical, and the lyrics just knock me out. The poetry is so fantastic and funny. A lot of those guys are really poets.

**PLAYBOY:** Does fame have anything to do with your choice to live in Europe?

**MALKOVICH:** I live here because the level of debate is so naïf in America. Because we had to hear the things we heard about Clarence Thomas and Bill Clinton. Because the country is puritanical about everything, and they tell you how to live. I happen to believe organized religion is delusional, but that doesn't mean I get to close down churches. In America people want to have guns and they're allowed to have them. Criminals aren't locked up because they have lying, shiftless attorneys who may even believe so-and-so didn't chop his wife's head off. The right wing wants their guns, the left wing wants their criminals coddled and no one wants anyone punished. America is a big, wild country where lots of bad things come to pass, and from the minute my children were born I was determined that they not grow up there. That's why we live in Europe. I think that probably has something to do with the fact that I am perceived to be a smart aleck. It's apparently why I made the *Movieline* list of the most pretentious actors. That was quite a happy day for me, incidentally.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been particularly disdainful of American movies in many interviews you've done.

**MALKOVICH:** This is assuming I was quoted accurately, which often isn't the case.

**PLAYBOY:** How often does that happen?

**MALKOVICH:** I've rarely been blatantly misquoted, but it happens. More often, a journalist will say something that strikes me as stupid and I'll hit the ball back. An example is when I did an interview in 1994 with *The Guardian* and caused a miniscandal in London. A journalist prompted an outburst from me by bemoaning the fact that John Wayne Gacy had been executed. I said I was happy he was dead, and that I would have had no trouble pulling the switch myself while having dinner.

**PLAYBOY:** So that's your statement on the death penalty?

**MALKOVICH:** Yes. A person like that does not deserve to live. I actually think we should change the name. We're all going to die, so the death penalty should be called the early-death penalty. And the furor about it strikes me as ridiculous. To make criminals feel what they've chosen to provoke others to feel would be the ideal penalty, but it's impossible to do that. Many of them are psychopaths without conscience. People can debate all this as much as they like, but I really don't care. I'm not a big believer in the judicial system, our laws or our Constitution. All the things Americans rave about as being sacrosanct are to me incredibly, deeply flawed.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you see Tim Robbins' *Dead Man Walking*, which is an indictment of the death penalty?

**MALKOVICH:** Tim is a real Hollywood liberal and I'm not Hollywood, nor am I liberal. He's very bright and it's a good film, but I don't think the early-death penalty is quite the big deal people pump it up to be. It's another attitude that made me leave America.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything you miss about America?

**MALKOVICH:** I've lived in Europe for the better part of 12 years, and I've noticed that one of the big errors Europeans make is to dismiss America as having no culture. That's an incredible mistake, and whether it's born of arrogance or neurosis caused by the fact that America is perceived as hugely powerful, it's wrong. For a century or two, a decent percentage of the major writers, poets, artists, musicians, painters, filmmakers, actors, screenwriters and dancers have been born in the U.S. Americans have acquitted themselves pretty well in those areas. There's a great culture there, an enormous culture. I just plain don't like a lot of it, but it's OK if other people like it.

**PLAYBOY:** What specifically is wrong with American movies?

**MALKOVICH:** The ones that are popular

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now would have been considered B movies when I was growing up. They were numbskull things you'd watch at night when you were tired of masturbating, and they would have starred Victor Mature, who was just like the bad actors they have now. Today, those are the "A" movies and the "A" people.

**PLAYBOY:** Who do you hold responsible? Is it the moviemaking culture in Hollywood?

**MALKOVICH:** It's the public. The public gets the kind of politicians, movies and culture it deserves. The current state of affairs is the result of the lack of one fundamental and essential trait, which is curiosity. It's such a mixed-up country with such huge resources of people, money, intelligence and drive, but America is crippled with fear. Twenty percent of the population are part of what's known as the religious right, and they're appalled by the word fuck. Then there's the Tipper Gore crowd. If Dr. Dre writes a song about bitches and whores, they don't look for the genius in the work. The first complete sentence my son uttered was "More Dr. Dre." I'm from a generation raised on Dr. Seuss, and that makes me intrinsically different from a generation raised on Dr. Dre, but I'm still able to find them both outstanding, because I was born with curiosity. But don't get me wrong: American movies can be enchanting. Look at a film like *The Usual Suspects*, which is terrific, as are many of the films by Scorsese and Coppola. People still make great films. I liked *Being John Malkovich*. Spike Jonze is a really bright boy, as is Charlie Kaufman [the screenwriter of *Being John Malkovich*]. I like them both very much. I also like *American Beauty*, though it isn't my favorite movie of all time.

**PLAYBOY:** Which is?

**MALKOVICH:** There are a few: *The Battle of Algiers*, *The 400 Blows*, *Citizen Kane*, *The Conformist*, *This Is Spinal Tap*, *High Noon*, *It's a Wonderful Life* and lots of Fellini.

**PLAYBOY:** Were movies a big part of your childhood?

**MALKOVICH:** When I was a teenager I watched a lot of stuff on the classic movie channel—stuff like *The Good Earth*, W.C. Fields or *It's a Wonderful Life*. I enjoyed them, but I was never a movie boy. It's something I'm not very fanatical about, really. If the kids in the town where I grew up watched the Academy Awards—and I actually can't remember if they were even televised—we just watched it to laugh. I think it's absurd.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you remember most about your earliest years?

**MALKOVICH:** Just fucking around with my grandpa, who was a big wanker. As a kid I spent most of my time with him.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it a privileged childhood?

**MALKOVICH:** I was born in the West after World War II in a senselessly wealthy country, and I never really had to struggle. Sure, there were years when I didn't have a refrigerator or a stove, but that's nothing compared with Rwanda.

**PLAYBOY:** Previously published articles about you suggest that your childhood was traumatic because everyone in your family had a violent temper. Is that true?

**MALKOVICH:** Yes, but that doesn't change the fact that my parents were great people. They had no major vices—they had maybe one drink every 20 years—and they trusted me with what they knew I could handle. People have told me they thought my father was the greatest man they'd ever met. He was a well-known conservationist who published a conservation magazine in the Fifties and a veteran who'd been in the 82nd Airborne Division. Yes, he had a bad temper, but if you're not insane you do lose your temper because there are things to lose your temper about. Moreover, he was raising five horrific little monsters who could have done with some time in reform school. My father was very bright, extremely pretty and funny, and he was just 53 when he died of a heart attack. That was in 1980 and it was difficult for me, because I loved him very much.

**PLAYBOY:** You have admitted that you, too, have something of a temper. What sets you off?

**MALKOVICH:** Bullies set me off, and stupidity can set me off, but generally I'm pretty peaceful. I can't even remember the last time I lost my temper.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the most violent thing you've ever experienced?

**MALKOVICH:** Nothing specific comes to mind. I've been hit a few times and been in a few fights, but I barely remember those experiences. Falling in love with the wrong person can be violent. I don't like violence, but this is a violent world and to have some relationship with violence, even if it's not a happy one, can be useful. Many people do, of course, have happy relationships with violence—sadists, masochists and some professional athletes, for instance. There are a lot of people who like to be violent, either emotionally or physically, and I don't see physical violence as being any worse than emotional violence. Just because a woman's husband doesn't beat her black-and-blue doesn't mean she's not being brutalized.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you try to insulate yourself from violence?

**MALKOVICH:** Not really, although there are things one can do. You can avoid one strain of violence by not watching television. There are, of course, some smart people involved with television, but it generally has a tendency to inure you to all kinds of things you probably shouldn't be inured to—plus, it reduces one's IQ by 100 points, which is more than I can afford to lose. I don't watch much television, and though I grew up in a house where the television was on a lot, the only thing I remember watching was sports and *Leave It to Beaver*.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you characterize your relationship with your mother?

**MALKOVICH:** She was a friend and a curiosity. Living in our house was like existing in a fish tank, and there was always a bunch of shit going on. My friends used to come over and describe their sexual escapades to her. My mother has a very deep voice, so my friends called her Frog, and they'd come to our door on a Friday night and announce, "Frog, I ate it." They meant pussy, of course. My mom would take off running and they'd tackle her and demonstrate how they ate it, just to make her crazy, because it's very easy to make my mother laugh. My mother was only 51 at the time of my father's death, but she never remarried—she just wasn't interested. Her parents owned a newspaper, which she ran, and she's a very bright woman who has a master's in psychology.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your father impressed with your talents as an actor?

**MALKOVICH:** I think he was proud of me, though he never said much about it. I don't think children need to hear such things; it may even be counterproductive. I'm constantly telling my kids I love them, that they're great and I'm proud of them, but I don't know what it means to them. The jury's out on that. And truthfully, I don't know if my children are extraordinary. All I know is how much I love them and how happy they make me.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you raised in any sort of religious tradition?

**MALKOVICH:** No. I was sort of a Jesus freak when I was a kid, but my father was a fairly devout atheist, and my mother is agnostic.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that as a teenager you read William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* 200 times?

**MALKOVICH:** Probably more. I think it's the great novel. *The Daily Telegraph* recently published a list of the 100 great novels of the century and James Joyce was quite prominent on the list. But there's way too much blarney in Joyce for me. Yes, it's great writing, but bullshit remains bullshit on some level. Faulkner isn't always great, but when he is, he's really great.

**PLAYBOY:** Besides Faulkner, who else inspires you?

**MALKOVICH:** When I was a kid, Martin Luther King was my big hero. Gérard Depardieu doesn't exactly inspire me, but he certainly relaxes me, and he's the greatest person I've ever met in this business. Marcello Mastroianni was a great man who felt he was lucky to have a job, and that was the essence of his brilliance. People who struggle through so-called normal lives inspire me more so than flashy high-profile people. It's nice to hear people's stories.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you when you lost your virginity?

**MALKOVICH:** Twenty-one.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: Captain Morgan

*A candid conversation with one candidate who is certainly "spicing up" this year's election cycle – and the only one RUMMING for President...*

*Just when you thought presidential politics was boring, the coolest candidate of them all is heating up the campaign trail this summer. Captain Morgan, of Original Spiced Rum fame and self-anointed leader of the Rum Loyalists Party, threw his hat into the Presidential ring back in February at a soiree in Washington. Since then, this pirate with political ambition has steered his campaign from coast-to-coast to bring his message to voters nationwide. Playboy was pleased to catch up with him to find out what happens when one mixes Captain Morgan with politics...*

**PLAYBOY**: Captain, why politics, why now?

**CAPTAIN**: I'm running for President for one reason and one reason only—to put the party back into politics. America's economy is as strong as it has ever been, and yet we suffer from a deficit of fun and adventure. It's time to change politics once and for all. I intend to bring to the office of the presidency the same thing I have brought to rum—some original spice! That's right, Captain Morgan Original Spiced Rum is all about having fun and adventure and, importantly, doing so responsibly.

**PLAYBOY**: Sounds like a tall order. Most successful politicians are not exactly known for their "party" skills. How do you intend to change that?

**CAPTAIN**: That's simple—it's the rum, stupid! I intend to stir-up our political process—I'll stir it up, I'll shake it up, I'll blend it and I'll freeze it. And when I'm done, I'll no longer be running for President. Captain Morgan will be RUMMING for President.

**PLAYBOY**: What qualifies you to be President?

**CAPTAIN**: Considering I am 365 years old and the former governor of Jamaica—I have more experience than all the other candidates combined. Don't get me wrong, there are some great men running for President this year. But do you think that any one of them could throw a better party than Captain Morgan? Do you think any of these guys can make a decent daiquiri or madras? Who's finger do you want on the puree button of this nation's blender?

**PLAYBOY**: Yours of course. But how is the campaign being received by voters?

**CAPTAIN**: Republicans, Democrats, Reformists and Rum Loyalists alike are rallying behind my candidacy. After winning hands down the super "Fat Tuesday" primary at Mardi Gras in New Orleans this year, I vowed to take my message to the people. From Washington, DC to Oregon, and from Boston to Fort Lauderdale, voters nationwide know "The Captain was here."

**PLAYBOY**: What's the next stop on The Captain for President campaign trail?

**CAPTAIN**: Anywhere there is a great party, this candidate will be there. Additionally, I plan to make my voice heard at the Republican and Democratic conventions this summer. I'll bring with me a new vision for America, my record of accomplishment, and plenty of crushed ice.

**PLAYBOY**: Thanks for taking the time to talk to us, Captain. We know that you are a very busy man. Any final words for voters?

**CAPTAIN**: Two things. One, log on to my website at rum.com to get the latest information on my campaign. Second, I want to remind my supporters that there's always a party at the polls—so get out and vote!

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**PLAYBOY:** Was that your first great love affair?

**MALKOVICH:** No. The first girl I liked was Pam Tanner, who I met in kindergarten. I liked her because she had glasses or something, but the fucking bitch moved away, and that set me up for life. Then I had a couple of relationships in high school, a girlfriend before I went to college, and I lived with Laurie Metcalf before I became involved with Glenne.

**PLAYBOY:** You have said in previous interviews that you vowed never to marry again after your divorce from Glenne Headly. Do you still feel that way about marriage?

**MALKOVICH:** It's just that I don't wish or expect to control others, nor do I wish others to control me. People are by nature nomadic, yet we marry and are expected to have families and stay with those families for our entire lives. I don't know how well that works. Maybe it's because the system was devised when people had a life expectancy of 30 years. I was married for years and I had great love for my wife and for the things we had in common. It worked for a while, then it stopped working and that was sad at the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you consider divorce a kind of failure?

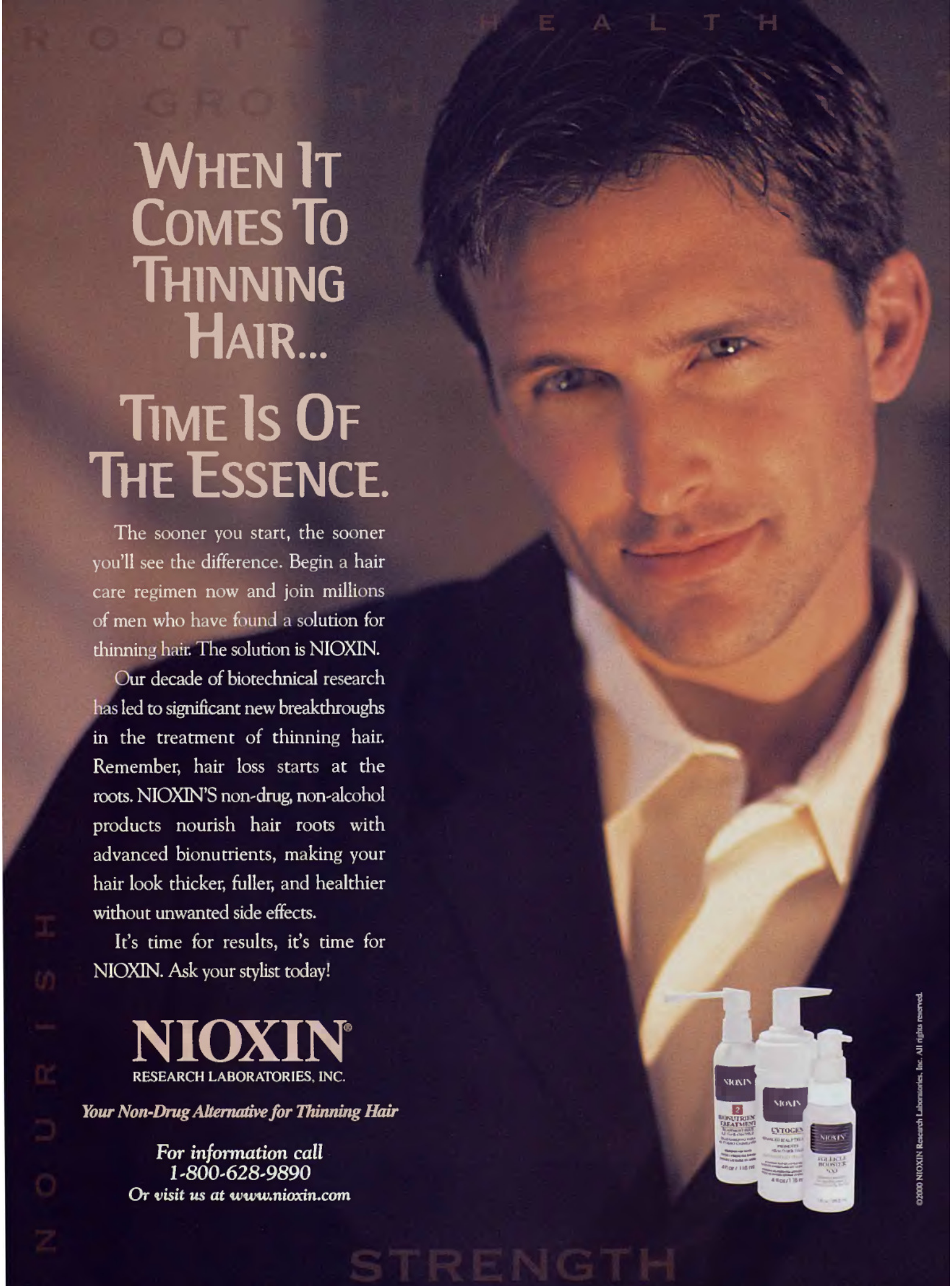
**MALKOVICH:** It is a failure. I was quite despairing during my divorce, but I was also unflappable then. I don't know if I'll feel such profound despair again, and though it's frightening and exhausting to have such feelings, I sort of miss it.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that pain the reason you wouldn't consider marrying again?

**MALKOVICH:** There are many different battles between lovers. It's often a battle about competition, control, rage or fear of abandonment, and it's played out in the form of sex. The girl says, "I only like it when you do this and this," and the man considers saying, "Well, I'd like for you to jump off a building from the 20th floor," but instead he just gets himself together and goes. Love doesn't die. It's inside you and is yours to give, and sometimes you decide to stop giving it to a particular person. They may have given it to you, then taken it back. Maybe one does it first, and the other finally says, "I guess the fucker isn't coming back." When people live together for a long time, they invariably become irritated by habits in each other that they initially found endearing. Eventually you blurt out, "Listen, I'm really sorry and I may be overreacting, but it really gets on my fucking nerves when you do that." The relationships that survive are the ones where you can say to someone, "That fucking irritates me," and they take it for what it is, not as an attack on them, or as a major truth you've uttered about something they should correct.

**PLAYBOY:** Haven't your children changed your feelings about marriage?

**MALKOVICH:** Not really. I've lived with a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woman for 10 years and we have two children, but I'm enough of a hippie to feel that marriage is quite different from family. This isn't to suggest that having children isn't hugely important. People with children say this all the time, so it probably sounds stupid, but children see things in a way we've forgotten or chosen to ignore. Having them causes you to reinvestigate a world you thought you'd left. It's a huge gift. I like children a lot, and their arrival in my life was a sort of deliverance from myself. One never tires of thinking about oneself, of course, but let's face it, the self becomes uninteresting after a while, and children allow you to see the world anew. Seeing my daughter being born was fantastic.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you say is the most significant difference between men and women?

**MALKOVICH:** Generally, I believe women have an agenda. I usually have no idea what it is because I never ask, but I think women are socialized to operate that way. I don't have an agenda other than wanting to see my kids grow up and wanting to do some more work that's good.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you hope to teach your children about sex?

**MALKOVICH:** To enjoy it.

**PLAYBOY:** You once commented, "I'm not particularly uncomfortable in my own skin, but I'm just as comfortable being someone else." What did you mean?

**MALKOVICH:** The first leads to the second, in that someone who's uncomfortable in their own skin is more apt to be unsure of their identity and to worry about losing it. I don't know if identity is such a fixed thing, but at the same time, I don't think I have changed much since I was born, nor do I know many people who have changed much over the course of their life.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your seven years of analysis change you?

**MALKOVICH:** It did. It caused me to revert to the way I was when I was 12. Analysis made me more aware of my life and the choices I have made, and, more important, it made me more aware of the people around me, and what they wanted or they felt.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it easy for you to openly express what you feel? For instance, when was the last time you cried?

**MALKOVICH:** I cried today from laughing so hard. I can't remember the last time I cried from grief, but it wasn't very long ago. I've gone through periods in my life where I've cried a lot, and when I was getting divorced I cried all the time. When I started analysis I cried all the time. It's easy for me to sit and sob while watching a play.

**PLAYBOY:** What aspect of your personality has created problems for you?

**MALKOVICH:** Being overly responsible and thinking I should fix things. Some things just aren't fixable.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there movies you regret doing? If you could take one of your films out of circulation, which would it be?

**MALKOVICH:** None, because I don't care. What's done is done.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever agree to be in films that don't really thrill you?

**MALKOVICH:** I do it all the time and always have—that's how I've made a living. I try not to do it habitually, however. I did *Con Air* and *In the Line of Fire* to keep my company running and to support my family. I certainly didn't work any less hard on those films than I have on anything else, though. Not surprisingly, after those films came out I was typecast for a while as everybody's favorite psycho villain. Hollywood loves to reduce you to a product. Sometimes I work for money, sometimes I work because I love the material. There are lots of different motivations. I'm not a big fan of Victor Hugo, though the character I'm playing in *Les Misérables*, Inspector Javert, does interest me. Like the character I played in *Dangerous Liaisons*, he illustrates the point that you can just be wrong about something your whole life, and that really makes me laugh. The main reason I'm doing *Les Misérables*, however, is because I love Gérard and I like being around him. Most film sets are incredibly boring. Gérard pees upwind just to amuse himself and everyone around him. He talks about sex constantly, and talks about it to women in a way that's hilarious. I liked him the minute I met him because he is smart and an autodidact. I consider myself an autodidact, too. I went to college, but I didn't do anything there but fuck girls.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said that you never see the films you're in. Aren't you sometimes curious?

**MALKOVICH:** They're not going to do it over if I don't like it, so what's the point? I don't worry about things I can't control, and that's something I learned long before I ever made a film. Whenever I happen to see a film I'm in, I invariably find myself thinking, Oh, so that's what you wanted to make. I could've done that and it could've been interesting, too, but it's too late. It's already out and it's a bomb.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you turned down parts you regretted not taking?

**MALKOVICH:** I'm not prone to regret, but I have turned down films I thought were interesting. If I had done them, however, I may not have liked the movies as much. I was offered the part Burt Reynolds played in *Boogie Nights* and I liked the script and I liked the part. I think it was a slightly less successful film than it could have been and I can't pinpoint why. I like the kid who used to be a singer [Mark Wahlberg], and the girl . . . what's her name? Heather Graham. And I like Julianne Moore almost always. It seemed like a good opportunity to have fun and give myself a big comb-over and not be an aesthete at all, which I really like doing. A great portion of what I've done in the theater is play baboons. But I couldn't do the movie because I was already working.

**PLAYBOY:** You once said, "I've been involved in two or three really good films." Which ones are they?

**MALKOVICH:** *Dangerous Liaisons* and *The Killing Fields* are good films, and I think *Being John Malkovich* is an original film. The filmed versions of *Death of a Salesman* and *The Glass Menagerie* are nice, but they remain of the theater as far as I'm concerned. I like a little film I did that nobody saw called *The Object of Beauty*, and I've done a few films that could have been great, but just didn't work out—*The Sheltering Sky*, for instance. Debra Winger is not the person I would have cast as Kit. *Mary Reilly* is a version of the *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* fable and it also had great potential, but people had a problem with it because it cost $50 million and it should have cost $6 million. Julia Roberts plays Mary Reilly, and while she isn't my best friend or anything, she does have quite a bit of talent. The trap of Hollywood is that you become a thing or a sort of iconography, and that definitely has become an obstruction for her in terms of being allowed to develop as an actress. I've never seen any of the movies where she does the Julia Roberts thing people love her to do, but she is talented.

**PLAYBOY:** How was it working with Dustin Hoffman in *Death of Salesman* in 1985?

**MALKOVICH:** I loved it. Dustin is very smart and opinionated and has strong ideas about the way things should be. We had a hilarious, great time and he taught me not very much at all about acting but a great deal about work.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you become friends?

**MALKOVICH:** Good friends. His wife, Lisa, called me one day and said, "Can you come over? Dustin's really depressed." I was with one of my friends and we went over. We talked to Lisa for a few minutes and then went into Dustin's room. He was laying in bed with his big schnozz sticking out over the covers. It happened to be the week before the Emmy Awards in the year *Death of a Salesman* was up for a bunch of awards, and there was Dustin, wailing and moaning in his bed, his big schnozz on the covers. I said, "How you doing?" He replied, "Not well." I asked, "Do you think this has anything to do with the Emmy Awards coming up?" He said, "What are you trying to say? It's the flu." Then he said, "I hear you're doing a film with Spielberg." I said, "Yeah, it's a thing based on a J.G. Ballard novel called *Empire of the Sun*." Next he asked, "Why wasn't I offered it?" and I said, "Do you really want to know?"

"Yeah."

I said, "Perhaps he finds you a touch ethnic."

Then he yelled, "Say it! Just say it!"

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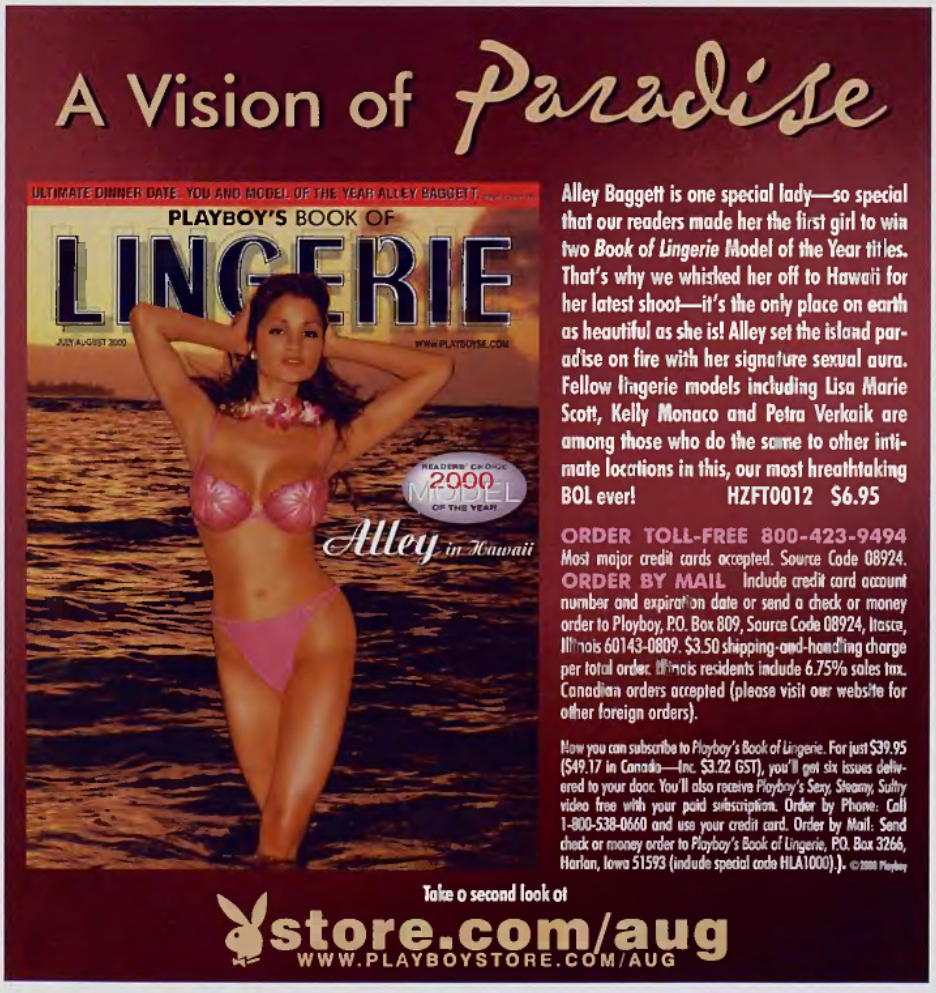
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So I said, "OK. Perhaps he finds you a little too Jewish." Then I left the room. I did what I had been summoned for. I gave him a gentle nudge.

And as soon as I left the room, Dustin turned to my friend, who was still there, and said, "Do you know why he'll never be a star?" He said, "No, why?" Dustin said with absolute finality, "Because he has no humanity."

A few hours later he was up and had miraculously recovered, just because I'd told him he was too Jewish. At dinner, he'd occasionally fart while sitting at the table—he was back on top of the world. When he farted, he'd waft it up to his face with his hands, then look over at me and say, "It's my house." He can make me laugh so hard sometimes. He has a fantastic sense of humor.

**PLAYBOY:** When you work with someone of Hoffman's stature, do the lead actors vie to be top dog?

**MALKOVICH:** A lot of actors need to be top dog, but I don't. The best thing to do when that sort of stuff is going on is to do your job and ignore it. A neurosis can be really entertaining and I can absolutely adore it, as is the case with Dustin. Other actors, who I would never mention by name, are neurotic in ways that are simply boring.

**PLAYBOY:** Your first experience with a film director was with Robert Benton during *Places in the Heart*. Was it difficult to make the transition from theater to movies?

**MALKOVICH:** Not at all, and Robert Benton is hilarious. When we were making that film my ex-wife visited one day. She was always sort of a tattletale. On that film I was playing a blind man and they wanted me to go and study with the blind, which is a kind of preparation I don't do. They hired a driver to take me to the Lighthouse for the Blind and I went once for maybe an hour. One day when we were a month or so into the shooting, Robert says, "Today we shoot the scene where Mr. Will"—my character—"reads Braille." I said fine and went and took a nap. So Glenne says to Robert, "You know, I bet that he doesn't know how to read Braille," and Robert answered, "Sure he knows how to read Braille. John's been going to the Lighthouse for the Blind for six weeks!" Glenne said, "Oh come on! Don't make me vomit." Robert told her that she was wrong and then, when I arrived, he asked me, "Did you learn to read Braille?" I said, "Fuck no. I would learn if I were blind, but I'm an actor." He asked where I had been going every day and I told him I'd been getting my driver, who was sort of a motor head, to take me to used car lots. I was looking for a 1961 Studebaker Silverheart, which I found.

**PLAYBOY:** You recently tried your hand at directing, with *Dancer Upstairs*. What inspired you?

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**MALKOVICH:** I just like the story. It's a love story about the policeman who captured Guzman, and I shot it in Madrid and Almería, Spain, and in Porto, Portugal, which is my favorite European city. I'd next like to direct a film version of Don DeLillo's *Libra*, which is a fictionalized biography of Lee Harvey Oswald. I adapted it for the stage several years ago. Oliver Stone borrowed quite liberally from DeLillo's book and then vulgarized his borrowings into the film *JFK*. It's totally irresponsible for filmmakers to play fast and loose with history as he does, and I told him that when I met with him when he was casting *Nixon*. If you're not careful, you create a generation of nihilists, and Oliver isn't careful. He's not stupid, but he's not careful. Most people don't know anything about history, so you can't tell people that Richard Nixon knew Martin Luther King was going to be assassinated, and that he was happy about it. It's possible, of course, and maybe the case isn't closed, but that doesn't mean it should be presented as a fact in a film.

**PLAYBOY:** One would imagine that you have powerful friends in Hollywood. Are you able to wield that power?

**MALKOVICH:** Two months ago I called somebody I'd met a few times at New Line about the possibility of their becoming involved with *Ghost World*, a film adaptation of a comic novel by Dan Clowes that Terry Zwigoff plans to direct. It's a script I love that our production company has been developing for several years. The person never called me back. That's fine, but I assure you, this person will learn a lesson about collegial courtesy the hard way if he ever calls me asking for something. I understand the difficulties of running a movie studio. It's an impossible, dirty, difficult job. Everybody who calls wants something, and if they weren't in the job, no one would ever call. I doubt I could do better because I don't know that I could stomach the bullshit or handle the workload. Nonetheless, if I call somebody—say, Harvey Weinstein—and say we have a great script and I don't hear from him for three months, it's best if he doesn't want a favor back from me.

**PLAYBOY:** But bad manners have always been part of the movie business. Aren't you used to it?

**MALKOVICH:** More or less, though I think it might have been better in the early days, when Hollywood was run by a bunch of dumb savages totally lacking in any sort of culture at all. Often they made better decisions than the corporate decisions being made today. I know it's hard to argue with the fact that films like *Mission: Impossible* are capable of making massive profits. Nonetheless, here's some indication of the level of intelligence operating in Hollywood. When Coppola wanted to do *The Godfather*, Paramount kept insisting that he cast Ernest Borgnine and Jan-Michael Vincent in the leading roles. When David Selznick met with Carol Reed and Graham Greene about a film they wanted to do, he spent the first half hour berating them for what English fags they were and the next two hours tearing apart their screenplay and telling them it was pitiful and pathetic and no one would ever see it. That was *The Third Man*.

The other day, a French director I know commented that movies will grow up when making a movie is as easy as writing a great novel. By easy, I mean you'll no longer need to collaborate with a highly complex system of conflicting interests in order to make your movie. The way the system works now, dozens of people have to agree with you before you can proceed. We're functioning as courtiers to a permanent government. It shouldn't be so expensive to make a movie. The numbers are insane. I'm staying at the Hotel Raphael, I get picked up and driven to work every day, and everybody calls me maestro. Do I need $20 million to do that? Also, if Jim Carrey makes $20 million for a film, his manager gets $2 million, the lawyer gets $1 million, the agent gets $2 million and the government gets $10 million. Not to sound like Oliver Stone, God forbid, but the point I'm making is that we're all serving a sort of permanent government that was put into place by Mike Ovitz and CAA. I did *The Killing Fields* for $50,000, and it seemed like an incredible fortune to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have other complaints about the movie business?

**MALKOVICH:** As long as I'm getting things off my chest, I would add that cinematography needs to be put back into its cage. A lot of cinematographers I work with have no idea what a movie is. They think it's a photograph you'd find in *National Geographic*. They have way too much power and control over how actors spend their days. A lot of directors come from commercials and have no background at all in any kind of storytelling, and they think a picture is worth a thousand words. I don't think a picture is worth one word, and pictures are not always eloquent.

**PLAYBOY:** Besides remaking the movie business, do you have suggestions for the rest of mankind?

**MALKOVICH:** I just worry that everything will become about money. It's bizarre to me that people diminish the world that way. I like money very much, but there is a limit. Religion also annoys me. The idea that we're not enough for this little time we're here infuriates me, and I'd love religion to stop—which isn't to say I place great faith in science either. I think science is mostly bullshit. Albert Einstein was declared the most important man of the 20th century, and I like him OK, but his theories will turn out to be bullshit just like most other theories. The theory of relativity? I mean, who cares? I have less than no interest in it. The most important man of the 20th century? I would have nominated someone whose work had some bearing on human events—Martin Luther King, for instance, or Sigmund Freud. I just directed a play by Terry Johnson called *Hysteria* that includes a great argument between Freud and a character named Dr. Yahuda, who is an amalgam of Freud's best friend and his personal physician. Just prior to his death, Freud wrote a treatise called *Moses and Monotheism* in which he proposed that Moses was not a Jew and was actually an Egyptian aristocrat. Dr. Yahuda gets wind of this and screams at Freud, "The myth! The myth is all! You take away that and you take away our faith!" Freud replies that the human mind is divinity enough. I agree with that idea, which is why I don't like religion, politics or any kind of tribalism. I do think the mind is divinity enough, and that it's much more incredible than any god, Christ, Buddha or Muhammad you could concoct with the human mind.

**PLAYBOY:** A friend of yours recalled being with you once in a car when you got a call on your cell phone from someone who told you you'd made a million dollars you hadn't expected. Asked whether you were excited, your friend replied, "Not in the least." Was he right?

**MALKOVICH:** Money doesn't excite me. I get excited when I see something great. The Guggenheim museum Frank Gehry designed in Spain, a good film, Gérard, a great book, architecture that I like. I find it exciting to do things well. And women, of course, are exciting. I really like women and they make me laugh—their stuff. I like girls very much. Women in their 50s and 60s can be quite sexy. They're afraid they won't be accepted because they're not 30 anymore, and men have those feelings, too. Aging often functions as a sort of revirginization, and it's quite touching.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the last thing you did that you were proud of?

**MALKOVICH:** I had phone sex, and finished writing an article for *The New York Times* about an Indian film called *The Terrorist*. It's about a young Sri Lankan girl in the Tamil Tigers, who takes on a suicide mission to blow up an Indian politician.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the most widely held misconception about your life as a successful actor?

**MALKOVICH:** I don't know. What do people think it's like?

**PLAYBOY:** Probably that it is glamorous, sexy, fun, extremely lucrative and easy, that everyone fusses over you and that all doors are open to you and life flows easily.

**MALKOVICH:** Well, that's mostly true.

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# Millionaires

## do you REALLY want to be one?

by jamie malanowski

Americans spent most of the last century obsessed about two things: money and sex. These are not exactly the worst fixations. By now, however, the money thing feels more like a bad drug habit—and drkoop.com, a technodollar speedball. During wild market lurches, midlevel managers sit at their desks and calculate how much their 401(k)s have expanded, or contracted, since lunch. While nobody's talking about dot-com zillionaires anymore, everyone still dreams about the big score.

**NO WONDER TV'S BIGGEST HIT IS "WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?"** The loot sits there, as easy to get as a chocolate chip cookie. Just 15 stupid answers stand between you and paradise, baby! Fifteen answers for that doughnut Regis, and you're driving an SUV! And you don't have to solve a logarithm or write a line of code or even point and click. Did you know the flags thrown by football refs are yellow? That was worth $500! Did you know Richard Nixon appeared on "Laugh-In"? That was worth a million! Heck, I knew that. I knew the name of his dog. Of both dogs! Of his secretary of state! Of both secretaries of state! I read the stupid books he wrote in exile. I even know the first line of his memoir: "I was born in the house my father built." Why am I not rich?

**"MY WOMEN ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN WARREN BEATTY'S."**
—DONALD TRUMP

A healthy interest in money is fine, but we have always been better off obsessed about sex. All right, you say, but you've never been stinking rich. So how can you render this comparison? Well, I don't have to. All I have to do is listen to Ted Turner.

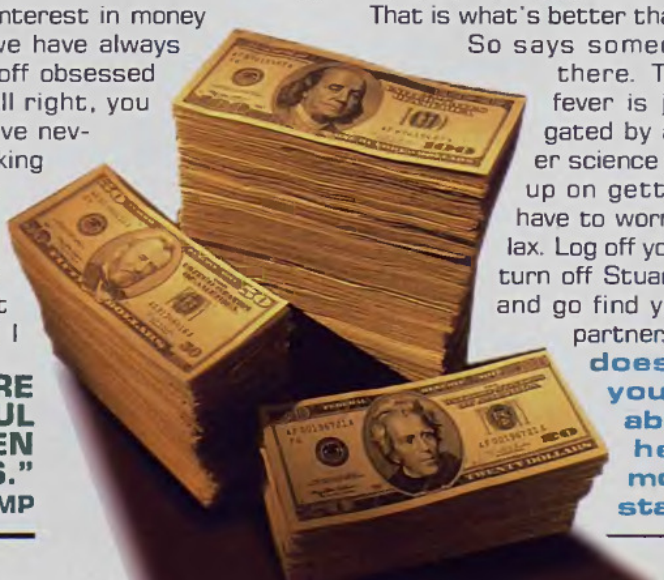
**"HAVING GREAT WEALTH IS OVERRATED, I CAN TELL YOU. IT'S NOT AS GOOD AS AVERAGE SEX. AVERAGE SEX IS BETTER THAN BEING A BILLIONAIRE."—TED TURNER**

Turner, as we all know, is rich. He has CNN money and Time Warner money and soon he'll have AOL money. He's had a good sex life, as would anyone who spent time spelunking the far regions of Jane Fonda. A few years ago, he had this to say: "Having great wealth is overrated, I can tell you that. It's not as good as average sex. Average sex is better than being a billionaire."

Let the words sink in for a moment: Average sex is better than being a billionaire.

Think about his yardstick: average sex. Not good sex, not great sex, not gymnastic sex, not kinky sex. Not Hollywood sex, not supermodel sex, not Hellfire Club sex, not Howard Stern's lesbo fantasy sex, not even President Clinton sex. Just average sex. Minnesota sex. A nudge in the ribs when "Saturday Night Live" gets lame sex. Sex an average of 6.3 times a month, according to the 1994 Sex in America survey, with a median of six partners over the course of a lifetime for males, and two for females.

That is what's better than being a billionaire. So says someone who has been there. The current money fever is just a plot promulgated by a bunch of computer science majors who've given up on getting laid. You don't have to worry about it. Just relax. Log off your Schwab account, turn off Stuart Varney and Regis and go find yourself an average partner. **And if all that doesn't persuade you not to worry about being rich, here are eight more reasons to stay broke.**



## REASON ONE: IT'S EXPENSIVE

Possibly the best reason to avoid being rich is that it costs so damn much—particularly when it comes to shelter. The summer home that John D. Rockefeller Jr. bought in Maine in 1910 had 65 rooms. When he was through expanding it, it had 107 rooms, 44 fireplaces, 22 bathrooms and 2280 windows—and it wasn't even his main residence (a nine-story mansion in Manhattan with a rooftop squash court).

The new economy barons also want an upgrade from the run-of-the-mill hut. **Bill Gates built a 45,000-square-foot complex that has a 20-seat theater, an indoor pool, a trampoline pit, a fish hatchery and a dining room that can seat 150. Its bug-prone, bleeding-edge systems (which require 52 miles of cable optics) include artwork that's flashed on the walls, and a supersensitive computer-controlled heating and air-conditioning system.** The sweater, no doubt, is too old-economy. The house and land were recently assessed at $109 million; the property taxes are more than $1 million. Larry Ellison is spending $30 million to build a home modeled on a 16th century Japanese village. The abode will supposedly be constructed without the benefit of a single nail. At his current home, Ellison's architects put an old swimming pool to good use—it houses the world's largest subwoofer. Over in Holmby Hills, Aaron Spelling's mansion has a room designed solely for gift-wrapping. On the plus side, these joints have resale value: David Geffen paid $47.5 million for Jack Warner's home in Beverly Hills, the largest amount paid for a single-family home in the United States.

GIRLFRIEND? FREE. JET? $40 MILLION.

BILL GATES' PROPERTY TAXES TOP $1 MILLION.

## REASON TWO: IT INVOLVES YOU WITH A SHADY ELEMENT

Some of the world's great fortunes were based in whole or in part on having more than a nodding acquaintance with crime. Moses Annenberg, father of the future publishing magnate, relied on thuggery to build a fortune. He ran a gang of goons and occasional killers who pushed the circulation of Hearst newspapers in various cities. Then he set up a horse racing wire that fed the gambling empires of Al Capone and Meyer Lansky. Moses Annenberg ended up going to prison for income tax evasion. His son Walter became ambassador to Britain.

The acquaintance can work the other way, as well. Huntington Hartford, who lost about $29 million trying to develop a resort on Paradise Island, claimed Meyer Lansky was behind the fiasco. The deal blew up when Hartford's partner unexpectedly called in a loan. Lansky's role in the development, however, has never been established.

Sometimes the rich guy is the bad guy. Occidental Petroleum chairman Armand Hammer seems to have been one of the truly sleazy business figures of the 20th century. Not only did he shaft most of his immediate family, but, as recently opened Soviet archives indicate, Hammer used his manufacturing and mining concessions in the Soviet Union during the Twenties to launder funds to pay Communist spies in the U.S.

MOSES ANNENBERG WAS A TBUGH MUG—JUST GET A LOAO OF THOSE SHOES.

## REASON THREE: Too Much Gunplay

Guns and rich people are a bad mix. In 1872, the nefarious railroad robber baron Jim Fisk was shot dead by Ned Stokes, the lover of Fisk's mistress. Harry K. Thaw, heir to a Pittsburgh coal and railroad fortune worth $40 million, shot architect Stanford White to death on the rooftop of Madison Square Garden. Thaw couldn't get over the sexual hold White held over Thaw's wife, Evelyn Nesbit. Movie producer Thomas Ince was shot dead on William Randolph Hearst's yacht in 1924. One story was that Hearst had discovered his mistress, Marion Davies, with another guest, Charlie Chaplin. Davies screamed, Hearst went running for his gun, other guests ran to see what was happening, and, in the confusion, Ince wound up dead. "All you have to do to make Hearst turn white is mention Ince's name," the director D.W. Griffith said years later. "There's plenty wrong here, but Hearst is too big to touch."

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

## NO.4: IT MIGHT GET YOU KIDNAPPED

**1963: Frank Sinatra Jr. • 1973: J. Paul Getty III**
**1974: Patty Hearst • 1975: Samuel Bronfman II**

ROOF, WALLS AND WINDOWS 2000: BILL GATES' WATERFRONT COTTAGE IS FULLY LOADED.

JOHN DU PONT—CHEMICAL HEIR, WRESTLING BENEFACTOR AND NUT—SHOT AND KILLED OLYMPIC WRESTLER DAVE SCHULTZ IN 1996.

## REASON FIVE: IT'S NOT WORTH THE TAXES

Steve Case, chief executive of America Online, is one of the nation's highest-paid bosses. In 1999, Case was awarded stock options worth $1.2 billion while taking home a total of $117 million. Of Case's $117 million income in 1999, $115.5 million was generated by exercising stock options and $1 million came in the form of a bonus on top of his $575,000 base salary. Which means by April 7, 2000 he paid as much money in federal taxes ($39,778) as most Americans make all year. (At left, a sample biweekly paycheck based on Case's salary.)

STEVE CASE
CEO
America Online
Taxable Marital Status: Married
Exemptions (Allowances): Federal (2) State (1)

| EARNINGS | rate | hours | this period | year to date |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Regular | 75 | | 22,115.38 | 22,115.38 |
| Life Reverse | | | | |
| LTD | | | | |
| Miscellaneous | | | | |
| | | GROSS PAY | | 22,149.23 |

| DEDUCTIONS | Statutory | |
|---|---|---|
| | Federal Income Tax | 5682.67 |
| | Social Security Tax | 00.00 |
| | Medicare Tax | 318.13 |
| | State Tax | 1437.04 |
| | City Tax | 812.07 |
| | Other | |
| | 401K | 1326.93 |
| | LTD | 33.85 |
| | Medical | 42.38 |
| | Dental | 7.31 |
| | Life Insurance | 26.19 |
| | FSA | 41.67 |
| | NET PAY | 12,418.48 |

## NO.6: AND YOU'RE STILL A WEENIE!

Guys have millions and they still act like eight-year-olds. A few years ago, when Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz was at Disney, he sought to end his long-festering feud with David Geffen. He invited Geffen to a meeting, and then called mogul Barry Diller for advice on how to get Geffen to stop bad-mouthing him. Diller's advice: "I would say, 'Well, if you ever do that again, I am going to beat you up.'" Ovitz may have been shocked by this wisdom, but it didn't keep him from using it. "If you so much as touch me I'll have you arrested!" Geffen shrieked in reply and scurried back to his office.

DAVID GEFFEN.

NINETEENTH CENTURY FINANCIER GEORGE PEABODY WAS OBSERVED LETTING A TWO-PENNY BUS PASS HIM BY AND WAITING 30 MINUTES IN THE RAIN—WITH A HEAD COLD—FOR A ONE-PENNY BUS TO PULL UP.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR. IMPRESSED A CONTEMPORARY BY SOAKING APART A COUPLE OF TWO-CENT STAMPS.

ROSS PEROT.

## NO.7: IT MIGHT DRIVE YOU CRAZY

Ross Perot may not be crazy, but he certainly acts paranoid. He once had an operative on his payroll call Mrs. Perot and pretend to be an editor from a well-known women's magazine just to see if his wife would get blabby. (Maybe he's not so paranoid—she did.) He also once claimed that the North Vietnamese hired Black Panthers to assassinate him, and that "one night five people came across my lawn with rifles" and were chased away by a guard dog. "When that dog came back, he had a piece of a guy's fanny in his mouth."

Doris Duke may not have been crazy, either. She merely hosted a coming-out tea party for her two pet camels, and then let them wander around her house and crap all over her priceless oriental carpets. "They call rich people like her eccentric," said one of her workers, "but if it were you or me, we'd be in an institution."

Howard Hughes, of course, was certainly crazy. From a point in the mid-Fifties, the germaphobic Hughes spent his days naked. He used wads of Kleenex to touch things. He urinated on the floor and forbade janitors to clean it up, he let his hair and nails grow wild, he developed a chemical dependence on codeine and yet he still managed to make multimillion-dollar deals. Hughes became so weird that in 1968 he canceled the annual Easter egg hunt at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas when he became convinced sinister forces were aiming to turn it into a riot.

DORIS DUKE.

HOWARD HUGHES.

BIG JOE KENNEDY'S FORTUNE HAS BEEN SPLIT 80 WAYS.

## REASON EIGHT: YOU'LL STILL BLOW IT

It's true that you can't take it with you, but you ought to be able to keep some of it until you go. Yet a lot of people don't. Tommy Manville squandered tens of millions on gambling and women (he had 13 wives, because every time he wed, he got $250,000 from his family trust fund), and Reginald Vanderbilt (father of poor little rich girl Gloria Vanderbilt) drank his away. Stanford White spent and screwed himself deep into debt before he was killed. And long before money manager Dana Giacchetto was indicted for blowing through $9 million that belonged to such clients as Ben Stiller and Matt Damon, financial advisors were looting the store.

The champ of the vanishing fortune, however, has to be Huntington Hartford, the A&P heir who in less than a generation turned a $90 million inheritance into zilch, mostly through his own bad business judgments. Although he lived well—Hartford dated Lana Turner and Marilyn Monroe, partied with Errol Flynn and played tennis with Pancho Gonzalez—pretty much everything he touched turned to debt. Over the years, the artists' colony, the theater, the magazine, stage productions and the resort all became spectacular flops, and Hartford, who broke the investor's cardinal rule and dipped into principal, was left holding the bag.

STEVE JOBS, APPLE.

DURING THE PERIOD PRECEDING APPLE'S INITIAL PUOLIC OFFERING, A COMPANY OFFICIAL DEALIZED AN EARLY EMPLOYEE, A TECHNICIAN WHO HAD HELPED OUILD THE COMPANY'S FIOST COMPUTER, WASN'T GOING TO GET ANY STOCK. THE OFFICIAL WENT TO STEVE JOBS, A MILLIONAIDE MANY TIMES OVER, AND SOGGESTED THAT THEY CHIP IN EOUAL AMOUNTS FOR THEIR OLD COMHADE. "GREAT!" SAID JOOS. "I'LL GIVE HIM ZERO."

FOOLS GOLD

# IS THAT YOUR FINAL ANSWER? THE MILLIONAIRE QUIZ

**(1) HOW DOES STEVE JOBS GET HIS FEET MASSAGED?**

(a) He calls Sven, his rugged Swedish masseur. (b) He calls May Bo, his comely 18-year-old Thai masseuse. (c) He downloads a massage over the internet from iRub.com. (d) He puts his foot into a toilet and flushes.

**(2) WHY DOES BILL GATES BOB AND WEAVE WHEN HE SPEAKS?**

(a) It's harder to hit a moving target. (b) It improves the reception from Pluto. (c) It helps him maintain his firm butt. (d) He says it helps him concentrate.

**(3) WHAT DID RICK ROCKWELL DO IMMEDIATELY AFTER MARRYING DARVA CONGER THAT SHOCKED HER?**

(a) He kissed her. (b) He told her he wanted to show her his rising stock portfolio. (c) He asked if his mother could go on the honeymoon. (d) He smacked her butt and grabbed a handful.

**(4) HARVARD COMPUTING PROFESSOR THOMAS CHEATHAM HAS DESCRIBED YOUNG BILL GATES IN VARIOUS TERMS. WHICH TERM HAS HE NOT USED?**

(a) Obnoxious. (b) Not a pleasant fellow to have around. (c) A pain in the ass. (d) A churning urn of burning funk.

**(5) ROSS PEROT'S SPECIAL BOMBPROOF CHEVROLET CAPRICE IS COATED WITH WHAT?**

(a) Chip-resistant Dutch Boy paint. (b) Bulletproof Kevlar. (c) Stain-resistant Scotchgard. (d) Pure bullcrap.

**(6) WHAT NICKNAME DID THE FIRST HUSBAND OF TOBACCO HEIRESS DORIS DUKE BESTOW UPON HER?**

(a) Sweetums. (b) Honey Pie. (c) Frigidairess. (d) Hose Monkey.

**(7) WHAT WAS UNUSUAL ABOUT J.P. MORGAN'S APPEARANCE?**

(a) He had a huge, red, lumpy nose. (b) He had a birthmark on his cheek that resembled Harriet Beecher Stowe. (c) He had 666 branded on his neck. (d) He never wore pants.

**(8) HOW DID DAVID GEFFEN PERSUADE JOHN LENNON TO RECORD WITH HIS LABEL?**

(a) He told John that he was really the cute Beatle. (b) He said he could introduce John to the *Charlie's Angels* girls. (c) He made nice with Yoko. (d) He gave John a hip new leisure suit.

**(9) WHOSE PICTURES DECORATE BILL GATES' WALLS?**

(a) Da Vinci, Ford and Einstein. (b) Norman Rockwell, Walter Chrysler and George Washington Carver. (c) R. Crumb, whoever did the Oldsmobile and Professor Irwin Corey. (d) Kiss.

**(10) WHEN WALTER ANNENBERG TURNED 19, HIS FATHER, MOSES, SAID TO HIM, "YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE A WOMAN," AND OFFERED TO FIND HIM ONE. WHAT DID WALTER REPLY?**

(a) "Why not a six-pack?" (b) "I'd rather have a horse." (c) "After the way you picked Ma?" (d) "No, I'm not ready. I should be in about six months."

**(11) HOWARD HUGHES SURVIVED THREE PLANE CRASHES. TO WHAT DID HE CREDIT HIS GOOD FORTUNE?**

(a) Drinking lots of fresh orange juice every day. (b) Luck. (c) His deal with the devil. (d) An air bag modeled on Jane Russell's breasts.

**(12) WHAT DID THE FATHER OF APPLE ZILLIONAIRE STEVE WOZNIAK FIND IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT OF HIS SON'S PORSCHE?**

(a) A soldering gun and some alligator clips. (b) A voodoo doll resembling Nathan Myhrvold. (c) A copy of *Windows for Dummies*. (d) $250,000 in uncashed checks.

**(13) CBS CHAIRMAN WILLIAM PALEY WAS RUMORED TO HAVE INGESTED ALL BUT ONE OF THE FOLLOWING TO STAY YOUNG. WHICH WAS IT?**

(a) Crushed goat testicles. (b) Monkey glands. (c) Sheep glands. (d) Burger King Whoppers.

**(14) WHAT WOULD B. DONALD GRANT, THE TOP PROGRAMMER AT CBS, DO AFTER MEETINGS WITH CHAIRMAN PALEY?**

(a) Fire a researcher. (b) Kick his dog. (c) Vomit. (d) Read the Bible.

**(15) HOW DID TRICIA NIXON SAY WALTER ANNENBERG CONSOLED HER WHEN PRINCE CHARLES DID NOT ATTEND A PARTY THE ANNENBERGS THREW IN HER HONOR?**

(a) By patting her shoulder. (b) By making a sad face. (c) By giving her a dollar. (d) By copping a feel.

**(16) WHY IS THERE NO FURNITURE IN THE HOME OF BROADCAST.COM CHIEF EXECUTIVE MARK CUBAN?**

(a) It would get in the way of Wiffle ball and Rollerblading. (b) He's waiting until he can get chairs on priceline.com. (c) It's all in the pool. (d) Hasn't had time to pick it out.

**(17) HOW DID EAGLE COMPUTER BOSS DENNIS BARNHART MARK HIS COMPANY'S IPO IN 1983?**

(a) He moved his parents out of the trailer park and into a mansion. (b) He bought a six-foot hoagie and split it with the workers. (c) He set up a foundation. (d) He had lunch with a yacht salesman, got drunk and drove his new Ferrari off a cliff.

1. d, 2. d, 3. a, 4. d, 5. b, 6. c, 7. a, 8. c, 9. a, 10. d, 11. a, 12. d, 13. d, 14. c, 15. d, 16. a, 17. d

# LUXURY INDEX

**$3 million**
Amount "Spawn" creator Todd McFarlane spent at auction to buy Mark McGwire's 70th home run ball.

**$41 million**
Price of a Gulfstream V personal luxury jet.

**$70 million**
Amount Henry Ford made in his best year.

**$105 million**
Amount Al Capone made in his best year.

**$750**
Amount per hour earned by John D. Rockefeller in 1889.

**$22,000**
Amount per minute earned by Bill Gates in 1996.

**90**
Percentage of American millionaires who have college degrees.

**2.9**
The average millionaire's grade point average.

**1190**
The average millionaire's SAT score.

**28**
Length in years of the average millionaire's marriage.

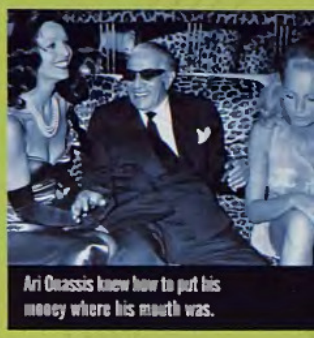
**13**
Number of American billionaires in 1982.

**268**
Number of American billionaires in 1999.

**4 a.m.**
The hour when Sam Walton liked to start work.

# MILLION DOLLAR MOUTHFULS

## advice from rich guys


Ari Onassis knew how to put his money where his mouth was.

### ON PREDESTINATION
**"The meek shall inherit the earth, but not its mineral rights."—*J. Paul Getty***

### FILE UNDER: DARVA
**"If women didn't exist, all the money in the world would have no meaning."—*Aristotle Onassis***

### ON LUBE
**"Love makes the world go round, but money greases the axle."—*Clare Boothe Luce, twice the wife of a millionaire***

### METRICALLY SPEAKING, THAT WOULD BE KILOMILLIONS
**"In most cases and at normal times, I am quite content to be referred to merely as an industrialist, without a price tag. However, at present . . . I think it is a bad time for us to put out publicity referring to me as a mere millionaire . . . I have always been referred to as 'billionaire.'"—*Howard Hughes, 1968***

### ON THE BRINK
**"That seems to be in the nature of things: Wealth almost always gives a person an edge."—*Nelson Rockefeller***

### WHO'S GOT 50 YEARS?
**"Show up for work on time every day for 50 years and you will be rewarded."—*Hollywood mogul Lew Wasserman***

### HEY—DOS SPELLED BACKWARD IS SOD
**"Just in terms of allocation of time resources, religion is not very efficient."—*Bill Gates***

### ON THE CROSSOVER DRIBBLE
**"The best thing about being rich is being able to do what I damn well please."—*Mark Cuban, head of Broadcast.com and new owner of the Dallas Mavericks***

### THE REAL GORDON GEKKO
**"Greed is healthy. You can be greedy and still feel good about yourself."—*Convicted trader Ivan Boesky***

### ECONOMY OR BUSINESS CLASS?
**"I've already got my own airplane. We could save money on *Air Force One*."—*Donald Trump, on why he should be president***

### CAPTAIN MORGAN
**"If you have to ask, you can't afford it."—J.P. Morgan**

### A CARGO SHIP FULL OF TULIPS
**"Sometimes when we're hanging the flowers at home I spend 16 hours a day at it. I work like a stevedore."—Billionaire Doris Duke**

### ON MORE. LOTS MORE
**"It doesn't matter how much you've got, you want more. Look at Bill Gates. I mean, he feels like he can't get by."—Ted Turner**

*"It's a lovely party, but I spilled hot coffee on my dress."*

# Dorothy Stratten

## REMEMBERED

A Dorothy scrapbook (clockwise from top left): Dorothy's brief stint as a Bunny in the Los Angeles Ployboy Club wos captured in our October 1979 issue while her acting career wos toking off. Dorothy and Hef are in four-wheel drive on the ABC-TV special *Playboy's Roller Disco and Pajama Party*, filmed at the Monsion. Dorothy, free as o butterfly, in her Ploymate of the Yeor layout (June 1980); meeting the press at a Playmate of the Year luncheon at the Mansion in April 1980; in her original Centerfold (August 1979). (Center) Dorothy adorns *The Tonight Show* and matches wits with Johnny Carson while on her PMOY tour. (Opposite) Dorothy in *Sex Stars of 1980*.

## *a rare beauty and remarkable person, she shines forever*

TWENTY YEARS AGO, a radiant 20-year-old beauty stood center stage at Playboy Mansion West while Hugh M. Hefner introduced her to the assembled media as the 1980 Playmate of the Year. A few months later, Dorothy Stratten was the victim of a homicide. For those who came to know her through the pages of PLAYBOY, her death cut short the auspicious career of an actress *People* magazine described as "so beautiful she seemed luminescent, as if lit from within." That remark rings doubly true, because it describes Dorothy as a person as well. We offer these photos as a tribute to her enduring memory.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

# DOROTHY STRATTEN'S CENTURY OF FAMOUS BLONDES

Shortly before her death, Dorothy and photographer Mario Casilli began working on a special pictorial suggested by Hef, in which Dorothy takes on the visual personae of legendary blonde sex symbols. In a letter to a close friend written a few weeks before she posed for these photos (published here for the first time), Dorothy said she was "ecstatic" about the project. Louise Stratten, now a Hollywood screenwriter, recalls how excited her sister was. "I'm so glad PLAYBOY is running the pictures from that project," she says. "I feel like she has become something of a mythic figure in the past 20 years." Although with us for only a short time, Dorothy has become a legend.

## *Brigitte Bardot*

Jean Harlow

In one television interview, Dorothy said, "I don't mind being called a sex symbol—why fight it? Why pose nude in a magazine and become Playmate of the Year and not want to be a sex symbol?"

Photographer Mario Casilli, who worked with Dorothy on three pictorials, recalls that "she had some kind of magic quality. I still don't know what it is. I'd be in airports with her and heads would just keep turning."

Actor Eric Roberts, who played opposite Mariel Hemingway in *Star 80*, one of the films about Dorothy's life, says that if Dorothy had had an opportunity to polish her acting skills, "The possibilities would have been endless. She was an incredible, rare beauty and she definitely would have gone places."

Producer Marilyn Tenser, who chose Dorothy over 300 other candidates as star of the science fiction cult classic *Galaxina*, recalls: "When Dorothy came in, she was exquisite—and she read very well. She was convinced she was going to be a major star, and she would have been."

Hef, who launched this magazine with the world-famous photo of Marilyn Monroe that Dorothy reprises at right, says of her: "She would have been a major star. She had that presence, in person and on-screen. The camera loved her."

*Betty Grable*

Marilyn Monroe

# you don't look a day over 150. WANT TO SCREW?

article By Kathleen Sharp

One enduring certainty of medical science has been that the maximum human life span is, give or take a few birthdays, 120 years. There is now a growing feeling that the new human biological limit could be 150—or even 200—and that with the right treatments just about anyone will be able to live that long.

"Now it's a function of money," says Michael Rose, professor of evolutionary biology at the University of California–Irvine and a pioneer in the field of delaying aging. "The basic scientific questions have mostly been resolved, and we're just waiting to turn the crank. It's breathtaking what can be done now."

"The spirit of Ponce de León lives on," MIT's Leonard Guarente wrote in an academic journal. Guarente is another pioneer in research to make youth last longer—and to postpone the infirmities of old age. "The idea is to maximize a healthy life span of 120 years," says Dr. Michael Fossel, editor-in-chief of the *Journal of Anti-Aging Medicine*. "If people can hang on another 20 years, I'm sure it'll turn out to be a realistic goal."

The science behind these developments is complex, but think of a clock built into our genetic makeup steadily ticking away. When your clock, or your collection of clocks, has run the course dictated by your genes, you're dead. Now, thanks to breakthroughs in genetic research, doctors believe they can slow down or even reset those clocks—and reset them again and again. At midnight, or bedtime, as it were, the genetically altered man of the future will be as fresh as he was at 10 A.M.

Seymour Benzer of the California Institute of Technology put it somewhat differently when talking to *Time* magazine: "Perhaps aging can be better described not as a clock but as a scenario, which we can hope to edit."

Hyperlongevity research is advancing with startling speed. If you're 20 years old now, there is every reason to believe you can live a much longer time than your genes originally had in mind for you. "Many people alive today will live into the 22nd century," said Dr. Roy Walford of the UCLA School of Medicine. "I can predict that with some certainty."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN REA

## HOW TO GET STARTED NOW

**The research that may one day produce a longevity pill has already helped create products that seem to stall the aging process—at least in small, often cosmetic ways.**

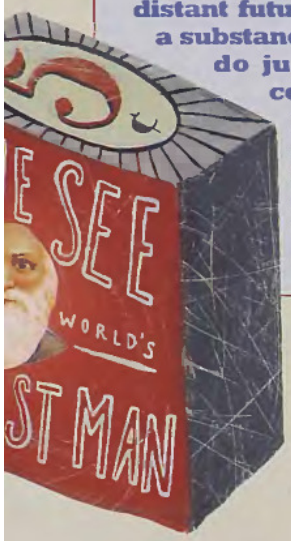
**For example, melatonin, estrogen and testosterone are hormones that decline with age—so it seems like a good idea to replenish them. Similarly, levels of dehydroepiandrosterone, a relatively weak male hormone, start to diminish when you reach the age of 30. Low levels of DHEA seem to rednce the immune system's abiilty to fight disease and are associated with age-related ailments, including heart disease and cancer. Replenishing these and other hormones appears to slow aging and—despite a lack of clinical proof—helps account for billions of dollars in sales of a variety of products (treating everything from wrinkles to diminished energy) that contain them.**

**The human growth hormone, prodnced by the pituitary gland, strengthens bones and muscles. Regular booster shots, at a cost of $15,000 a year, are rumored to be the practice of many Hollywood stars, who are reluctant to talk about them. By now we all know that martinis à la James Bond—shaken, not stirred—contain antioxidants that help cells resist wear and tear. If you have any doubt, just check out the report in the "British Medical Journal" by a team of researchers at the University of Western Ontario. They said shaken martinis have double the antioxidant punch of martinis that are stirred.**

## HOW TO RESET YOUR CLOCK

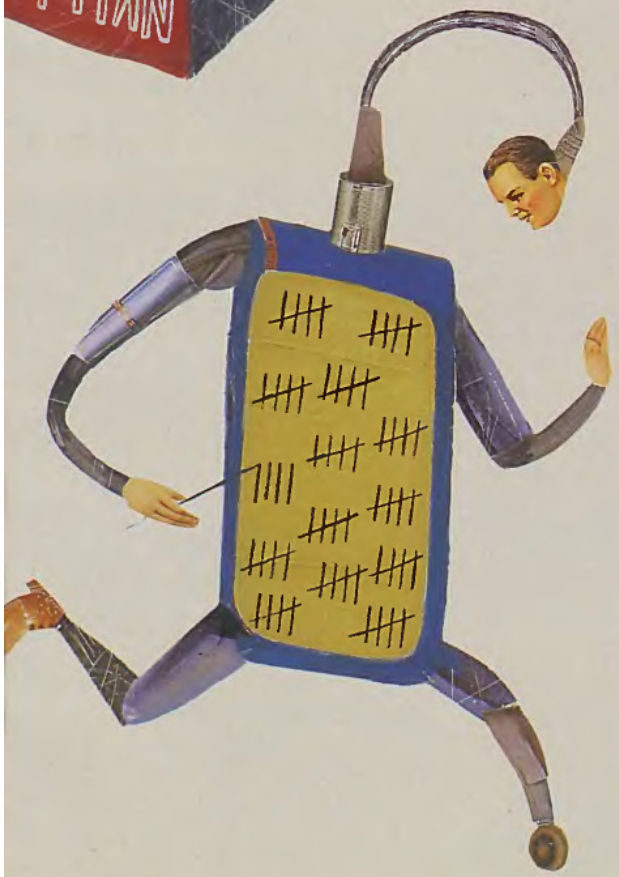
Telomeres are the cap ends of our chromosomes. Many human cells constantly divide, and as they do, the telomeres grow shorter. Cells stop dividing when telomeres become too short; this phenomenon may cause various troubles associated with aging. "Maybe that's why our limbs move slowly and our skin wrinkles as we age," explained Judith Campisi, senior staff scientist in the department of cell and molecular biology at the Berkeley National Laboratory and a specialist in telomeres.

Can genetic engineering step into the process and keep telomeres intact as they are in youth, creating cells that continue to divide—and thus sustain growth? Some researchers hope that in the not very distant future, regular injections of a substance called telomerase can do just that (especially for cells in the eyes, skin and stomach lining). If all goes as planned, the cells will then renew themselves and stay young in every practical sense of the term.



## THE PHYSICAL OF THE FUTURE

Once the human genome is fully mapped, doctors will probably be able to perform routine physicals by gene scan. The test will amount to something like genetic fortune-telling: Doctors can figure out what hidden dangers may lurk down the road. Doctors believe this kind of diagnosis will enable them to thwart, avert or at least delay some formidable killers. Of course, early detection has its downside. Imagine if an insurance company were alerted to a disposition to, say, cancer. Knowledge can cost an arm and a leg.



## HOW TO REGENERATE YOUR BODY

Doctors may soon use stem cells—potent cells from which brain, muscle and nerve cells form—to grow skin for burn victims and to make bone marrow for cancer patients. Researchers are not all that far from pushing those techniques to grow new brain and heart tissue—and other organs as well. That means you someday could get a sort of bionic tune-up—brand-new lungs and liver—and forget about the ravages of a lifetime of smoking and drinking.

Or what about a neuro-upgrade—your neurons tuned with those amazing stem cells—for snappier brain functions and funnier jokes? Neurobiologists have already targeted genes in mice, planning a rejiggering of their genetic makeup that would allow them to learn faster and retain information longer.

The most optimistic—if that's the word—prognosticators say that in 20 years, newborns will routinely have life expectancies of 150 or 200—if, of course, they avail themselves of the various treatments and procedures that are now being developed.

One day all the tributaries of research may produce a modern version of the Fountain of Youth—the longevity pill.

"There's nothing bigger," Steven Austad, professor of zoology at the University of Idaho, told *The New York Times* about stretching the human life span. "If we could do it, there's nothing bigger."

The quest for hyperlongevity may well become one of the most expensive, glamorous and problematic enterprises of the 21st century. It already has its share of legends, eccentric heroes, financial disasters, moral conundrums and striking possibilities. On these pages are glimpses from the cutting edge, along with what you need to know to survive one of the most exciting episodes in medical history.

*(text continued on page 168)*

**"We're just waiting to turn the crank. It's breathtaking what can be done now."**

## THESE GENES MEAN BUSINESS

**"These genes will be a gold mine once they are all understood, both in terms of basic science and practical sense," says Judith Campisi of the Berkeley National Laboratory. Gold mine, indeed. If you discovered or helped discover the Fountain of Youth, how much do you think your efforts would be worth?**

**Heavy investment in hyperlongevity is relatively new. Larry Ellison of Oracle was an early casualty, burning through big bucks with Aeiveos Sciences Group, a firm dedicated to ending aging. It lasted less than three years, dying in 1997. Ellison established the Ellison Medical Foundation in Bethesda, Maryland, which spends close to $20 million a year researching the basis of aging.**

**Jouvence (now known as Health Span Sciences) was another company that set out to locate the gene or genes that control aging. Between 1995 and 1998 it spent about $2 million on gene research before shifting its focus to manufacturing antiaging nutra-ceutical products.**

**"It's very difficult to survive as an aging-research business," says one industry executive whose company burned up money doing research and collecting tissue samples. To remain viable, the company changed course and now sells pharmaceutical companies access to its library of tissue samples.**

**Geron Corp. of Menlo Park, California is indicative of the potential of what is happening in laboratories now. Geron, a firm with $64 million in assets and copious research archives, recently purchased Roslin Bio-Med, the firm that cloned Dolly the sheep and helped establish that cloning a human is theoretically possible. Now the two companies are working to develop perpetually dividing cells—that is, immortality.**

**If all goes as planned, the industry will probably create billionaires—and paupers. Right now, there is one American 65 or older for every three workers. In 30 years, even if nothing happens in longevity laboratories, that ratio will increase to one retiree for every two workers. If and when the Fountain of Youth begins to flow, those numbers will look economically healthy. Meanwhile, Peter Peterson reports in "Gray Dawn" that the "benefit outlays for just five programs—Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid and federal civilian and military pensions—will exceed total federal revenues by the year 2030."**

**Will pharmaceutical companies and medical providers give away the Fountain of Youth? Don't bet on it. It's far more likely that hyperlongevity will be only for the rich, for a long time. The chances of a black market—with something like immortality at stake—are obvious to young and old alike.**

*"Ma'am, it's not that kind of free-for-all!"*

# RUM FOR THE MONEY

by Richard Carleton Hacker

## YO HO HO TO YOU TOO

Summer rum drinks bring to mind daiquiris and rum-and-tonics. But there's also a dark side to the beverage—as evidenced by such classic cocktails as the mai tai, which calls for heavier rums. Even the British navy's daily ration of rum (it hasn't been poured since 1970) was a dark rum mollified with sugar and lime. You need sugarcane to make rum, and it was in the Caribbean that the sugarcane really took root. Eventually, someone discovered that the residue from the stalks that were crushed to produce sugar could be fermented. The result? Demon rum, or "kill devil," as it was first called by superstitious natives in the belief it could ward off evil. Prohibited from transporting rum to Europe, where it might interfere with established wine and cognac monopolies, rum merchants were welcomed in the thirsty American colonies. Until the emergence of bourbon, rum was one of the new republic's favorite hard drinks, and soon became an important trade commodity. But its value was even greater in the Caribbean, where it was used as an enticement to keep naval ships nearby to ward off pirates. (Unfortunately, it also lured ships flying the skull and crossbones.) Forget tales of buried doubloons; rum had become the real treasure of the Caribbean. It remains so today, with more than 150 brands that range from crystal clear and sweet to dark amber and meaty. Many distillers classify their rums as light, gold and dark—reflecting the subtly different shades of brown. Most folks simply call rums as they see them, light or dark. The deeper color of darker rums is derived from increased amounts of caramel and molasses produced from burnt sugarcane. Aging, especially in barrels that have been charred, also deepens the color of rum and produces a deeper taste. Most rums are blended to create a specific character; consequently, rums can be as individual as single-malt whiskeys. Different regions of the Caribbean produce rums with dramatically disparate characteristics. One of the best examples is a collection of four distinct blends from Rare Rums of the Caribbean. There is the butternut flavor of 10-year-old R.L. Seale's from Barbados; the deep golden brown richness of Diplomatico from Venezuela; Myers's Legend, a 10-year-old spice-filled Jamaican rum; and Gran Blasón, a full-flavored dark añejo from Costa Rica. For mixed drinks, try Captain Morgan Original Spiced Rum, a 70 proof sweet rum with the flavors of vanilla, figs and apricots. Captain Morgan Private Stock is a darker 80 proof rum with twice the spice. But not all tropical drinks demand sweet rum. Toucano (in a colorful palm frond–wrapped bottle) is a delicately smooth rum from Brazil. It is made from sugarcane's flavorful first crush, then aged for two years in oak and balsam casks. If you want the flavor of coconut, use Malibu Rum from Barbados. One of the best dark rums for either mixing or sipping straight is the herbal, aromatically elegant Gosling's Black Seal, a celebrated brand in Bermuda since 1806. Originally called Old Rum, it was renamed Black Seal after World War I, when a shortage of bottles forced the distillers to put their rum into champagne bottles, which were capped with black sealing wax. Now the label features an image of a black seal juggling a barrel of rum. Although most rums are around 80 proof, some thunder out of the bottle, such as the 160 proof Stroh Original 80 from Austria and Bacardi's 151 proof from Puerto Rico. Add a judicious splash of either to a mixed drink that needs tweaking. A few unblended cask-strength single-barrel rums can be enjoyed with one or two ice cubes, or cut with distilled water. Cadenhead CRV is a Demerara rum from Jamaica that is given a *(continued on page 179)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

LET THE
FUN AND
GAMES BEGIN

# FUTURE OLYMPIANS

When Team USA soccer star Brandi Chastain shed her jersey after booting the winning goal in last year's Women's World Cup, we got to thinking: What if modern Olympians were to borrow a page from their original Greek counterparts and compete with few or no clothes? Maybe it wouldn't enhance performance, but we're certain it would boost ratings.

We envision a future in which the Spice Channel competes with ESPN and TNT for broadcast rights. The new format might not sit well with members of the International Olympic Committee at first, but they'd come around once they remembered the first principle of Olympic organizing: Show us the money, honey.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GUIDO ARGENTINI

Future gymnastic events will demand such athleticism and elasticity that clothes would impede performance. But sweatbands for the wrists and ankles will remain de rigueur. Future champions will know the chill of victory and earn the following medals: cold, shiver and bronzed.

The downsizing in Olympian garb will likely lead to a decline in product endorsement and sponsorship apportunities. But the audience will have a better view of the total physical concentratian required of events such as archery and the balance rings. Ta ensure that future games are a success, we say bring on the performance-enhancing drugs—far the viewers. We're going to need them to keep up.

In ancient Greece, women were forbidden even to watch the Olympics. But they competed in a separate set of games, the Heraea, named for Zeus' wife, the goddess Hera. By some accounts, Hera deserves credit for throwing the first discus and javelin—a kitchen plate and carving knife aimed at Zeus upon his return home after a night of philandering. The original Olympic event was the footrace. With strides taken in conditioning and nutrition, future events are certain to be nip-and-tuck affairs.

THE IMAC TRANSFORMED UTILITARIAN CHIC—NOW EVERYBODY WANTS THE LOOK

# i-mitation

iPhone

Intrigo Lapstation

iCool Headphones

iBrator

iCar



iCatch

Go home, E—i rules. Industrial design changed forever with the introduction of the iMac. With its translucent computers, Apple's message was clear: Don't be afraid of technology. Or color. Now there's even clear plastic joie in joysticks. Sleepless Knights used the implied intimacy of translucence for its iBrator. The vibrator is great for slipping and sliding while surfing the web (i-eee!). All sorts of products now come wrapped in gaudy, iridescent materials. The iCatch turns the iMac's unique mouse into a more familiar one. iCool headphones aren't just eye candy—they fold up into a crystal ball. Intrigo's Lapstation is another excuse to have breakfast in bed. And Radio Shack looks a lot brighter with products like the iPhone. But even Apple chief Steve Jobs probably never envisioned the iCar. It's a prototype created and posted online (at Chris3D.com) by a rabid fan. Guess his imagination ran wild.

*"If we follow that line to its other end we'll find something tasty!"*

# ART & CRAFT

**three finger gillie was a changed man, an artist, no less, with a one-man show in soho. so why was dortmunder so sure it all smelled wrong?**

BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

THE VOICE on the telephone at John Dortmunder's ear didn't so much ring a distant bell as sound a distant siren. "John," it rasped, "how ya doin'?"

Better before this phone call, Dortmunder thought. Somebody I was in prison with, he figured, but who? He'd been in prison with so many people, back before he had learned how to fade into the shadows at crucial moments, like when the SWAT team arrives. And of all those cellmates, blockmates, tankmates, there hadn't been one of them who wasn't there for some very good reason. DNA would never stumble over innocence in that crowd; the best DNA could do for those guys was find their fathers, if that's what they wanted.

This wasn't a group that went in for reunions, so why this phone call, in the middle of the day, in the middle of the week, in the middle of October? "I'm doin' OK," Dortmunder answered, meaning, I got enough cash for me but not enough for you.

"That makes two of us," the voice said. "In case you don't recognize me, this is Three Finger."

"Oh," Dortmunder said.

Three Finger Gillie possessed the usual 10 fingers but got his name because of a certain fighting technique. Fights in prison tend to be up close and personal, and also brief; Three Finger had a move with three fingers of his right hand guaranteed to make the other guy rethink his point of view in a hurry. Dortmunder had always stayed more than an arm's reach from Three Finger and saw no reason to change that policy. "I guess you're out, huh?" he said.

Sounding surprised, Three Finger said, "You didn't read about me in the paper?"

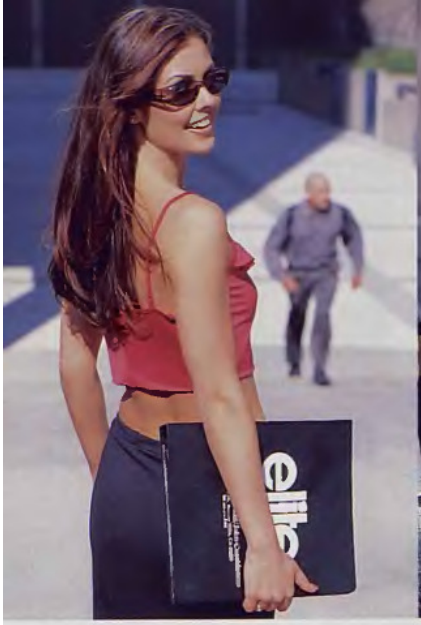
"Oh, too bad," Dortmunder said, because in their world the worst thing that could happen was to find your name in the paper. Indictment was bad enough, but to be indicted for something newsworthy was the worst.

But Three Finger said, "Naw, John, this is good. This is what we call ink."

"Ink."

"You still got last Sunday's *Times*?" he asked. *(continued on page 152)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JORDIN ISIP



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

miss august, a volleyball champ, is camera ready

# IT'S SUMMER'S TIME

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Summer Altice breezes into LA's trendy Kings Road Cafe for her interview carrying a white puppy. "He's a Maltese I named JD—after Jack Daniel's," she says. It's easy to see why the whiskey-dubbed pooch seems enamored with his fresh-faced owner: She's articulate, educated, unpretentious and an all-natural athletic beauty. As she sips her lemonade, Summer considers each question carefully, her sunglasses unable to obscure her piercing hazel eyes. "Pretty much my entire life until last year was volleyball," says the four-year letter winner from California's Fountain Valley high school. Her long hours of practice landed her a scholarship to San Diego State; she then transferred to UCLA to study communications. Summer admits that her interest in volleyball has peaked. "After playing for eight years, I started to burn out on it," she says. "I didn't have the same love or desire for the game. It had been in my life for so long that it started becoming just a job."

Summer decided to pursue the modeling and acting career she began in 1995 when she won *YM*'s cover girl contest. She signed with Elite modeling agency and landed assignments with Mossimo, Guess, *Mademoiselle* and Bally's fitness clubs. "The thing about modeling is, if you become a deer in the headlights about the fame, parties and meeting people, it will overcome you," she says. She appreciates it when people tell

"I feel like I embody on endless spirit thot's trying to live every doy to the fullest," soys Summer. "I don't believe in pushing your beliefs on someone else. People should hove the choice to live their lives the woy they wont. I'm kind of o hordheoded, stubborn person—I don't like it when people try to tell me whot I should do."

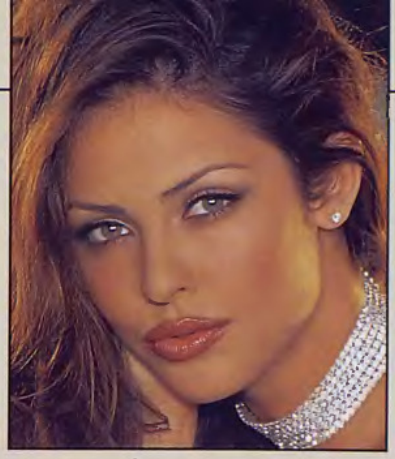
her that she resembles actresses Carol Alt and Elizabeth Hurley, and she is currently auditioning for her breakout role.

Summer is currently seeing an up-and-coming actor she describes as the most amazing person she's ever met. "He's given me reasons to look beyond Hollywood and to look inside myself and, like he says, 'be the queen you are.' I don't want to tell you his name because people knowing his business is not something he's used to." Can't she give us a hint about the lucky guy? "Is it getting hot in here?" she says with a sly grin.

Miss August likes to hit the town with her friends and enjoy good music. "I host a club at a bar on Sunset on Saturday nights," she says. "I'm a Capricorn—I love doing things for people." So who helps her get her groove on? "Dr. Dre, Destiny's Child, Fiona Apple and Faith Hill," she says. "I'm pretty eclectic when it comes to music, but I'm more of a hip-hop, ghetto girl. I grew up around boys who were ghetto fabulous, so I kind of acquired the same taste in music. I'm a good singer and if I had the opportunity to do a demo or a song, I would take it in a heartbeat. I think music touches people in ways they don't even realize. I can be in a bad mood and put on Janet Jackson's *Velvet Rope* and—*boom!*—I'm better."

If she could change one thing about her fine self, what would it be? "I talk too much," she confesses. "I'm an open person, but I have come to cherish privacy. The most romantic thing anyone has ever said to me is, 'I want to know the deep Summer; I want to know the Summer nobody else knows.'"

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Summer Altice



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Summer Altice

BUST: 34B WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'10½" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 12-23-79 BIRTHPLACE: Fountain Valley, California

AMBITIONS: To have a lucrative modeling + acting career and to someday have a family.

TURN-ONS: To have someone I'm in love with look at me the same way my father looks at my mother.

TURNOFFS: Lying, cheating, disrespectful people and anyone my dog J.D. doesn't like.

THE WILDEST THING I WANT TO DO: To make love at the top of the Eiffel Tower when it's pouring rain on New Year's Eve (someday).

IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: Try to travel more to Europe, and to take more units per quarter at UCLA so I can finish my degree sooner. Also, to spend more time with my girlfriends! Nicole, I ♡U!

My sophomore volleyball picture. Don't ask!

Me and my puppy J.D. (Stands 4 Jack Daniel's!)

The results of a long modeling shoot.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Your Honor, I'm 86 years of age," the old woman testified. "So there I was, sitting on my front porch on a warm spring evening, when a young man came up and sat beside me. He started to rub my thigh and it felt good, so I didn't stop him. Then he began to rub my breasts. Why, I haven't felt that good in years, so I just spread my old legs and said, 'Take me, young man, take me!' And that's when he yelled, 'April fool!' That, Your Honor, is when I shot the son of a bitch!"

Why did the blonde go ballistic after working in a brothel for five years? She found out the other girls were getting paid.

E-JOKE OF THE MONTH: "Is it true what Rita just told me?" a teenage girl asked her mom. "Babies come out of the same place where boys put their thingies?"

"Yes, dear," her mother replied, relieved that her daughter was comfortable enough to ask questions about sex.

"But then when I have a baby," the teenager continued, "won't it knock my teeth out?"

Duffy was tending bar one Monday when two nuns walked in. "Sisters," he said, "I'm surprised to see you here. We don't get a lot of nuns in this bar."

"We wanted to minister to fallen souls," one explained, "and thought this would be the best place to find them."

The next day, two rabbis walked into the bar. "I'm surprised to see you two here," Duffy said. "We don't get a lot of rabbis in this bar."

"The synagogue is closed for repairs," one explained, "and we needed a quiet place to debate rabbinical law."

The next day, two priests walked in. "Fathers," Duffy said, "I'm really surprised to see you two in here."

"And why is that, my son?"

"Because," Duffy said, "you usually don't come in until the weekend."

The female manager was thrilled when her handsome co-worker agreed to come back to her place after work. After heavy necking in the living room, she began to lead him into the bedroom. "But we have to hurry," she said. "My husband will be home from work soon."

"Oh yeah?" the guy asked. "Like when? How soon?"

"Oh shit," the woman moaned, "not another homosexual!"

After the woman gave birth to a baby, her doctor stood solemnly at her bedside. "I have something I must tell you about your baby," he said.

"What's wrong?" the alarmed mother asked.

"Your baby is a little bit different," he said. "It's a hermaphrodite."

"What's that?"

"Well, it means your baby has both male and female parts."

"Oh my God!" the woman exclaimed. "You mean it has a penis and a brain?"

How does James Bond like his pussy? Shaven, not furred.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: After dinner and a movie, the young man walked his girlfriend back to her front door, leaned against the wall and said, "Honey, how about a blow job?"

"No, not tonight. I'm tired and it's late," she replied.

"Just a little blow job, honey. I know you like it too."

"Sure I do, but I'm tired and I want to go to sleep."

"Please, honey, just a quickie," he persisted.

Suddenly the girl's younger sister appeared at the front door. "Dad says either you have to blow him, I have to blow him or Mom has to blow him," she said. "But he says to tell your dumb-ass boyfriend to stop leaning against the intercom button!"

LeRoy Neiman

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The owner of an adult pleasure spa was showing a new arrival around. "You're gonna love it here," he said, "especially the barrel behind the rest rooms. When you feel the need, stick your dick in the hole for a blow job."

The next day, the guy saw the owner and said, "This place is great. I'm going to use that barrel every day."

"Well, every day except Monday," the owner replied.

"Why not on Mondays?"

"That's your day in the barrel."

*Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

*"May I remind you folks that this is a vegetarian restaurant?"*

# there's something about macy

## Macy Gray has a boy's name and a cartoon voice. Could she be any cooler?

personality by Alison Lundgren

Macy Gray sounds like a Muppet with a head cold. But her pipes led to a critically adored debut album, two Grammy nods (she lost both), two Brit Awards, loads of cash and a gig opening for Carlos Santana on his Supernatural tour. People can't stop listening to Macy Gray. She's an addiction. As *New Times Los Angeles* says, "At a time when popular music is stuck in a rut of cookie-cut teen dreams, rap-metal wanks and one-hit hip-hop wonders, Gray has the chops to stand out like Ricky Martin at a World's Straightest Man Competition."

Even before Gray's debut album, *On How Life Is*, was released in the summer of 1999, there was buzz about the Next Big Music Star: Have you heard her voice yet? How do I download her album? Where can I see her live? Critics and DJs shared advance copies of her CD. The *Late Show With David Letterman* booked her for the show that aired the night the album was released. Concerts at the Bowery Bar in New York and the Viper Room in Los Angeles sold out. She was even recruited to play at the high-profile launch party for *Talk* magazine.

Gray's lyrics reveal a sassy chick who likes to party, loves sex and hates being blown off. She's erotic in *Caligula*: "Hush, the neighbors hear you moonin' and groanin', But I just can't help it, especially when we be bonin'." And naughty in *Sex-O-Matic Venus Freak*: "When we seek and hide, when my hands are tied, 69 positions, and whip cream all over my skin, lick you from bottom to roof, love to get

down with you." And vulnerable on her biggest hit to date, *I Try*: "I may appear to be free, but I'm just a prisoner of your love, I may seem all right and smile when you leave, but my smiles are just a front, I play it off but I'm dreaming of you, I'll keep my cool but I'm fiendin'." And as *Why Didn't You Call Me?* indicates, she doesn't play hard to get. "By the phone I wait, staring into space, thinking about our first kiss, out on our first date. Hey! Why didn't you call me? I thought I'd see you again." Her Everywoman attitude led to a modeling gig for Calvin Klein dirty denim jeans.

When Gray isn't touring or taking care of her three kids (ages five, four and two), you might find her in Los Angeles at the We Ours, a coffee shop turned late-night haunt. On weekends from one A.M. to five A.M., long before she had a record deal, Gray and her posse would play cards, chill and freestyle on the mike. "It got to be this creative spot where people would do poetry and sing," Gray says. "My band and I would play there every Saturday. That's when it started getting really crowded." When both Tricky and the Roots started showing up to hear her play, Gray knew she was on to something.

**PLAYBOY:** Your voice has been described as a weather-beaten rasp or a clone of Seventies Betty Davis. How would you describe it?

**GRAY:** I wouldn't know how to describe it, because it's just my thing. To me it sounds normal. I've heard it my whole life. It's cool. It's taken care of everything for me. It's a blessing.

**PLAYBOY:** During your concerts, you get the audience to chant, "Love, freedom, peace, good drugs." Is the drugs part to be taken literally?

**GRAY:** Yeah. I believe in oblivion. I think it's good for you to be in a state of oblivion every once in a while. As long as you do it in moderation.

**PLAYBOY:** Specifically?

**GRAY:** Different people get moved by different things. Some people are really turned on by alcohol. Everybody's different. It's about whatever gets you open.

**PLAYBOY:** What gets you open?

**GRAY:** A variety of things.

**PLAYBOY:** We read that when you were a teenager, you crashed your dad's car three times in one week. Were you punished?

**GRAY:** Yeah. It was real bad. [*Laughs*] It was never like, 'You can't watch TV for a week.' It was more like a good whoopin'. They liked to get it over with.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you want to be when you grew up?

**GRAY:** I always wanted to be a writer. I wanted to write novels or biographies.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever think about songwriting?

**GRAY:** That came later.

**PLAYBOY:** From the ages of 14 to 16, you went to boarding school. How did you feel about leaving

*Among all the synthetic pop divas and sanitized voices, Macy Gray stands out like a nail on a park bench. Evoking the old-school soul of Sly Stone, Gray's music makes a distinctly modern stand for the lovelorn. Small wonder she capped a big year with an appearance on Ally McBeal.*

public school?

GRAY: It was cool to me because it was different.

PLAYBOY: Was going away your idea?

GRAY: It was my mom's idea. It was in Hudson, Ohio, a short drive from Canton, where I grew up. My mother used to visit all the time.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to wear a uniform?

GRAY: No, but there was a dress code. The girls wore skirts or pants. If you wore pants, you also had to wear a blazer. The guys had to wear suits.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about that?

GRAY: It was weird. My parents are strict in some ways, but they're also very loose. They're "be what you want to be" parents. At boarding school, everything was so constricting. You have to conform to all these new codes. It was culture shock for me. I don't think I adapted well. I used to get into a lot of trouble.

PLAYBOY: For what?

GRAY: Sneaking out. Everybody would. You were never supposed to be in the boys' dorms, but hanging out with the dudes was the most fun thing to do. It was a big deal to get weed there. You're at that age where you're just discovering vices like weed and alcohol.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel relief or freedom when you went back to public school?

GRAY: I was glad to come home, but I didn't leave boarding school gracefully.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

GRAY: Well, they kind of suggested that I not go there anymore. It was big drama. A lot of the teachers there were creepy. One of the deans would hit on the girls who were in detention. So I told on him once, and it caused all this drama. Boarding school is not for everyone. Some kids go there and do really well, but a lot of kids who were there were really fucked up.

PLAYBOY: Going from public school to boarding school and back again must have been hard.

GRAY: Yeah. It was different. When I got back to public school, I had lost touch with a lot of my friends. I had to start over again. The high school years were traumatic. I didn't like either one of my schools. They were weird. I had fun, but I spent a lot of time adjusting. But I did all right. I was smart. I could always get by on my grades.

PLAYBOY: Are you still a wild child?

GRAY: No, I've grown up a lot. I've settled down a lot.

PLAYBOY: What made you settle down?

GRAY: Mostly boredom. After a while you get tired of coming in at seven in the morning and being hungover all day or not getting anywhere in life. There's some nobility to being fearless and having a good time, but after a while you wake up and it hasn't gotten you anywhere.

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a good time?

GRAY: Right now all I care about is relaxation, because I've been running around so much. I like lying around and *(continued on page 165)*

*"Talk is cheap—everything else is going to cost you."*

WHAT TO BUY WHEN YOU'RE SUDDENLY RICH BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS

# Rolling In It

As you know, money is a burden. Look how hard Bill Gates works to give it away. But we say: When you've got it, flaunt it. Start with what's on these pages.

McLaren Cars in Surrey, Englond completed its production run of 100 F1s (pictured left) in 1998, but there's o woiting list for used models. When one becomes available, the going price is about $1 million, plus $50,000 to $100,000 for foctory recondi-tioning. After all, you wouldn't want o car with a 627 hp engine ond o top speed of 240 mph running on anything less than 12 cylinders. If you've never ridden in o McLaren, you're in for o surprise. The driver sits deod center with pas-senger seats on either side. While you're in a spending mood, drop $680 for a leather-bound, limited-edition copy of *Driving Ambition*, "the official inside story of the McLaren."

Roger Dubuis' $245,000 Sympathie minute-repeater isn't o wristwatch you wont to leave at the gym. We borrowed the model pictured below from Swiss Fine Timing in Highland Park, Illinois. And we had two armed guards and a Doberman standing by. The timepiece chimes two gongs on the quor-ter-hour. Plus there's a perpetual calendar, dote display and moon-phase cycle on the ivory lacquer face. The bock of its 18-kt-gold casing is cleor crystol, which lets you view the tiny, interlocking gears that moke up its handmade work-ings. Buckle the Sympathie's gold clasp ond crocodile strop and you pock some mighty powerful brogging rights.

If you have bucks to burn and no time to waste, a personal helicopter is the only way to fly. And there's good news: The two-passenger R22 (pictured above) by Robinson Helicopter is the least expensive luxury item shown in this feature, priced at only $154,000, with operating costs of $75 per hour. With a cruising speed of 110 mph, in six minutes you can be someplace that would take an hour on a road. That translates to $7.50 in air expenses, which is less than what gas will cost while your Ferrari idles in traffic. Most chopper owners get a license in three to six months, as today's models are relatively easy to fly thanks to GPS and other innovations.

Omego Morine describes its 115' schooner, the *Starship Andromeda* (pictured right), as the first great sailing yacht of the 21st century, and for $13 million, who are we to argue? So what if the *Andromeda* has a remote-control roller-furling system for its sails and a flybridge with helm seats? You'll be riding an electronic elevator up and down either mast, relaxing in the hot tub for ten people or cutting loose on the outdoor dance floor while somebody else steers. With accommodations that include five double cabins and private baths, this isn't a yacht for solo sailing. Stainless steel and wood are everywhere, and the lounge walls (see inset) are covered in suede.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

# The Whipped Cream Shot

A friend of ours was golfing when he got a kinky surprise: Everywhere he looked, braless women wielding cans of whipped cream were offering a sexy alternative to hooks and slices. For $25 (going to charity) the women would lift their tops and squirt Reddi Wip on their breasts for the men to lick off. Our buddy's foursome became so distracted that foozles were abundant. But their high scores didn't matter—the longer they played, the more they could enjoy the whipped cream shots.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

*"You say you've fallen in love with a tattoo artist? I suppose I should have seen it coming. . . ."*

# Aimee Mann

## the indie rocker hits some high notes on record labels, hackneyed lyrics and Britney Spears

*Aimee Mann fears nothing. Not even a clichéd comparison to David and Goliath. The embattled singer, 39, has taken on corporate entertainment giants Seagram and Universal, labels Epic, Geffen and Interscope, and Svengali music executives Jimmy Iovine and Ted Fields. Despite her waifish appearance, Mann is a survivor in a landscape littered with show business casualties.*

*After dropping out of the Berklee School of Music in the early Eighties, Mann formed a seminal New Wave band, Til Tuesday, which became an MTV favorite. Voices Carry (written by Mann) made the Billboard Top Ten and the album sold more than a million copies. The band recorded three albums for Epic before leaving the label over creative differences—that is, Epic wanted more top 40 dance-pop. It took Mann three years to get out of her contract; in the meantime she was unable to record or release new material elsewhere. Finally, starting over, Mann went solo, recording the critically acclaimed Whatever, for the ill-fated Imago label. Her second solo album, I'm With Stupid, was eventually sold to Geffen Records, which released it to even more acclaim in 1996.*

*In 1999, eight of Mann's songs were featured in Paul Thomas Anderson's Magnolia, with one, Save Me, earning her an Academy Award nomination (she lost to Phil Collins) and a Golden Globe nomination. Mann's third solo album, Bachelor No. 2, went into limbo when Geffen became a casualty of the merger of Universal and Polygram. Mann and her manager, Michael Hausman, finally bought back the collection of songs and released it on her own label, SuperEgo Records, available through aimeemann.com.*

*Robert Crane caught up with the attractively lanky singer at the Coffee House in West Hollywood. Crane reports: "Mann is a fierce defender of artistic independence. Her husband of three years, singer-songwriter Michael Penn, has been through similar battles. They tour together, armed with a wicked sense of humor. Mann is dedicated and opinionated. She takes no prisoners. But she loves to laugh, and when she smiles, the whole room lights up."*

### 1

PLAYBOY: What's Thanksgiving like at the Penn household, and who is the alpha brother?

MANN: I think Michael is, but my guess is each one of them would dispute that. Usually we go to Michael's mother's house—or we have in the past. And there's always some brother arguing with another. That's sort of notable.

### 2

PLAYBOY: If you ran a record label, how would you tell an artist you didn't like his or her album?

MANN: That was never my problem with record labels. They liked my record or didn't like my record. My problem was when they didn't like my record, wouldn't put it out and then wouldn't let me leave the label—you're stuck on a label that doesn't want you. If somebody thinks there's no way they can sell a record, that's an intelligent thought based on practical matters. But nobody has those conversations with you. They just say, "We're not going to put it out." They don't say, "Here's why. Here's our difficulty." It's like, "Well, it's not commercial enough. We don't think we can sell 3 million records. It's not worth our time." So there you go. As an artist, I never found any room for a creative alternative plan. "Well, how about we market it in this way? How about if we go for a different audience on a smaller level, in this direction, by these means?" Nobody wanted to hear that. If I were running a label, I would sit everybody down and brainstorm and see if we could come up with a way to work it.

### 3

PLAYBOY: We suspect that your fans are also your husband's fans. Whose fans are more ardent?

MANN: It's kind of the same ballpark. I think that at this juncture I probably have more volume because of the *Magnolia* soundtrack, but other than that, I can't really say.

### 4

PLAYBOY: When one of you writes a really good song, is the other jealous, or supportive?

MANN: Totally supportive. Jealousy never enters into it. For instance, he plays something for me and I go, "What a great line. That's a great phrase. I love this melody." You just point out the stuff you really like.

### 5

PLAYBOY: Ever rip each other off?

MANN: No, but sometimes we tread on the same territory and don't really realize it. More often it happens in phrasing or using the same type of metaphor, but I think that's inevitable.

### 6

PLAYBOY: Do you have pens and pads of paper on your nightstands?

MANN: No. You really have to be in the habit of writing stuff down, and I'm out of the habit because I'm in the touring-and-supporting-the-record mode, which is kind of a bad environment for songwriting. He's much better at it than I am. He has a much larger storehouse of ideas. I have virtually nothing on the back burner. There's no bank of ideas or pages. There's just pretty much nothing. It would have to be from scratch at this point.

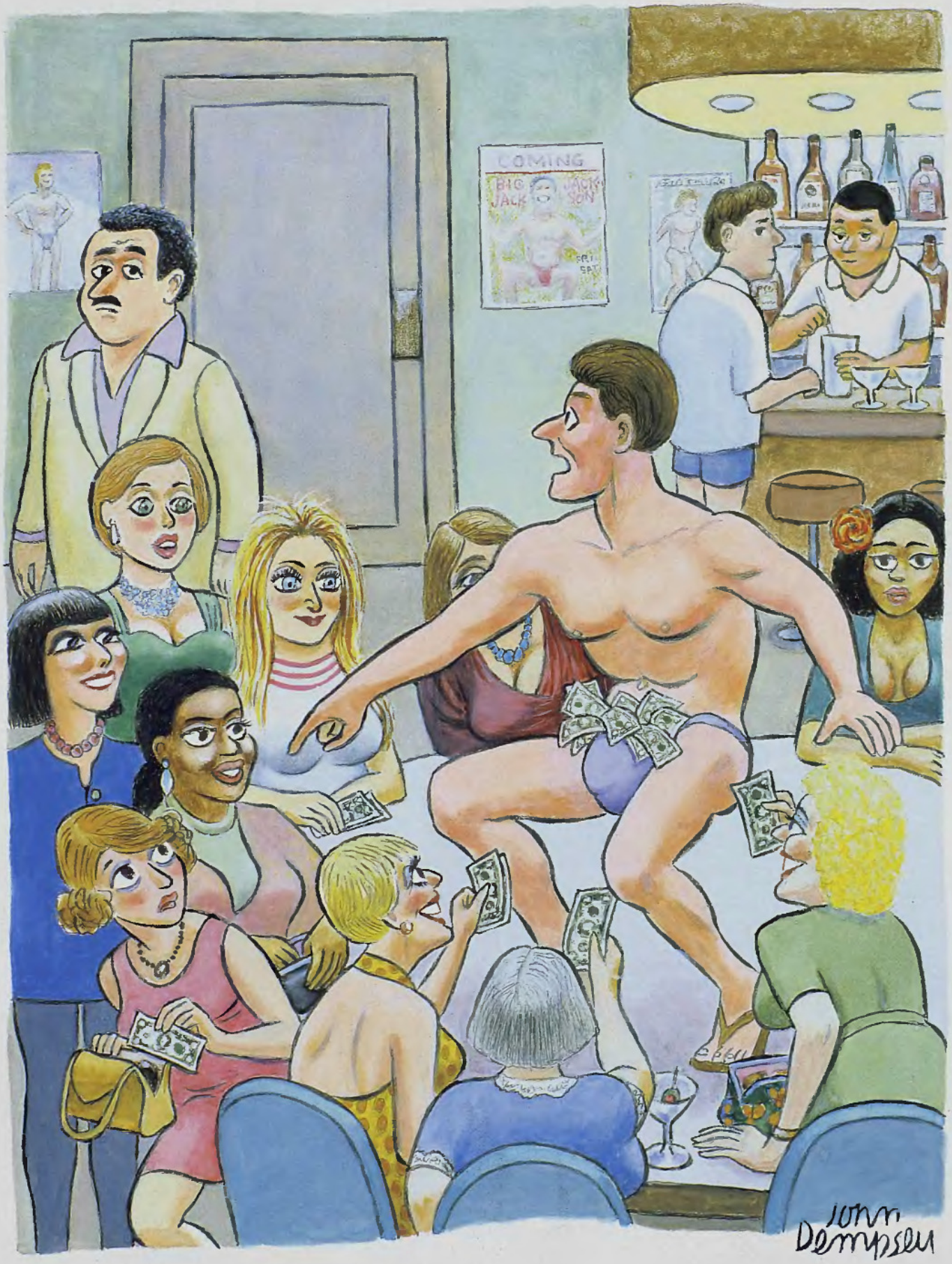
### 7

PLAYBOY: Lilith Fair—care to spill the beans on the offstage antics?

MANN: I did only four shows. It seems that everybody is disgustingly supportive and *(continued on page 174)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE RUIZ






*"There she is, Mr. Smith, the one who puts in a dollar and pulls out a twenty."*

# City Girls

## do real girls talk about sex the way they do on sex and the city?

## See for Yourself

### EPISODE 3: boys and toys

By AMY SOHN

*For our third sex talk we met at Il Cantinori on 10th Street. Just as we started, Chris Cuomo, Mario's son, sat down behind us. I gave him a once-over and he was so buff-Italian-hunk I had to dab my face with Pellegrino in order to chill. A few minutes later Stockard Channing (a.k.a. Rizzo from Grease—the original slutty bad girl) walked in. The girls and I squealed and did a quiet rendition of There Are Worse Things I Could Do. Then we got down to business. This chat focused on the rules of dating: men and their quirks, sex on the first date and the proverbial favorite—how big is too big?*

**Gloria:** Have you ever had the experience where you think, Usually I don't fuck on the first date, but this is going so well. He's not going to hold this against me. You feel like he respects you, so you make this one exception and he never calls you again?
**Flo:** Just went through it, baby. And it went right down the toilet.
**Gloria:** And you were willing to do it because you were so convinced it wasn't going to make him lose respect for you.
**Barbara:** That, or the other one, which is, I know it's not going anywhere, it seems like a hot moment. Why not take advantage of it?
**Flo:** I never take advantage of that.
**Gloria:** Why not?
**Flo:** Because you can do it with yourself [*moans of disbelief all around the table*].
**Flo:** What?
**Gloria:** Come on! There's a difference.
**Flo:** There is a difference. You're right. But I never just do it to do it.
**Pepper:** This new guy asked me to play with myself. I had to wonder what to do. When you're with a guy and he asks you to masturbate in front of him——
**Gloria:** I don't need him to ask.
**Flo:** I don't either. That's the only way I can get off.
**Gloria:** Are you saying you can't have an orgasm from fucking?
**Flo:** I have to touch my clit, or he has to touch my clit, or a vibrator has to touch it.
**Pepper:** There's a difference between him touching it and you touching it.
**Flo:** Actually, I can't have an orgasm if he's touching it. It's either me or a vibrator. It's the only way I'll have an orgasm.
**Pepper:** I always come when I'm on top.
**Flo:** Without any clitoral stimulation?
**Gloria:** What is it that you're doing on top?
**Pepper:** Knitting. What do you mean what am I doing?
**Gloria:** What angle is your body at?
**Pepper:** My hands are near his face——
**Barbara:** And you rub your pubic bone and clit on his pubic bone.
**Pepper:** It's so orgasmic. That's what you do.
**Barbara:** Intercourse makes me come almost every single time, no matter what.
**Flo:** [*Sadly*] Oh.
**Barbara:** I'm just a very orgasmic-from-intercourse girl. Which may be why I favor it over other things, like toys.
**Gloria:** I know this girl whose boyfriend once tied her hands and feet, blindfolded her, plugged her up with a vibrator and left her in the apartment for an hour. She was really into it.
**Pepper:** Where'd he go? What did he do for that hour? Go to Barnes and Noble? Pay his bills?
**Flo:** I was with a guy who was into bondage. It was a volatile relationship, edged by danger. I was scared of him a little bit. It was a really unhealthy relationship. He was very much into tying me up and leaving me there, or tying me in new positions, all sorts of apparatuses——
**Gloria:** Do you consider it a dark chapter in your life?
**Flo:** Yes, very much so.
**Pepper:** I've never had any sexual experience that involved apparatuses.
**Flo:** I have to say that any fetish besides a shit fetish gets me off. I know that it gets the man off, and to know that the man is going after what he wants to get pleasure, that gets me off.
**Barbara:** I find that to be troubling from a psychoanalytic perspective.
**Gloria:** You always wonder, Why is he into the garter? Did his mother——
**Barbara:** I have a girlfriend who had a long relationship with her boyfriend and they had a box of toys. Their whole sex life involved things they had bought at this sex shop on 14th Street.
**Gloria:** Do you think that stuff is healthy?
**Barbara:** Not when you're with someone for two years and every time you have sex you reach into a box of toys. I found it odd. And in fact she wasn't that attracted to him and they had a dysfunctional relationship. What about just holding each other? It seemed like the paraphernalia was covering up a lack.
**Gloria:** What if you can have great, toy-filled sex with a guy who happens to be totally annoying? How much can you endure in the interest of sustaining hot sex?
**Pepper:** If he's annoying, how can you have good sex?
**Gloria:** You've never been intensely attracted to someone who was also really annoying?
**Pepper:** I can more easily forgive *(continued on page 160)*

# BUZZ from BRAZIL

BLAME IT ON RIO. PLEASE

Some trends we endure, this one we love. Things Brazilian—especially the women—are the rage. It started with the new crop of models. New York's fashion week was electrified by Brazilian beauty when drop-dead gorgeous Gisele Bündchen (above left, above center and left) made her way down the Ralph Lauren runway, barely contained by her gold mesh bikini top. Leonardo DiCaprio certainly took notice; the two are seen in deep canoodle all over the place. Other Brazilian models are emerging, such as Fernanda Tavares, Caroline Ribeiro and Fabiane Nunes. Let us also welcome those arresting Argentinian beauties, such as Ines Rivero (top right and right). What's so special about South American women—except the obvious? Well, they are tall, with turbo bodies, but they don't conform to the usual glamazon template. They are sultry and devastatingly sexy. Just ask Mick Jagger—and his attorney. And now that these women have our attention, there is new interest in Brazilian food, music and design. Catch up, so you will have some conversational ammunition at the ready when you meet one of these goddesses.

Erikson

# Runaway bride

## darva conger is through making mistakes

I didn't want to marry a multimillionaire," says Darva Conger, shaking her head at the thought of it. "I didn't want to marry anybody. I was happily not married all my life, you know?"

Imagine her surprise, then, when Rick Rockwell—a standup comic and real estate baron—slipped a $35,000 wedding ring on her finger in front of 22 million viewers of Fox' *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?* The ensuing honeymoon cruise was no love boat. According to Conger it wasn't a sex boat, either: The marriage was never consummated. In the time it took to say "annulment," there began a slew of revelations about Rick that included the imposition of a restraining order filed by a former girlfriend.

The tabloids had a field day. Fox vowed to clean up its act and drop the sensational reality TV. Rick took his act back on the road, to the comedy clubs where he'd once tried to make a living. And Darva—well, Darva didn't have an act. She was an emergency room nurse. Only now, the tabloid press followed

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

In two hours of prime-time television, everything changed. Above is the Darva Conger the world met on Fox' *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?*: the shell-shocked instant wife to mystery millionaire Rick Rockwell. Below is Darva Conger in the decade before reality television made her an accidental celebrity: a United States Air Force veteran and emergency room nurse with no showbiz aspirations. Left to right, Darva at her graduation (magna cum laude, by the way) from Southern Illinois University; at work in ERs in a California hospital and a military base in Utah; and on the day of her promotion to sergeant in the Air Force. "I'm not an actress, and I'm not a singer. I'm a nurse," she says. "Every once in a while I have a reality check, and I think, What in the heck has happened here?"

"I've never even had bayfriends take pictures like this," Darva says with a laugh. "But it's amazing how camfartable I felt, maybe because everything was sa professianal and it wos a natural enviranment. I didn't want any bedraam innuenda. I'm nat a voluptuous bedraam bunny, I'm an autdoor persan."

her everywhere and made her job impossible. So she did some interviews, weighed her options, tried to figure out how to fashion a new life after her old one had been snatched away. "I had already leaped into one thing in my life, and look what happened," she says. "So I took my time before making what I hope is a wise choice for me." She shrugs. "Besides, isn't there a blueprint for this? One gets involved in a scandal of one sort or another, does the book of the week, the movie of the week and then poses nude."

Sitting in a Sunset Strip restaurant, dressed down in jeans, T-shirt and black leather jacket, Conger laughs; these days she'd rather find the lighter side of her situation than be as defensive and hurt as she once was. "I've tried to maintain a sense of humor throughout this," she says matter-of-factly. "At first I was touchy, because I felt violated. But as time goes by, I have to let that go and accept that I did do it, and I'm going to learn from it, and in the big picture it's a blip."

But for a while, it was a big blip for Darva, an avowed tomboy and outdoorswoman who grew up in southern California and joined the Air Force when she was 21. The military led her to a nursing career, which she was pursuing when an emergency room doctor she knew gave her name to one of the producers of a show designed to capitalize on the success of ABC's *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* "The producer called me at home and said I could go to Vegas for a week and they'd put me up at the Las Vegas Hilton. She said, 'There are

50 girls, it's going to be a lot of fun, there's an annulment clause,' all this stuff. So I said OK. I expected I'd be there for a week, take a little break and do something I'd never done before. Then I'd go home and go back to work."

And she never wondered, What if he chooses me? "I'm sure subconsciously it was there," she says. "But I just blew it off. I thought, It's not going to happen, and if for some reason it did, he'd have to be somebody with a sense of humor. We'd have it annulled right away, and maybe we'd be friends. Maybe we'd even date. But nobody would take it seriously. They couldn't. It was the silliest thing I'd ever heard of."

At rehearsals, she adds, the other girls didn't seem any more serious about the marriage than she was. And even during the show, when she kept making the cut as the group of 50 brides-to-be was narrowed down, the mystery millionaire—Rockwell was hidden behind a screen—was not foremost in her mind. "I was getting more and more nervous," she says. "But I was thinking, Gosh, I don't want to screw up on national TV—not, Gosh, I really want to impress Rick Rockwell. I wasn't focused on him at all. My focus was to not sound like an idiot and to do well on national TV. Unfortunately, that was perceived well by him. It's amazing what little tricks of denial the mind can play. If I had been thinking, I would have screwed up intentionally. But I just wasn't thinking."

So Darva was chosen. "For the first time in my life I was caught completely flat-footed. I did not know what to do. Consequently, I did nothing," she says. She thought about

*(text concluded on page 164)*

"I've always been fit," Darva says, "but I've been under so much stress that I've lost a lot of weight. So I've been going to the gym to keep my weight up. And one consequence of that is that I've gotten into the best shape of my life. At the age of 34, it gives me a nice little boost to see these photos."

# The Nerve of Erv!

the writer celebrates his cartoonist pal and his irrepressible subject

## By Ray Bradbury

How can cartoon calligraphies be so obviously sexual, yet so exuberantly soap-behind-the-ears clean? How can mankind, meaning mostly men, be exhibited in a pen-and-ink Kinkajoy Museum with his outdoor plumbing sparsely or fully rampant yet cause no censor's outcry nor feminist's slur?

In other words, how in blazes does Erv Kaplan get away with it? The answer, of course, is that he's just turned 12, is on the verge, and doesn't realize that what he's doing is a mental striptease—not on rest room walls but on front yard white picket fences, where Tom Sawyer wields his pubic brush and paints the obvious without unfrizzing an old maid aunt's marcel or curling a parson's lip.

Thus teaching the old doggerel new tricks.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Painting peenies by the peck.

Except that his minimal organs, yet to grow maximal, in naive display, inspire curiosity rather than critiques.

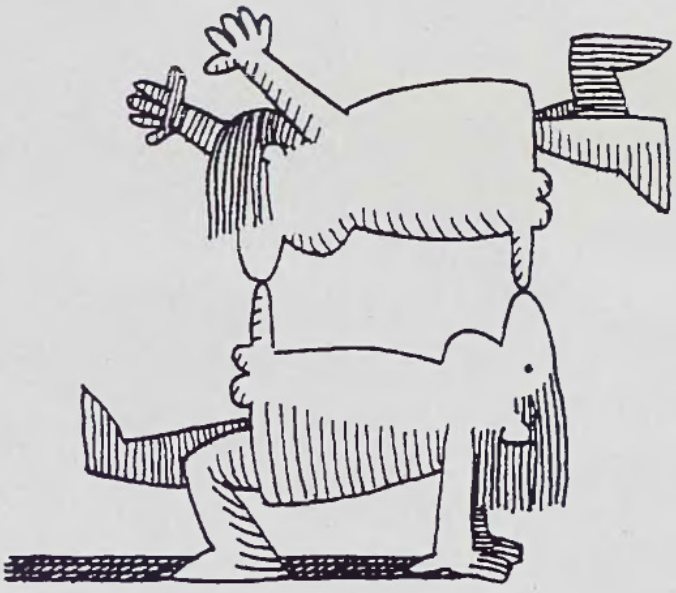
Most lads goldmining their outdoor plumbing as a lifetime preoccupation cause few alarms, but general hilarity. We have suffered through it as Huck Finns, waking one morn to find a beehive asimmer not far below our umbilicus.

Thus the age of fermentation begins. But before it gets out of hand, or permanently in hand, let us let Erv Kaplan on his burning deck hop from one foot to the other, trying to decide if he is the owner of a delight, a disaster, or both.

Most males, confused owners of that real estate in the south 40, give up and settle for both, changing their minds' ownership almost hourly.

Erv Kaplan gets it all, with a fancy, a concept or a wild summer notion, trapped in a line. He proves yet again that, as Stubb said in *Moby Dick*, a laugh is the best answer to everything.

And whether yours is a Stubb or a Moby, ready your risibles. The Hunt is on. Let the Chase begin.

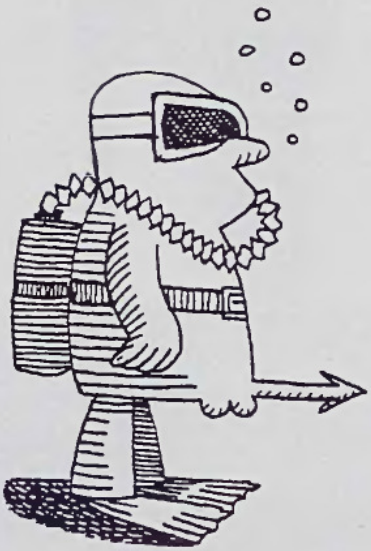


ACROBATS

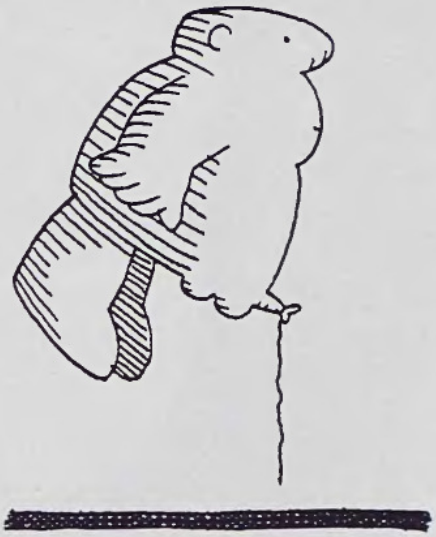
MAGICIAN

MUMMY

PIZZA MAN

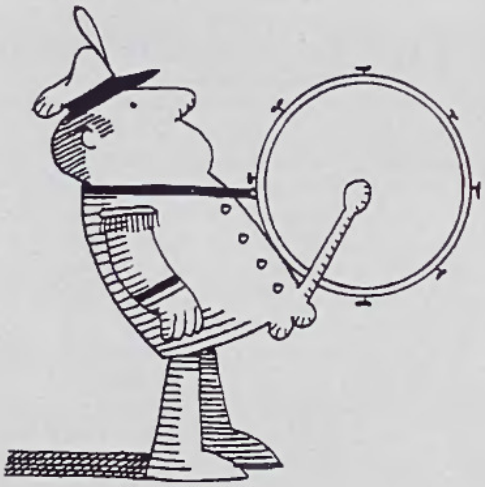


SCUBA DIVER



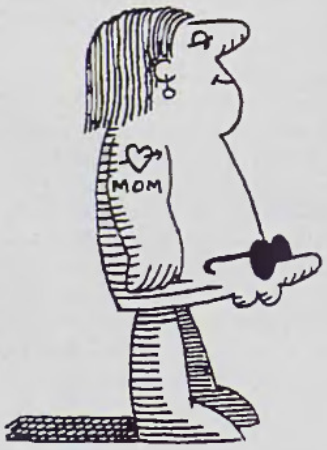
BALLOON MAN

INSPECTOR



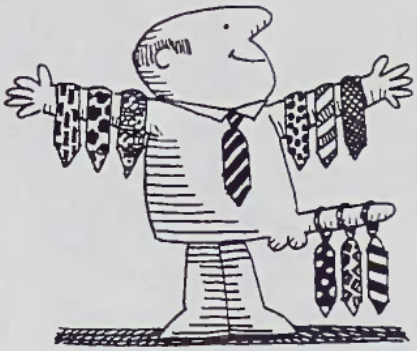
BASS DRUMMER

BOXER




PORN STAR

Eric Kaplan



TIE SALESMAN

when a woman has a two-word message for a man, her feet can say it best

# HEAVEN AND HEEL

If utility and comfort were what shoes were all about, we'd all be wearing shoes from Foot Locker. Shoes are about sex. Especially women's shoes. Do you think they would spend all that time shopping for them and spending that kind of money on them, if something very serious weren't at stake? Shoes are sometimes the last element to an outfit. They can say, "Don't let the suit fool you. These sling-back, fuck-me heels are the real, smoldering me." High heels make a woman fundamentally different. They curve the arch of her foot; they tighten her calf muscles. Her legs appear to be longer and her pelvis tilts, which arches her back and makes her rear end stick out. All these transformations, we believe, are good things. Shoes can make an otherwise obvious message suddenly ambivalent and flirty and fun. Shoes can be sexy in a number of ways. They can be subtle, allowing a peek of toe cleavage through the open front of a sandal. Or shoes can be blatant, like the ones on this page. These shoes have special messages—some naughty, some cruel and some improbably funny. The screaming-red dual-padlock bootie (top, left) might be a bitch to get off if you're in a hurry. Next to it is a black patent leather ballerina-toe boot that defies practicality. The relatively tame red-and-black stiletto at top right comes with a gag strap—a head harness that accepts the toe of the shoe in the strap-wearer's mouth. All three styles are from Dream Dresser (www.dreamdresser.com), an outfit that specializes in unique fashions and accessories. Above is the Spike-Dom black patent leather number with an array of spikes on the vamp and across the strap, and a chrome spike heel. In the center is the Bohemian Rhapsody, a superhigh platform in fuchsia Asian brocade. Both of these shoes are from Style Surfing Shoes by Claudia Carlson in Los Angeles (323-967-4599). Center left is an eight-inch spike-heeled black platform with an open toe and heel. At left is a tongue-in-cheek garter-belt design by Thea Cadabra-Rooke from the amusing and scholarly book *Shoes: A Lexicon of Style* by Valerie Steele (Rizzoli). Forget utility. If the shoe fetish fits, wear it.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

*"Look—you can't say we don't give them fair warning!"*

## ART & CRAFT

*(continued from page 106)*

Astonished, Dortmunder said, "*The New York Times*?"

"Sure, what else? 'Arts and Leisure,' page 14, check it out, and then we'll make a meet. How about tomorrow, four o'clock?"

"A meet. You got something on?"

"Believe it. You know Portobello?"

"What is that, a town?"

"Well, it's a mushroom, but it's also a terrific little cafe on Mercer Street. You ought to know it, John."

"OK," Dortmunder said.

"Four o'clock tomorrow."

Keeping one's distance from Three Finger Gillie was always a good idea, but on the other hand he had Dortmunder's phone number, so he probably had his address as well, and he was known to be a guy who held a grudge. Squeezed it, in fact. "See you there," Dortmunder promised, and went away to see if he knew anybody who might own a last Sunday's *New York Times*.

•

The dry cleaner on Third Avenue had a copy.

Life is very different for Martin Gillie these days. "A big improvement," he says in his gravelly voice, and laughs as he picks up his mocha cappuccino.

And indeed life is much improved for this longtime state prison inmate with a history of violence. For years, Gillie was considered beyond any hope of rehabilitation, but then the nearly impossible came to pass. "Other guys find religion in the joint," he explains, "but I found art."

It was a period of solitary confinement brought about by his assault on a fellow inmate that led Gillie to try his hand at drawing, first with stubs of pencils on magazine pages, then with crayons on typewriter paper, and, finally, when his work drew the appreciative attention of prison authorities, with oil on canvas.

These last artworks, allegorical treatments of imaginary cityscapes, led to Gillie's appearance in several group shows. They also led to his parole (his having been turned down three previous times), and now his first solo show, in Soho's Waspail Gallery.

Dortmunder read through to the end, disbelieving but forced to believe. *The New York Times*; the newspaper with a record, right? So it had to be true.

"Thanks," he told the dry cleaner, and walked away, shaking his head.

•

Among the nymphs and ferns of Portobello, Three Finger Gillie looked like the creature that gives fairy tales their tension. A burly man with thick black hair that curled low on his forehead and lapped over his ears and collar, he also featured a single, wide block of black eyebrow like a weight holding his eyes down. These eyes were pale blue and squinty and not warm, and they peered suspiciously out from both sides of a bumpy nose shaped like a baseball left out in the rain. The mouth, what there was of it, was thin and straight and without color. Dortmunder had never before seen this head above anything but prison denim, so it was a surprise to see it chunked down on top of a black cashmere turtleneck sweater and a maroon vinyl jacket with the zipper open. Dressed like this, Gillie mostly gave the impression he'd stolen his body from an off-duty cop.

Looking at him, seated there, with a fancy coffee cup in front of him—mocha cappuccino?—Dortmunder remembered that other surprise, from the newspaper, that Three Finger had another front name. Martin. Crossing the half-empty restaurant, weighing the alternatives, he came to the conclusion no. Not a Martin. This was still a Three Finger.

He didn't rise as Dortmunder approached, but patted his palm on the white marble table as if to say siddown. Dortmunder pulled out the delicate black wrought-iron chair, said, "You look the same, Three Finger," and sat.

"And yet," Three Finger said, "on the inside I'm all changed. You're the same as ever outside and in, aren't you?"

"Probably," Dortmunder agreed. "I read that thing in the paper."

"Ink," Three Finger reminded him, and smiled, showing the same old hard, gray, uneven teeth. "It's publicity, John," he said, "that runs the art world. It don't matter, you could be a genius, you could be Da Vinci, you don't know how to publicize yourself, forget it."

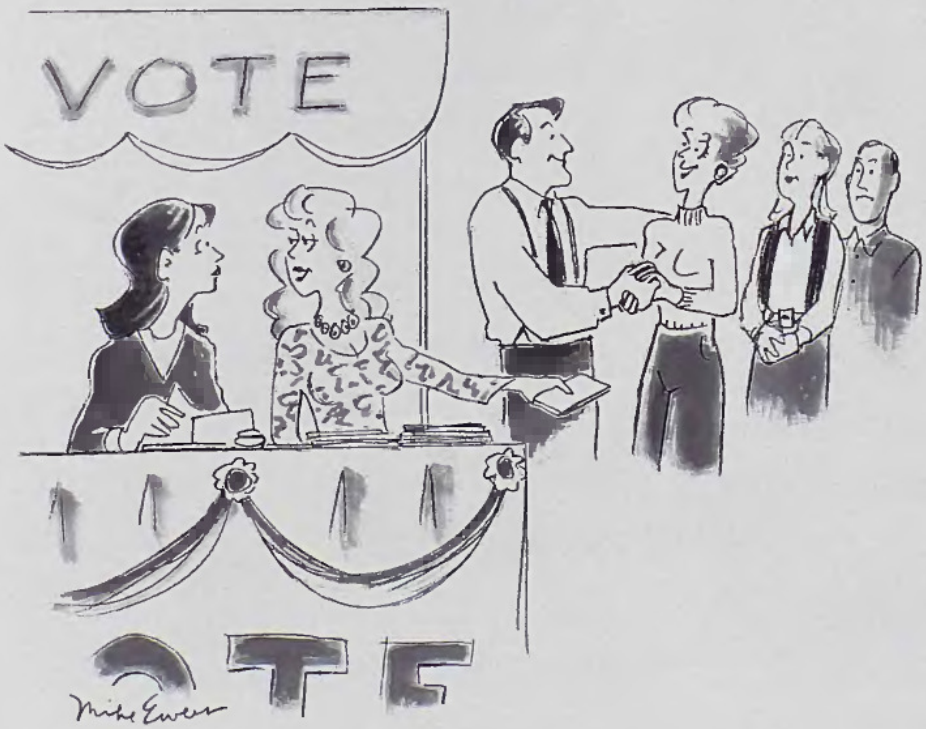
"I guess you must know, then," Dortmunder said.

"Well, not enough," Three Finger admitted. "The show's been open since last Thursday, a whole week. I'm only up three weeks, we got two red dots."

Dortmunder said, "Do that again," and here came the willowy waitress, wafting over with a menu that turned out to be eight pages of coffee. When Dortmunder found regular American, with cream and sugar—page five—she went away and Three Finger said, "Up, when I say I'm only up three weeks, I mean that's how long my show is, then they take my stuff down off the walls and put somebody else up. And when I say two red dots, the way they work it, when somebody buys a picture, they don't get to take it home right away, not till the show's over, so the gallery puts a red dot next to the name on the wall, everybody knows it's sold. In a week, I got two red dots."

"And that's not so good, huh?"

"I got 43 canvases up there, John," Three Finger said. "This racket is supposed to keep me out of jewelry stores




*"He's fiscally conservative, socially liberal and sexually insatiable."*

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after hours. I gotta have more than two red dots."

"Gee, I wish you well," Dortmunder said.

"Well, you can do better than that," Three Finger told him. "That's why I called you."

Here it comes, Dortmunder thought. He wants me to buy a painting. I never thought anybody I knew in the whole world would ever want me to buy a painting. How do I get out of this?

But what Three Finger said next was another surprise: "What you can do for me, you can rip me off."

"Ha-ha," Dortmunder said.

"No, listen to me, John," Three Finger said. Leaning close over the marble table, dangerously within arm's reach, lowering his voice and peering intensely out of those icy eyes, he said, "This world we're in, John, this is a world of irony."

Dortmunder had been lost since yesterday, when he'd read the piece in the newspaper, and nothing that was happening today was making him any more found. "Oh, yeah?" he said.

Three Finger lifted both hands above his head—Dortmunder flinched, but only a little—and made quotation signs. "Everything's in quotes," he said. "Everybody's taking a step back, looking the situation over, being cool."

"Uh-huh," Dortmunder said.

"Now, I got some ink," Three Finger went on. "I already got some, but it isn't enough. The ex-con is an artist, this has some ironic interest in it, but what we got here, we got a situation where everybody's got some ironic interest in them, everybody's got some edge, some attitude. I gotta call attention to myself. More ironic than thou, you see what I mean?"

"Sure," Dortmunder lied.

"So, what if the ex-con artist gets robbed?" Three Finger wanted to know. "The gallery gets burgled, you see what I mean?"

"Not entirely," Dortmunder admitted.

"A burglary doesn't get into the papers," Three Finger pointed out. "A burglary isn't news. A burglary is just another fact of life, like a fender bender."

"Sure."

"But if you give it that ironic edge," Three Finger said, low and passionate, "then it's the edge that gets in the paper, gets on TV. That's what gets me on the talk shows. Not the ex-con turned artist, that isn't enough. Not some penny-ante burglary, nobody cares. But the ex-con turned artist gets ripped off, his old life returns to bite him on the ass, what he used to be rises up and slaps him on the face. Now you've got your irony. Now I can get this sheepish kinda grin on my face, and I can say, 'Gee, Oprah, I guess in a funny way this is the dues I'm paying,' and I got *43* red dots on the wall, you see what I mean?"

"Maybe," Dortmunder allowed, but it was hard to think this way. Publicity was to him pretty much what fire was to the Scarecrow in Oz. There was no way that he could possibly look on public exposure as a good thing. But if that's where Three Finger was right now, reversing a lifetime of ingrained behavior, shifting from a skulk to a strut, fine.

However, that left one question, so Dortmunder asked it: "What's in it for me?"

Three Finger looked surprised. "The insurance money," he said.

"What, you get it and you split it with me?"

"No, no, art theft doesn't work like that." Three Finger reached into the inside pocket of his jacket—Dortmunder flinched, but barely—and brought out a business card. Sliding it across the marble table, he said, "This is the agent for the gallery's insurance company. The way it works, you go in, you grab as many as you want—leave the red dot ones alone, that's all I ask—then you call the agent, you dicker a fee to return the stuff. Somewhere between maybe 10 and 25 percent."

"And I just walk back in with these paintings," Dortmunder said, "and nobody arrests me."

"You don't walk back in," Three Finger told him. "Come on, John, you're a pro, that's why I called you. It's like a kidnapping, you do it the same way. You can figure that part out. The insurance company wants to pay you because they'd have to pay the gallery a whole lot more."

Dortmunder said, "And what's the split?"

"Nothing, John," Three Finger said. "The money's all yours. Don't worry, I'll make out. You hit that gallery in the next week, I get ink. Believe me, where I am now, ink is better than money."

"Then you're in some funny place," Dortmunder told him.

"It's a lot better than where I used to be, John," Three Finger said.

Dortmunder picked up the business

*"I'm dating a gay guy. No sex, but my hair looks fabulous."*

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card and looked at it, and the willowy waitress brought him coffee in a round mauve cup the size of Elmira, so he put the card in his pocket. When she went away, he said, "I'll think about it." Because what else would he do?

"You could go there today," Three Finger said. "Not with me, you know."

"Sure."

"You case the joint, if it looks good, you do it. The place closes at seven, you do it between eight and midnight, any night at all. I'm guaranteed to be with a crowd, so nobody thinks I ripped myself off for the publicity stunt."

Three Finger reached into his jacket again—Dortmunder did not flinch a bit—and brought out a postcard with a shiny picture on one side. Sliding it across the table, he said, "This is like my calling card these days. The gallery address is on the other side."

It was a reproduction of a painting, one of Three Finger's, had to be. Dortmunder picked it up by the edges because the picture covered the whole area, and looked at a nighttime street scene. A side street, with a bar and some brick tenements and parked cars. It wasn't dark, but the light was a little weird, streetlights and bar lights and lights in windows, all a little too green or a little too blue. No people showed anywhere along the street or in the windows, but you just had a feeling there were people there, barely out of sight, hiding maybe in a doorway, behind a car. It wasn't a neighborhood you'd want to stay in.

"Keep it," Three Finger said. "I got a stack of 'em."

Dortmunder pocketed the card, thinking he'd show it to his faithful companion this evening and she'd tell him what to think about it. "I'll give the place the double-O," he promised.

"I can't ask more," Three Finger assured him.

•

The neighborhood had been full of lofts and warehouses and light manufacturing. Then commerce left, went over to New Jersey or out to the island, and the artists moved in, for the large spaces at low rents. But the artists made it trendy, so the real estate people moved in, changed the name to Soho, which in London does not mean South of Houston Street, and the rents went through the roof. The artists had to move out, but they left their paintings behind, in the new galleries. Parts of Soho still look pretty much like before, but some of it has been touristed up so much it doesn't look like New York City at all. It looks like Charlotte Amalie, on a dimmer.

The Waspail Gallery was in a little cluster that had been touristed. In the first place, it came with its own parking lot. In New York?

A U of buildings, half a block's worth, had been taken over for a series of shops and cafes. The most beat-up of the original buildings had been knocked down to make access to the former backyards, which were blacktopped into a parking area, plus selling and eating space. The shops and cafes faced out onto the three streets surrounding the U, and they all also had entrances in back, from the parking lot.

The Waspail Gallery was midway down the left arm of the U. The original of the postcard in Dortmunder's pocket stood on an easel in the big front window, looking even more menacing at life size. Inside, a stainless-steel girl in black presided at a little cherrywood desk, while three browsers browsed in the background. The girl gave Dortmunder one appraising look, glanced outside to see if it was raining, decided there was no telling and went back to her *Interview*.

All the pictures were early evening or night scenes of city streets, never with any people, always with that sense of hidden menace. Some were bigger, some were smaller, all had weirdness in the lighting. Dortmunder found the two with red dots—*Scheme* and *Before the Rain*—and they were the same as all the others. How could you tell you wanted this one and not that one over there?

Dortmunder browsed among the browsers, but mostly he was browsing for security. He saw the alarm system over the front door, a make and model he'd amused himself with in the past, and he smiled it a hello. He saw the locks on the doors at front and back, he saw the solid sheet metal–articulated gate that would ratchet down over the front window at night to protect the glass and to keep passersby from seeing any burglar who might happen to be inside, and eventually he saw the thick iron mesh on the small window in the unisex bathroom.

What he didn't see was the surveillance camera. A joint with this alarm and those locks and that gate would usually have a surveillance camera, either to videotape with a motion sensor or to take still pictures every minute or so. So where was it?

There. Tucked away inside an apparent heating system grid high on the right wall. Dortmunder caught a glimpse of light reflecting off the lens, and it wasn't until the next time he browsed by that he could figure out which way it pointed—diagonally toward the front entrance. So a person coming in from the back could avoid it without a problem.

He went out the back way, past the tourists snacking at tables on the asphalt, and home.

•

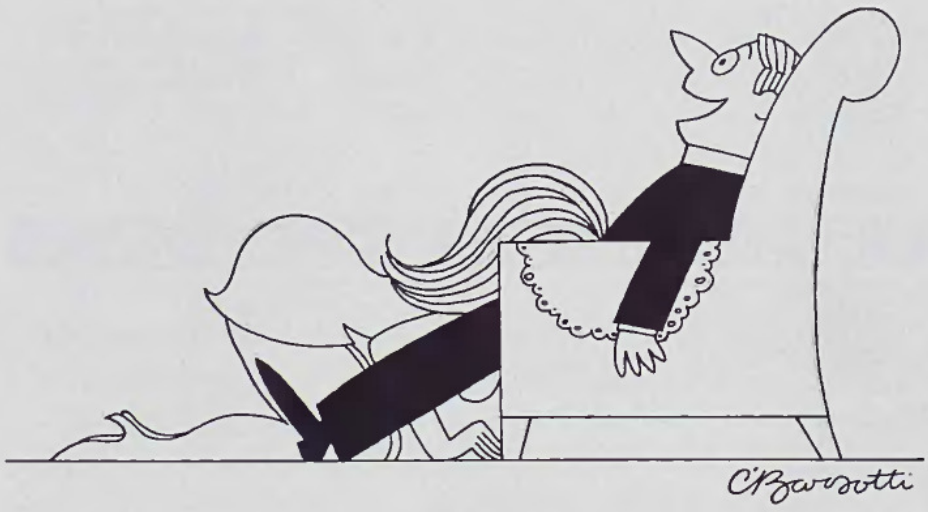
He didn't like it. He wasn't sure what it was, but something was wrong. He would have gone in and lifted a few pictures that first night, if he'd felt comfortable about it, but he didn't. Something was wrong.

Was it just that this was connected with Three Finger Gillie, from whom nothing good had ever flowed? Or was there something else that he just couldn't put his finger on?

It wasn't the money. Gillie didn't plan to rip off Dortmunder later on, or he'd have agreed to share the pie from the get-go. It was the publicity he wanted. And Dortmunder didn't believe Gillie meant to double-cross him, turn him in to get himself some extra publicity, because it would be too easy to show they used to know each other in the old days, and Gillie's being the inside man in the boost would be obvious.

No, it wasn't Gillie himself, at least not directly. It was something else that didn't feel right, something having to do with that gallery.

Of course, he could just forget the whole thing, take a walk. He didn't owe Three Finger Gillie any favors. But if




*"There is a God!"*

there was something wrong, was it a smart idea to walk away without at least finding out what was what?

The third day, Dortmunder decided to go back to the gallery one more time, see if he could figure out what was bugging him.

•

This time, he thought he'd walk in the parking entrance and go into the gallery from that side, to see what it felt like. The first thing he saw, at an outdoor cafe across the half-empty lot from the gallery, was Jim O'Hara, drinking a Diet Pepsi. At least, the cup was a Diet Pepsi cup.

Jim O'Hara. A coincidence?

O'Hara was a guy Dortmunder had worked with here and there, around and about, from time to time. They'd done some things together. However, they didn't travel in the same circles on a regular basis, so how did it happen that Jim O'Hara was here, and not looking at the rear entrance to the Waspail Gallery?

Dortmunder walked down the left side of the parking area, past the gallery (without looking at it), and when he was sure he'd caught O'Hara's attention, he stopped, nodded as though he'd just decided on something, turned around and walked back out to the street.

The remaining parts of the original Soho neighborhood included some bars. Dortmunder found one after a three-block walk, purchased a draft beer, took it to a booth and had sipped twice before O'Hara joined him, having traded his Diet Pepsi for a draft of his own. For greeting, he said, "He talked to you, too, huh?"

"Three days ago," Dortmunder said. "When'd he talk to you?"

"Forty minutes ago. He'll talk until somebody does it, I guess. How come you didn't?"

"Smelled wrong," Dortmunder said.

O'Hara nodded. "Me, too. That's why I was sitting there, trying to figure it out."

Dortmunder said, "Who knows how many people he's telling the story to."

"So we walk away from it."

"No, we can't," Dortmunder told him. "That's what I finally realized when I saw you sitting over there."

O'Hara drank beer, and frowned. "Why can't we just forget it?"

"The whole thing hangs together," Dortmunder said. "What got to me, in that gallery there, and now I know it, and it's the answer to what's wrong with this picture, is the security camera."

"What security camera?" O'Hara asked, and then said, "You're right, there should have been one, and there wasn't."

"Well, there was," Dortmunder told him. "Tucked away in a vent thing on the wall. But the thing about a security camera, it's always right out there, mounted under the ceiling, out where you can see it. That's part of the security, that you're supposed to know it's there."

"Why, that son of a bitch," O'Hara said.

•

"Oops, wait a minute, I know that fella," O'Hara said the next night, back in the gallery-facing parking lot. "Be right back."

"I'll be here," Dortmunder said as O'Hara rose to intercept an almost invisible guy approaching the gallery across the way, a skinny slinking guy in dark gray jacket, dark gray pants, black sneakers and black baseball cap worn frontward.

Dortmunder watched the two not quite meet and then leave the parking area not quite together, and then for a while he watched tourists yawn at the tables around him until O'Hara and the other guy walked back together. They came to the table and O'Hara said, "Pete, John. John, Pete."

"Harya."

"That Three Finger's something, isn't he?" Pete said, and sat with them. Then he smiled up at the actor turned waiter who materialized beside him like a genie out of the bottle. "Nothing for me, thanks, pal," Pete said. "I'm up to here in Chicken McNuggets."

The actor shrugged and vanished, while Dortmunder decided not to ask for a definition of Chicken McNuggets. Instead, he said, "It was today he talked to you?"

"Yeah, and I was gonna do it, that's how bright I am," Pete said. "Like the fella says, I get along with a little help from my friends, without whom I'd be asking for my old cell back."

O'Hara said, "Happy to oblige." To Dortmunder he said, "Pete agrees with us."

Pete said, "And it's tonight, am I right?"

"Before he recruits an entire platoon," Dortmunder said.

O'Hara said, "Or before somebody actually does it."

For a second, it looked as though Pete might offer to shake hands all around. But he quelled that impulse, grinned at them instead and said, "Like the fella says, all for one and one for all and a sharp stick in the eye for Three Finger."

"Hear, hear," O'Hara said.

•

Three-fifteen in the morning. While O'Hara and Dortmunder waited in the car they'd borrowed out in Queens earlier this evening, Pete slithered along the storefronts toward the parking area entrance at the far end of the block. Halfway there, he disappeared into the shifting shadows of the night.

"He moves nice," Dortmunder said in approval.

"Uh-huh," O'Hara said. "Pete's never paid to see a movie in his life."

They waited about five minutes, and then Pete appeared again, having to come almost all the way back to the car before he could catch their attention. In that time, a couple of cruising cabs had gone by on the wider cross-streets ahead and behind, but nothing at all had moved on this block.

"Here's Pete now," O'Hara said, and they got out of the car and followed him back down to the parking area's gates, which were kept locked at night, except

*"It has great clarity . . . or did I already drink it?"*

for now. Along the way, speaking in a gray murmur, O'Hara asked, "Any trouble?"

"Easy," Pete murmured back. "Not as easy as if I could bust things up, but easy."

Pete had not, in fact, busted anything up. The gates looked as solidly locked as ever, completely untampered with, but when Pete gave a small push they swung right out of the way. The trio stepped through, Pete closed the gates again and here they were.

Dortmunder looked around, and at night, with nobody here, this parking area surrounded by shut shops looked just like Three Finger's paintings. Even the security lights in the stores were a little strange, a little too white or a little too pink. It was spooky.

They'd agreed that Dortmunder, as the one who'd caught on to the scam, had his choice of jobs here tonight, and he'd picked the art gallery. It would be more work than the other stuff, more delicate, but it would also be more personal and therefore more satisfying. So the three split up, and Dortmunder approached the gallery, first putting on a pair of thin rubber gloves, then taking a roll of keys from his pocket. The other two, meantime, who were also now gloved, were taking pry bars and chisels from their pockets as they neared a pair of other shops.

Dortmunder worked slowly and painstakingly. He wasn't worried about the locks or the alarm system; they were nothing to get into a sweat over. But the point here was to do the job without leaving any traces, the way Pete had done the gate.

The other two didn't have such problems. Breaking into stores, the only thing they had to be careful about was making too much noise, since there were apartments on the upper floors here, among the chiropractors and psychic readers. But within that limitation, they made no attempt at all to be neat or discreet. Every shop door was mangled. Inside the shops, they peeled the faces off safes, they gouged open cash register tills and they left interior doors sagging from their hinges.

Every shop in the compound was hit, the costume jewelry store and the souvenir shop and the movie memorabilia place and both antique shops and the fine-leather store and both cafes and the other art gallery. They didn't get a lot from any one of these places, but they got something from each.

Dortmunder meanwhile had gained access to the Waspail Gallery. Taking the stainless-steel girl's chair from the cherrywood table, he carried it over to the grid in the wall concealing the security camera, climbed up on the chair and carefully unscrewed the grid, being sure not to leave any scratches. The grid was hinged at the bottom; he lowered it to the wall, looked inside, and the camera looked back at him. A motion sensor machine, it had sensed motion and was now humming quietly to itself as it took Dortmunder's picture.

That's OK, Dortmunder thought, enjoy yourself. While you can.

The space was a small oblong box built into the wall, larger than a shoebox but smaller than a liquor store carton. An electric outlet was built into its right side, with the camera plugged into it. Dortmunder reached past the lens, pulled the plug and the camera stopped humming. Then he figured out how to move this widget forward on the right side of the mounting—*tick*—and the camera lifted right off.

He brought the camera down and placed it on the floor, then climbed back up on the chair to put the grid in its original place. Certain he'd left no marks on it, he climbed down, put the chair where it belonged and wiped its seat with his sleeve.

Next, the tapes. There would be tapes from this camera, probably two a day. Where would they be?

The cherrywood table's drawer was locked, and that took a while, leaving no marks, and then the tapes weren't there. A closet was also locked and also took a little while, and turned out to be full of brooms and toilet paper and a bunch of things like that. A storeroom was locked, which by now Dortmunder found irritating, and inside it were some folding chairs and a folding table and general party supplies and a ladder, and stuff like that, and a tall metal locker, and that was locked.

All right, all right, it's all good practice. And inside the metal locker were 12 tapes. At last. Dortmunder brought out from one of his many jacket pockets a plastic bag from the supermarket, into which went the tapes. Then he locked his way back out of the locker and the storeroom, and added the camera to the plastic bag. Then he locked his way out of the gallery, and there were O'Hara and Pete, in a pool of shadow, carrying their own full plastic bags, waiting for him.

"Took you a while," O'Hara said.

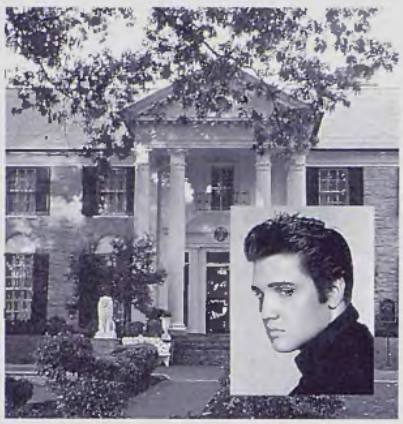
Dortmunder didn't like to be criticized. "I had to find the tapes," he said.

"As the fella says, time well spent," Pete assured him.

•

Dortmunder's faithful companion, May, came home from her cashier's job at the supermarket the next evening to

*"The girls all called in sick."*



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say, "That fellow you told me about, that Martin Gillie, he's in the newspaper." By which, of course, she meant the *Daily News*.

"That's called ink," Dortmunder informed her.

"I don't think so," she said, and handed him the paper. "This time, I think it's called felony arrest."

Dortmunder smiled at the glowering face of Three Finger Gillie on page five of the *News*. He didn't have to read the story, he knew what it had to say.

May watched him. "John? Did you have something to do with that?"

"A little," he said. "See, May, when he told me that all he wanted was publicity, it was the truth. It was a stretch for Three Finger to tell the truth, but he pulled it off. But his idea was, every day he talks another ex-con into walking through that gallery, looking it over for maybe a burglary. He's going to do that every day until one of those guys actually robs the place. Then he's going to show what a reformed character he is by volunteering to look at the surveillance tapes. 'Oh, there's a guy I used to know!' he'll say, feigning surprise. 'And there's another one. They must of all been in it together.' Then the cops roust us all, and one of us actually does have the stolen paintings, so we're all accomplices, so we all go upstate forever, and there's steady publicity for Three Finger, all through the trials and the appeals, and he's this poster boy for rehabilitation, and he's got ink, he's on television day and night, he's famous, he's successful, and we probably deserved to go upstate anyway."

"What a rat," May said.

"You know it," Dortmunder agreed. "So we couldn't just walk away, because we're on those tapes, and we don't know when somebody else is gonna pull the job. So if we have to go in, get the tapes, we might as well make some profit out of it. And give a little zing to Three Finger while we're at it."

"They decided it was him pretty fast," she said.

"His place was the only one not hit," Dortmunder pointed out to May. "So it looks like the rehabilitation didn't take after all, that he just couldn't resist temptation."

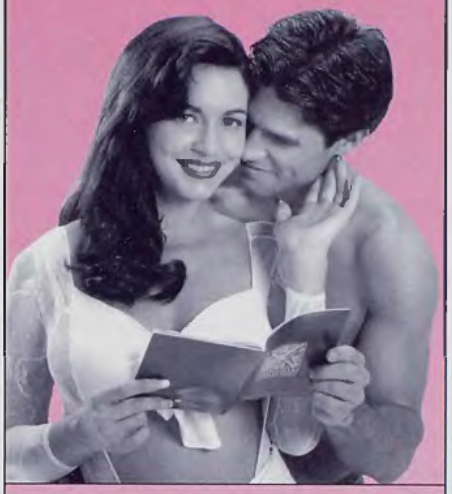
"I suppose," she said.

"Also," he said, "you remember that little postcard with his painting that I showed you but I wouldn't let you touch?"

"Sure. So?"

"Myself," Dortmunder said, "I only held it by the edges, just in case. The last thing we did last night, I dropped that postcard on the floor in front of the cash register in the leather store. With his fingerprints all over it. His calling card, he said it was."


# Sensual Products



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# City Girls *(continued from page 135)*

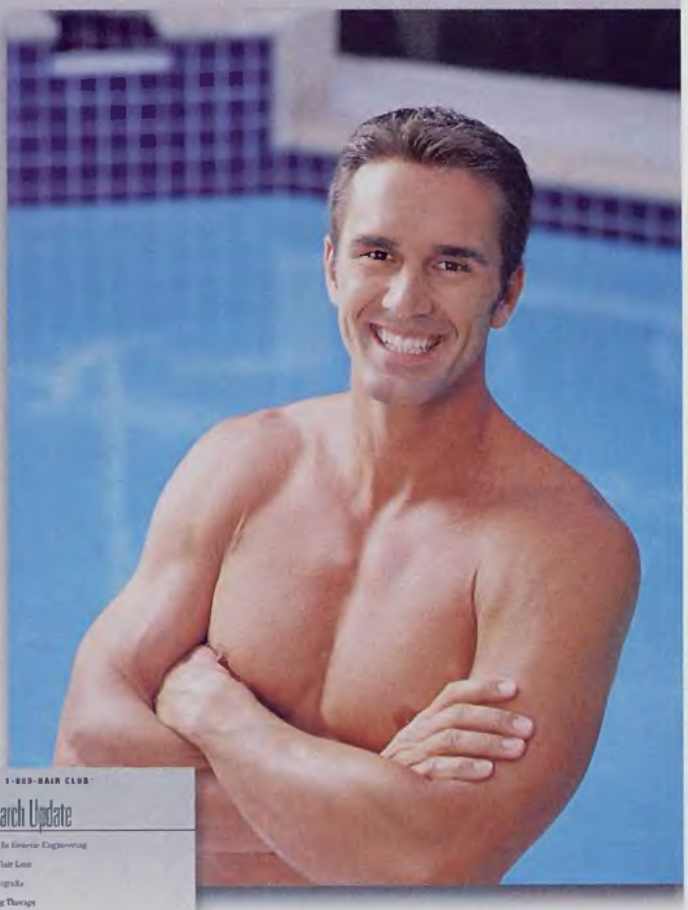
*What do I look for in a guy? I love the weird. Weird is good. But you can't marry a weird one.*

someone I hate than someone who annoys me. I can have sex with someone who's gotten under my skin——
**Gloria:** Really?
**Pepper:** But I can't have sex with someone who has an annoying habit, like guys who say, "We're not in Kansas anymore" in any situation for any reason. Or "I'm just calling to say howdy."
**Flo:** I say howdy.
**Pepper:** Right, but you're a Southerner. It's OK. And you're not a guy. And I forgive you. I'm judgmental. I can be attracted to an asshole, but——
**Gloria:** You can't be attracted to someone who says howdy. Your woody goes down.
**Barbara:** Depends on how lonely I am.
**Flo:** What's interesting is, how much are you willing to withstand to keep a relationship going? I dated this European guy who was perfect—in the sense that he was 38, he had his own company that he was about to take public and he had a Jeep Cherokee.

Every weekend we would go out to the Hamptons and look at property for him to build a house on, but on the way, in the car, we had nothing to talk about. I overlooked it and continued dating him. It really bothered me that we didn't communicate well, but I always hoped he would learn to, because his other attributes—financial, and physical and sexual—were so strong. I also overlooked that foul, foul piece of skin hanging off his penis, even though it was difficult for me.
**Barbara:** OK, this is the point at which I'm out.
**Gloria:** Why?
**Barbara:** No conversation *and* the skin on the dick?
**Gloria:** [*To Flo*] Are you saying you never had anything to talk about with this guy? Or only once in a while?
**Flo:** Once in a while.
**Barbara:** Just when you're in the car.
**Gloria:** Everybody has times like that. Those are the times you just shut up and have sex.
**Barbara:** Not if you're in the car.
**Gloria:** [*To Flo*] Were you looking for marriage?
**Flo:** Who isn't? I mean, I'm 34.
**Gloria:** If I were more marriage-oriented it would make me less forgiving of momentary silence and uncircumcised dicks, not more.
**Flo:** I'm just the opposite. I'm more forgiving—not compromising, but I'm trying not to be so nitpicky.
**Gloria:** What do you guys think about extreme nickname use? I was once with this guy who called me a certain nickname all the time, even during sex, and it really started to bother me. One night I said, "I want you to call me by my real name more often."
**Flo:** What did he say?
**Pepper:** Did he know your name? Maybe he forgot it.
**Gloria:** He took it in, and he did try to change, but from that time on he would say my name in a semimocking way, like, "I'm only doing this to make you happy."
**Pepper:** I once had an ex-boyfriend call me by a term of endearment. It was the most horrible thing that I've ever been called.
**Flo:** What was it?
**Pepper:** He called me Chunky Monkey. I was like, "OK, that's going to stop. Right now."
**Flo:** He called you Chunky Monkey? What an asshole.
**Pepper:** You know, like the Ben and Jerry's ice cream.
**Flo:** That is so rude!
**Gloria:** [*To Flo*] Can we get an update on Mr. Shaved?
**Flo:** I've forgotten who it was.
**Barbara:** The guy who shaved his balls and you had an airstrip?
**Flo:** It was not meant to be. And the airstrip is gone and I'm back to the Dorito now.
**Pepper:** It's so funny because we go for such different men.
**Flo:** [*To Barbara*] I think you and I probably go for the same kind of men. [*Barbara shakes her head no.*] You don't think that's true?
**Barbara:** I've never gone out with the kind of guy I imagine you're going out with. Mine are always kind of weird. Not successful, no breeding.
**Flo:** I love the weird. Weird is good. But you can't marry a weird one.
**Gloria:** What do you look for in a guy, though?
**Flo:** I love a man who has a lot of feminine characteristics.
**Gloria:** Like what?
**Pepper:** He listens? He asks questions?
**Flo:** He bends over and takes it like a man! [*Silence*] I'm teasing!
**Gloria:** I'm not into that feminine thing. I go out with macho men.
**Flo:** I love a man who's dabbled with or kissed other men.

*"They're at a pro-life rally. I'm the babysitter."*

# Who Says Clothes Make The Man?



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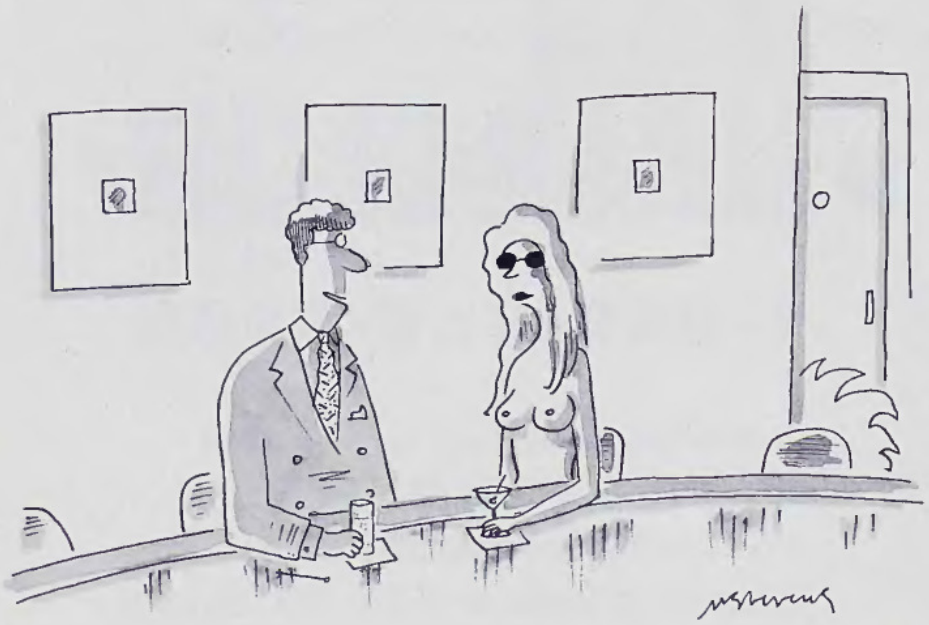
**Barbara:** I do too, actually.
**Gloria:** Really? No! [*Lifts turtleneck up over her face*]
**Flo:** Look at Gloria! The turtleneck goes right up!
**Pepper:** That's a turnoff.
**Flo:** That's hot.
**Gloria:** You would go out with a guy who's taken a dick up the ass?
**Pepper:** I couldn't even have a conversation, I'd be out the door so fast.
**Barbara:** I have a line that I draw. I like it if they've fooled around or hooked up, but if they've actually taken it——
**Flo:** Me, too.
**Pepper:** You guys are insane! The thought of a man kissing another man is a turnoff! I'm insecure to begin with. So if I think I'm competing against other women and men, I can't handle it.
**Flo:** I'm going to have to educate you. You know what I do? When we're having sex I ask him about it, try to get him to talk about it, and I try to encourage him to tell me about it because it really, really turns me on.
**Barbara:** My boyfriend has this friend who I just met who is also really cute. The friend used to have a crush on my boyfriend and tried to get him to fool around with him——
**Gloria:** The friend is gay?
**Barbara:** The friend's totally straight.
**Pepper:** If they're fooling around with men, they're not straight.
**Flo:** You're homophobic.
**Pepper:** I'm not.
**Gloria:** You are.
**Barbara:** So it never happened, but the thought of the two of them fooling around has been fantasy fodder for me ever since he told me the story. I found the whole thing totally adorable and now I fantasize about having a foursome with the guy and his girlfriend.
**Flo:** Have you ever fooled around with a girl?
**Pepper:** Never.
**Gloria:** Never? I have.
**Barbara:** Me, too.
**Flo:** I haven't.
**Gloria:** [*Holding thumb to nose and wiggling fingers at Flo and Pepper*] Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah! We're bi-curious!
**Pepper:** I wouldn't be against that, but I haven't tried it.
**Gloria:** If I had a boyfriend who was too femmy, I wouldn't want to be seen with him.
**Barbara:** When I'm with a guy I think about how happy we look, not what he looks like. I think in some weird narcissistic way that we look sort of enviable: "Look how into me he is, look how happy we are, look how those people see how much he loves me." If I'm one of those other people and I see a couple like that, I feel jealous. It has nothing to do with the way he looks, unless he's really short.
**Flo:** Short turns me off, too.
**Barbara:** I need to feel smaller.
**Pepper:** I need someone's arm around me. I don't like to weigh more than him.
**Gloria:** Considering that each of my breasts weighs 15 pounds, I have a lot of trouble.
**Flo:** I kind of want to overpower the man. That's something I'm working on in therapy, by the way. It's a control thing.
**Gloria:** [*To Pepper*] Are you in therapy? [*Pepper nods.*]
**Gloria:** [*To Barbara*] Are you? [*Barbara nods, too.*]
**Gloria:** We're all in therapy.
**Barbara:** [*Sarcastically*] Four New York women all in therapy? My God.



*"Is there a Sir Godiva?"*

**Pepper:** My therapist is on maternity leave!
**Barbara:** What? She's not allowed to have her own life!
**Pepper:** I'm going insane. I was like, "Are you kidding me? You're having a child? What about me? What am I going to do? I need you." I asked if I could come to the hospital.
**Flo:** Have you seen the movie with Bill Murray?
**Pepper:** *What About Bob?* Yeah, I know, I'm Bob.
**Gloria:** When I'm at my shrink's, I talk about guys 90 percent of the time. I wonder what guys talk about with their shrinks——
**Flo:** Penis size. They're obsessed.
**Barbara:** Size matters so much more to them than it does to us. Like with breasts. We worry about our breast size way more than they care.
**Gloria:** I'll bet more than 90 percent of men have measured their penises.
**Flo:** I don't like a short staff, like a Coke can. Just regular. I don't like 'em too big and I don't like 'em too long.
**Barbara:** I only think about it if it's really little or really huge.
**Pepper:** I had someone once who was like a kielbasa.
**Flo:** What's a kielbasa?
**Pepper:** A sausage.
**Barbara:** You haven't seen those things? They're huge.
**Pepper:** It was so horrible. He got undressed and I just about passed out. I don't need that. It's too much for me. You know how if you get food poisoning from mayonnaise, you can never eat mayonnaise again? That's how I feel about huge dicks. I had that painful experience, and now it's like every time I see a huge——
**Gloria:** It's Pavlovian. I don't look at penises all that often, though.
**Barbara:** I love looking at them. I think they're totally adorable.
**Pepper:** I'm looking for——
**Barbara:** Germs.
**Pepper:** Exactly. I'm looking for sores.
**Flo:** My favorite thing is grabbing it by the base, when it's hard, not soft, and going, "Oh my God. Look how big this is and look how it curves to the left. It's fabulous! This thing is God!" And I love to touch the balls.
**Barbara:** Move 'em both around, try to switch 'em?
**Gloria:** What was that toy in the Seventies—Kerbangers?
**Barbara:** I squeeze the head and make the little hole talk.
**Flo:** I do that, too. [*Pretending to squeeze a penis with her hand, putting on a high-pitched voice*] "Hello, my name is Bob and I am a penis."
**Barbara:** But for some reason they always speak Spanish.
**Gloria:** "*Yo quiero* Taco Bell."

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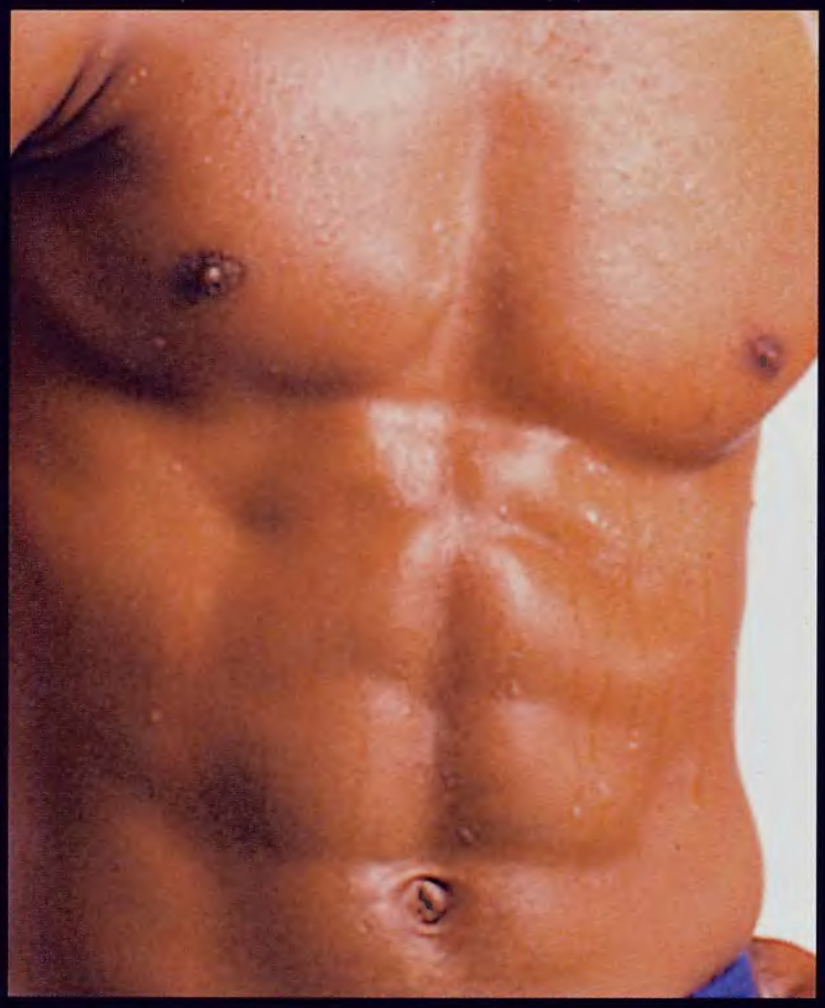

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## Darva *(continued from page 144)*

*"We never would have met—and if we had, we wouldn't have gotten along," she says.*

calling off the wedding; after all, nobody was holding a gun to her head. But she felt a strange sense of responsibility: Millions of dollars had been spent on the show, the audience was waiting, she'd agreed to be on the show knowing it could come to this. "Obviously," she concedes, "I got a little carried away. I think everybody in the world would have been just fine if I had said no. And I certainly wish that I had. But I didn't. And that's something I had to deal with."

She dealt with it immediately, when she realized she and Rockwell had nothing in common. "We never would have met—and if we had, we wouldn't have gotten along," she says. "So why pretend?" After their awkward, platonic honeymoon cruise, she left him at the dock, went home and filed for an annulment—and the press descended upon both her and Rockwell. "It would have bummed me out to have a sex scandal," she jokes. "Mine was a no-sex scandal, thank goodness." The restraining order filed against Rockwell made the no-sex scandal juicier; no such dirt turned up on Darva, but that didn't prevent reporters from camping in front of her house, hiding in trees with telephoto lenses and offering to pay her big money for interviews.

At first, Darva simply wanted her privacy back. "I just wanted them all to go away," she says. "But they stalk you, they hound you, they threaten you, they say, 'We won't leave until you talk.' So, naively thinking it would be settled, I tried to go on the most reputable morning shows to get my story out. But reporters were still outside my door when I got home." She lost her job because of the publicity. She was hired by another hospital, but when the tabloids followed her there, she couldn't continue.

"I tried to go back to my life, but my life was gone," she says. "So I began to court publicity to try to get something going, because I had to make money. It's like you get caught in a web, and you can't get out of it. And then you become the very thing they said you were to begin with—which you didn't want to be. The accusations fly left and right: 'She said that she just wanted to go back to her life, but look, she's on TV again!' Well, damn it, they're stalking me with cameras most of the time, and they're the ones who have created such public intoxication."

Now Darva is trying to take advantage of new opportunities. Posing for PLAYBOY is one of those opportunities. She had other offers to pose, for more money, but says she has always found PLAYBOY to be respectable and well done. "I've never had any problem with PLAYBOY," she says, "and neither has my family. So nobody had to talk me into it. I just had to decide: Is this going to be good for me in the long run? And I'm comfortable that it will be."

She knows her critics will say she's seeking public attention even though she once said she wanted privacy. But this time the criticism won't bother her. "It's OK," she says. "I am courting the publicity now. I need to, to make a living—being a professional celebrity doesn't pay very well."

Darva laughs, then gets serious. "And all I have to say to the media is, if you want to talk to me, I'll talk to you. But don't come to my home, don't harass my friends and don't harass my family. Stay out of my trash. Let's set some boundaries here."

Eventually, Darva figures, her notoriety will fade and she will be able to get back to a structured career, presumably nursing. In the meantime, she's pleased to once again be calling a few of the shots, to show the world a little more of the woman behind the media madness. "I feel comfortable with these photographs, and that's nice," she says. "It's bad enough when your most embarrassing moment has been watched by 22 million people, and it's constantly replayed." Darva grins. "I've certainly got enough regrets—I don't need any more."

*"I was on the religious right, until the Almighty appeared to me in a dream and told me I was full of crap."*

# macy gray (continued from page 124)

*There are people who don't speak English, but they know how to say Macy Gray. It's nuts.*

watching television.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you got the name Macy Gray from one of your dad's best friends?

GRAY: He's not his best friend. He's just a dude. I saw the name Macy Gray on a mailbox outside of a house when I was in fourth or fifth grade. I'd write stories, and Macy Gray would always be one of my characters.

PLAYBOY: Growing up, were you influenced by the music that your parents listened to?

GRAY: Yeah, I listened to a lot of Stevie Wonder and Sly Stone. Then when I got into school, it was hip-hop and reggae. At boarding school, most of the kids listened to rock records. So I got into rock and roll. Then MTV started and all they played was Rod Stewart. I've been lucky that I've been exposed to all kinds of music.

PLAYBOY: What music are you listening to right now?

GRAY: My favorite now is Moloko. I don't know how their latest album is doing in the States, but overseas it is large. I love the record. It's almost disco. Roisin reminds me a lot of Blondie. She's dope.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first concert you ever went to?

GRAY: The first one was Prince. I was 11 years old.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when you saw Prince onstage?

GRAY: I was in a trance. I stared at him for the longest time. Finally, I let loose and started dancing. I remember being so amazed by him, his show, his band and everything. I was just standing there with my mouth open. It was that kind of reaction.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met him?

GRAY: He came to my show in Toronto a few months ago. I talked to him for a long time. He's really cool. I also got to meet Mary J. Blige at the Grammy nomination party. That was amazing. And then I met De La Soul in New York. That was pretty deep. I still get starstruck. I'm a big groupie.

PLAYBOY: Is it strange that now people are starstruck around you?

GRAY: Yeah, that bugs me out. I'm so used to being me. I'm so used to being a nobody that when people come up to me and act nervous, it takes me a little while to react to what they're doing.

PLAYBOY: Do people recognize you everywhere you go?

GRAY: It's happening a lot. It's strange when it happens in foreign countries. There are people who don't speak English, but they know how to say Macy Gray. It's nuts.

PLAYBOY: The whole world was anticipating your debut album. Did you feel pressured?

GRAY: No, it was cool. People started calling me an underground star. I really like that, because I love to find underground records and artists that nobody else knows about. I was proud of that title for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Do you still seek out underground bands?

GRAY: Yeah, definitely. I go to independent record stores and see what people are buying and start asking around, seeing what's up. The big underground scene is in hip-hop. The Black Eyed Peas just made a new album, and I think it will do really well.

PLAYBOY: Do you make a huge effort to keep your private life private?

GRAY: Not really. People should ask me what they want to ask me. If I don't want to answer, I'll tell them. No big deal.

PLAYBOY: Were you married to the father

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of your three children?

GRAY: I was. We still keep in touch.

PLAYBOY: Are you dating anyone?

GRAY: I have a boyfriend. He's the DJ in my band. We've been together for about six months. I've known him for six, seven years. We just never hooked up before. We were always friends.

PLAYBOY: Did touring bring the two of you together?

GRAY: Yeah. Touring will bring anybody together. You see the people every day. You live with them on the bus. Even if you hate a person, you'll eventually love them, because you see them so much. There's no way around it. You get to know each other really quickly. You learn their habits. You live in the same hotel, so you hang out. Everything progresses faster. It's inevitable that you get on each other's nerves every once in a while, but it's still new to us, so we're all right.

PLAYBOY: Many of your lyrics deal with sex and relationships. Was there ever anything too personal to include?

GRAY: When I was writing the album I wasn't thinking about the reaction I was going to get. I was just flowing. You know when a phrase pops in your head? It all comes from energy. When you think about what you're writing or when you worry about the consequences, you screw it up. If you just let yourself go, you can come up with all kinds of stuff. For this album, I didn't have anything to lose. I didn't think about what people would think or what would be acceptable or what would be cool. I hope I can get back into that pure place for my next record.

PLAYBOY: Have you written any songs about your boyfriend?

GRAY: There's a track called *All I Said* that I wrote for Guru from Gang Starr. He's doing a new album. The song is about those times when my man goes, "I'll call you right back," and then you flip and bug out because you want to talk to him right now. And he goes, "All I said was that I'll call you back. I didn't do anything wrong." That song is sort of based on us.

PLAYBOY: Are you gathering experience on the tour for your next album?

GRAY: We have four or five pretty hot songs that I'll probably put on my next record.

PLAYBOY: Would you mind giving us a sample of what's to come?

GRAY: There's one song called *Sometimes I Flip* [*laughs*]. That's pretty cool. You know how every once in a while you bug out and nobody in the whole world understands why but you? That's what it's about.

PLAYBOY: You've described your first album as barbecue music. What can we expect on your next album?

GRAY: Shrimp and lobster music.


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# longevity

*(continued from page 94)*

### FROM ALCHEMY TO THE CUTTING EDGE

We owe all these possibilities to scientists who endured the mockery of their colleagues when their work was regarded as akin to alchemy. After all, in terms of evolution there is no point in longevity, and until recently, our genes, cells and chromosomes seemed too complicated to tamper with. Two decades ago, research of the sort now booming was, in the eyes of mainstream medicine, the province of charlatans, fringe scientists and fast-buck artists. "We weren't even pariahs," says Michael Rose, an early maverick. "We were flies buzzing around the pariahs' faces." Back then, aging was, Rose noted in *The New York Times*, "famous as the rock on which scientists dashed their careers."

### SPEAKING OF FLIES, CAN A MAN MAKE LOVE FOR THREE WEEKS WITHOUT STOPPING?

It was Rose who made a breakthrough discovery—with the help of fruit flies who lived, served science and died in his laboratories, eating mushed bananas, sucrose and Jell-O pudding while they engaged in elaborate precoital rituals.

Until Rose came along, fruit flies typically began to reproduce when they were 14 days old and died around 40 days. But some flies lived longer—some as long as 70 days (in human life span, well over 100 years). Rose hatched the eggs of those oldest but obviously fit flies, encouraged the new flies to reproduce, then repeated the experiment over two decades on hundreds of generations of flies. Rose's superflies lived an average life of 90 days—or about 160 years.

The experiments proved, Rose says, that aging is not an absolute. In theory, at least, it means that humans could get where flies had gone. "My flies are athletically superior, they have a greater ability to do work and a greater ability to survive under stress," Rose noted in *The New York Times*.

And, he adds, they have sustained copulation (after the male flies make their wings hum, and examine and lick the females' genitalia) for 20 minutes (three weeks in human terms) and can copulate 10 to 12 times in 24 hours.

### IF FLIES CAN DO IT . . .

What are the implications for you and me? Listen to Rose: His flies, he declares, "had sex more often and more frequently at age 120 than ever. We're not talking about producing the kind of guy who goes to a monastery to lead a contemplative life. We're talking about a 110-year-old playing tennis." It's as if, says Rose, his flies had said, "Screw it! Life is a party and we are going to do it more frequently and for a longer period of time than ever before."

### SEXY AT 90? ARE YOU SURE?

Cynthia Kenyon, professor of biochemistry and biophysics at the University of California–San Francisco, is another early believer who has been vindicated. Her experimental subjects are nematodes, worms no bigger than commas—creatures that have some of the same basic biological processes as humans and which have many genes similar to those found in humans.

In the Nineties Kenyon identified the gene that controlled the worms' aging clocks and was able to tweak it, as it were, to the "off" position. The worms simply stopped (or at least paused) aging.

Eventually, Kenyon's colleagues produced worms that lived as long as six times longer than the two weeks that had been considered the normal life span. "Normal" worms become unpleasant sights well before they die, but even at advanced ages genetically altered worms have smooth skin and move with smooth undulations. "The idea that I could look like this at 90 is not so far-fetched," says 46-year-old Kenyon. "The lights are green everywhere you go."

### UNSUNG ROLE MODELS

Jeanne Calment, a Frenchwoman who met Vincent van Gogh in 1888 when she was 13, was 122 years old when she died three years ago. There is no proof that anyone has ever lived longer, but medical researchers seem to be ignoring the lessons of her life. The evidence is that she lived well. She ate plenty of olive oil, drank port, smoked cigarettes until she was 117 and ate as much as two pounds of chocolate every week. And she was not the sort of person to be easily impressed. She found Van Gogh, for example, "very ugly, ungracious, impolite, sick. They called him loco."

Sarah Clark Knauss of Allentown, Pennsylvania died last year at 119. She had avoided vegetables and favored potato chips, chocolate and pretzels.

### AS A MATTER OF FACT

There are already some 135,000 people around the world who are 100 years old or older. There are some 62,000 in

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the U.S. A century ago there were an estimated 3500. According to United Nations statistics, there are nearly two women for every man over 80 around the world. Over 100, the ratio is four women for every man. Thomas Perls, director of the New England Centenarian Study at Harvard Medical School and Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, reports that men who live into their 90s, by the way, tend to hold on to their mental functions better than women who live into their 90s.

### A PRETTY THOUGHT

WHY DIE? was the headline on a January 1, 2000 column in *The New York Times* in which William Safire said: "For future people, doddering will no longer be an option. Throw out those second-millennium images of codgers in wheelchairs staring at the wall. The Gramps of a century or so from now will be swiveling on the dance floor with his replacement hips and fresh lungs and newly enlivened brain and pocketful of potency pills."

### A LESS PRETTY THOUGHT

Remember telomeres? The idea is to fiddle around with them genetically so that your cells keep on dividing and you'll never have to worry about sagging skin again.

Only cancer.

If we genetically engineer the perpetual division of our healthy cells, no one can be sure it would not trigger the mechanism that allows cancerous cells to proliferate. "That's why we have to think hard about taking the steps to postpone aging," says Judith Campisi, the telomere expert at the Berkeley lab. "It's just not that simple."

### TWO PATHS TO LONG LIFE YOU SHOULD PROBABLY SKIP

Reducing caloric intake toward starvation levels increases the chances for longer life—according to experiments on flies, protozoa and rodents.

Castration is a surefire way to extend life span—according to a variety of studies of eunuchs (and salmon).

### GENES ARE VERY MYSTERIOUS—OR TOMORROW'S FREAK SHOWS

It's fair to say that some of the research going on evokes those science fiction films in which something goes very wrong just when the pariah scientist is on the verge of a great step forward. Is there one Big Clock in us that will be tipped off balance by genetic manipulation? Will longevity also mean people will look as if they have stepped out of a fun Picasso painting, perhaps with super-sensitive olfactory abilities and high-pitched voices? Stories have already emanated from real-life laboratories about dogs with ears growing from their spines and frogs sprouting (useless)

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# WHERE & HOW TO BUY

*Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 40, 49–50, 96–97, 126–129, and 185, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

**WIRED**
Page 40: "Tiny Tuners": **Tuner** by *Broadcom Corp.*, 949-450-8700. "Satellite Phones Revisited": **Mobile satellite phone service** from *Globalstar*, 877-319-1807. "Game of the Month": **Software** by *Activision*, 310-255-2050. "Wild Things": **Digital picture frame** by *Ceiva Logic*, 877-693-7263. By *Video Chip Technologies*, 631-692-2830. **Story Box** by *Weave Innovations*, 408-246-9328.

**MANTRACK**
Page 49: "Marques of Excellence": *Concours d'Elegance*, 9 Delfino Place, Suite 6, Carmel Valley, California. Page 50: "Global Cooling": **Cooling globe** from *Prescriptives*, at department stores. "Steam Cuisine": **Book** from Firefly Books Ltd., available at bookstores or call 800-387-5085. "Guys Are Talking About": **Speakers** by *OmniMount*, 800-MOUNT-IT, 480-829-8000 or check omnimount.com. **Condoms** by *Trojan*, at drugstores or check trojancondoms.com. **Tequiza Extra** by *Anheuser-Busch*, at liquor stores.

**RUM FOR THE MONEY**
Pages 96–97: **Rums:** *Rare Rums of the Caribbean*, check your local liquor store for availability in select southern and western states. *Captain Morgan*, *Bacardi 8*, *Don Q* and *Pusser's* at liquor stores. *Toucano* and *Cadenhead* from Preiss Imports, 800-745-5042. *Gosling's Black Seal*, from Marie Brizard Wines and Spirits, 800-477-1122. **Pyrat** from *St. Maarten Spirits Ltd.*, 800-723-4767. *Matusalem*, 1205 Southwest 37th Ave., Miami, FL, 888-448-8258, extension 4706. **Restaurants:** *Rhumba*, 950 Pearl St., Boulder, CO, 303-442-7771. *Trader Vic's*, 9876 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA, 310-276-6345. *Rumjungle*, in the Mandalay Bay Hotel, 3950 Las Vegas Blvd. South, Las Vegas, NV, 702-632-7408. *Isla*, 39 Downing St., New York, NY, 212-352-2822.

**ROLLING IN IT**
Pages 126–129: **Car** by *McLaren Cars Limited*, 011-44-1483-750341 or mclar encars. **Watch** by *Roger Dubuis*, from Swiss Fine Timing, 1900 Sheridan Rd., Highland Park, IL, 847-266-7900. **Helicopter** by *Robinson Helicopter*, 2901 Airport Dr., Torrance, CA, 310-539-0508 or robinsonheli.com. **Yacht** by *Omega Marine*, from Waite and Morrow Assoc., 515 Seabreeze Blvd., Fort Lauderdale, FL, 954-764-1789 or www.waiteandmorrowyachts.com.

**ON THE SCENE**
Page 185: "Ah, Wilderness": **Coffee press** by *Porter Products*, 888-327-9908. **Cook set, food** and **stove** by *Mountain Safety Research*, 3800 First Ave. South, Seattle, WA, 206-624-7048. **Backpack** by *Lowe Alpine*, 800-366-0223. **Tent** by *Kelty*, 800-423-2320. **Knife** by *W.R. Case and Sons Cutlery*, 800-523-6350. **Handheld global-positioning system** by *Garmin*, 800-800-1020. **Lighter** by *Brunton Helios*, 800-443-4871.

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**A DIFFERENT KIND OF IN-LAW PROBLEM**

"A 25-year-old of the future might find himself at a family reunion with his two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, 16 great-great-grandparents, 32 great-great-great-grandparents and 64 great-great-great-great-grandparents, all making fun of that doddering old wacko, 206-year-old great-great-great-great-great-Aunt Maude, who, for the 48th straight year, has dropped her century-old dentures into the coleslaw."—SETH KUGEL, SATIRIZING HYPERLONGEVITY RESEARCH, IN THE *New York Daily News*, MARCH 27, 1999

**THE SINGAPORE SOLUTION**

In Singapore, there has been talk of legislation that would give each married person between 35 and 60 with children two votes and every retiree one vote.

**UNDERTAKERS HAVE FEELINGS, TOO**

According to L. William Heiligbrodt, former president of Service Corp. International, a multinational funeral home conglomerate, "Declining death rates pose a challenge for the industry."

"Here at the funeral home I operate in middle America," Thomas Lynch wrote in a *New York Times* op-ed piece (March 14, 1999), "our favorite parlor game is Demographics and Expectancies. It bears a semblance to Trivial Pursuit. In the last century, the life span of Americans rose to 76 years from 47. Such wonders can be credited to antibiotics, indoor plumbing, spandex and the soybean. With the extra three decades in most of our lives, we neither cured the common cold nor secured peace in the Balkans, but we did invent the Wonderbra and no-load mutual funds."

**HUMAN WISDOM?**

"Hyperlongevity is going to be hard for us to deal with," warns Dr. Gregory Stock, director of the program on medicine, technology and science at the UCLA School of Medicine. "It puts a distance between ourselves and our history." In Dr. Stock's view, "wisdom on how to live a life" will be irrelevant.

**LET'S BE PRECISE**

"I don't want to achieve immortality through my work. I want to achieve it through not dying."—WOODY ALLEN

**HUXLEY DESERVES A MEDAL**

"Now—such is progress—the old men work, the old men copulate, the old men have no time, no leisure from pleasure, not a moment to sit down and think."—A WORLD CONTROLLER IN ALDOUS HUXLEY'S *Brave New World*, IN WHICH PEOPLE WHO ARE 60 BEHAVE AS IF THEY WERE 17.

# living online

*(continued from page 42)*

cases, repair shops, blotter and ink makers, parts suppliers and books and you'll think everyone in the world but you has become a fountain pen freak. After you've bought your first vintage fountain pen—I just picked up a green Esterbrook on eBay for $10.50—you'll need ink. Don't buy the swill they sell at most stationery stores; go for the good stuff at the Ink Palette (**inkpalette**). Your pen will thank you for it.

### BUILD A BOT

The wiggly robots I built at **sodaplay.com** seemed so lifelike that I almost felt guilty when they started to flop and twitch as I tweaked the gravity and friction controls. It looked like they were in pain. Of course, they didn't feel anything. Sodaplay is just a brilliant web-based program that lets you construct wire robots out of simulated springs. There's not much point to the site, other than to amuse. But go ahead—next time your boss steps out, waste half an hour.

### STRAIGHT DOPE FOR TRAVELERS

Most travel sites are designed to get you to book reservations, so they can earn a cut. Nothing wrong with that, but there's a scarcity of sites offering no-b.s. reports on travel conditions around the world. Enter **newtraveler.com**. I learned more from its feature story "A Walk Through Modern-Day Havana" than I would from reading a dozen travel brochures: "We were regretting having eaten another overpriced, underspiced Cuban meal, accompanied by the usual sweet soda and flavorless frijoles negros. The food on the island bears no resemblance to Cuban food cooked in Miami Beach or New York City." With an emphasis on the younger, budget traveler, the site reviews restaurants, hotels, hip shopping districts and work or study programs. New Traveler's monthly Hot Picks page features recommended travel books, recipes, useful travel gadgets, interesting travel-related nuggets, and a Top 10 list—did you know you can exchange one dollar for 428,287.55 Ukrainian *karbovanets*? Yippee, with just $3, you're a millionaire!

### ALL COPS ALL THE TIME

Reality TV not real enough for you? Tune in to **APBnews.com** and listen to live police radio broadcasts from major American cities. The site includes a glossary so you can figure out what the cops are talking about. You can also watch video clips of car chases, robberies and rescues, and read the latest crime stories.

### HYPE MACHINE

Want to get in on the dot-com craze? Have an idea how to monetize front-end synergies, grow distributed e-commerce, transform seamless convergence and utilize mission-critical niches? Neither do I, since I don't know what any of that means. I just visited the Web Economy Bullshit Generator (**dack.com/web/bullshit.html**) and let the program spit out the nonsense. Actually, it makes more sense than half the press releases I receive. Use some in your next memo. Your boss will be impressed.

### AIDEZ-MOI. JE SUIS DÉTRUIT

With my horrible sense of direction, I've come to depend on **Mapquest.com** for driving instructions. But when I was planning a driving trip through Europe, I discovered that Mapquest didn't cover France and Italy, the two countries I'd be visiting. So I went to the **Michelin.com** site to order road maps and discovered that the site sells online driving directions for just a couple of bucks a pop. I selected the starting point (Paris) and the destination (Florence) with a few stopover cities in between. I got instructions on how to get there, along with the tolls I'd have to pay (more than $100). The site also displayed a color map, but the resolution was so grainy I couldn't read the names of the smaller cities. So I decided to go ahead and buy the famously useful Michelin paper maps, too. Amazingly, I couldn't find anything about buying maps at the site. But I went back to **Mapquest.com** and discovered that it sold the Michelin maps I was looking for. Whatever.

---

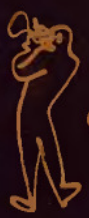
*You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline@playboy.com.*

*"Well, so much for our little moonlight swim. . . ."*

One of the greatest sax players of all time wanders the streets, homeless. A famous jazz drummer freezes because he can't afford to pay his heating bill. A world-reknowned bassist is deathly ill and doesn't have the money to see a doctor. Tragic stories, but unfortunately all too common. And all too unfair. Many of our finest jazz musicians, men and women who have helped create America's greatest contribution to world culture, are ending their lives penniless. And while their music has made fortunes for others, they can't even afford health insurance. This is why a group of concerned jazz musicians, fans, and the Jazz Foundation of America have founded the Jazz Musician's Emergency Fund. It's the first and only organization of its kind. Dedicated to giving something back to those deserving artists who have given us so much.

## Lots of people save old jazz albums. But how often do you have the chance to save an old jazz musician?

We're providing medical care, legal advice and career counseling. And helping them cope with financial emergencies. We have already accomplished a great deal. But so much more needs to be done. For more information, to make a tax-deductible donation or to find out how you can become a volunteer, call us today at 1-800-JFA-JAMS. Or write us at 1200 Broadway, Suite 7D, New York, NY 10001. And help us keep the music alive.



The Jazz Musicians' Emergency Fund

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The Jazz Foundation of America is a not-for-profit corporation, tax exempt under 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue code.

# the single life

*(continued from page 47)*

what you thought you always wanted. It's the inevitable customizing that sometimes stifles the person who attracted you in the first place.

Another thing I hadn't prepared for was the unsolicited advice. Because she had been a fixture in my life, most everyone knew Kate and had an opinion that they generously offered. Rhetorical reactions ranged from "Well, isn't that nice?" to "Are you out of your fucking mind?" I kept telling myself that ultimately all advice was subjective, whether it was from my mom or my ex or Cosmo, the diner owner. There were only two points of view that mattered here. If only Kate and I could figure out just what they were.

One night in the middle of an *Ally McBeal* rerun we found ourselves staring at an uncomfortable reflection. If you're not part of a truly secure coupling, avoid watching shows together that make fun of people like you. One minute you're yukking it up at the expense of some mismatched pair of otherwise nice folks. Then one of them says, "Of course I love you, but just not like that," and you make a beeline to the fridge while she instantly becomes fascinated with the third Victoria's Secret catalog this week. It was the beginning of the end.

Pal to playmate to partner can work, but before you roll the dice with a valuable friendship consider a few short questions with long answers (ideally, before you sleep together): Do you already know her too well to experience the world all over again as a couple? What if (yikes!) you're more into her than she is into you (or vice versa)? With years of charged emotions behind you, are you looking at a monster-size breakup?

If you answered yes, no, or I don't know to any of the above, ask her for a brief postponement. Sit down and draw up two simple columns: pro and con. When you reconvene, put ego aside and discuss every feeling, hope and fear, until you can't stand it anymore. Agree to take a few more days to mull it over, then get a dose of instant perspective.

Go on a couple of first or second dates with a recent interest. Are you still in love with the mystery that only a new relationship brings? Or have you had enough of dancing the dance, knowing now that this old friend can be the start of your new life?

Kate and I conceded we were working too hard at intimacy—that it had come to feel stilted, forced. We realized it was not only better but sexier as a companionship. Happily, we now continue to be essential, and occasionally annoying, friends. Hey—look how long it worked for Jerry and Elaine.

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# Aimee Mann *(continued from page 133)*

## *You're just looking for a catfight! Listen, how old was Jewel when she wrote that stuff?*

extremely nice, offering to sing background vocals on other people's songs. There are no jealousies or power struggles of any kind, from what I could observe. It was not only devoid of that, but shockingly the other way. Sarah McLachlan said, "Oh, I love your stuff. I love this song. I'd love to sing it. Come up and play with us." It's one big happy family. And also it's summer, it's outdoors. It feels more like summer camp than being on tour.

### 8

PLAYBOY: We hear you hung out with Tom Cruise during the making of *Magnolia*. Was he an inspiration to you and the film?

MANN: He's just an amazing guy. Looking at movie stars, you always have to wonder. But he's definitely able to focus on you—whoever you are—when he's talking to you, which is kind of amazing, given that 8 million people are always trying to talk to him at once. But he never blinks, and I find that suspicious. He seems genuinely nice and a kindhearted guy. Pretty rare.

### 9

PLAYBOY: It seems like some young film stars would much rather be musicians. What don't they understand? Can you offer any advice?

MANN: Like Keanu Reeves? Don't they understand it's a fucking grind? It's a tough job and people have to get over this fucking narcissistic idea that how it looks is more important than how it is. Yes, I'm sorry, it looks really glamorous, but it's not. It's work, like any other job. And being on location for two months shooting a movie, at least you're in the same place every day. It's nothing like being in a different place every night and having to forage for food sometimes. That's my existence, anyway. I'm sure Sheryl Crow gets regular meals. You have to be in it for making records and writing songs, which is very rewarding. The other stuff is trying to sell it and that's never the fun part, unless you have a talent for it. If you're a good performer and have a desperate need to be loved by millions, a certain kind of dysfunction can help you along.

### 10

PLAYBOY: Is music still fun when you're mature enough to forgo indulgences that come with the musical life?

MANN: Music is more fun when you're old enough to really know what you're doing and insist on doing what you really want to do, as opposed to getting pushed around in a hundred directions, none of which you feel comfortable with but you feel you can't refuse, like when you're told, "You ought to learn some dance steps." And when you're young, you're trying to please people who shouldn't necessarily be pleased. They say, "You know, you guys should get a smoke machine." You're like, "Well, I always hated that kind of stuff, but maybe. OK, whatever." Michael and I do what we want with our live show. This is a true "we do not give a shit" rock show. One of the big things I used to hear from managers way, way back when I was in Til Tuesday was, "You have to talk more onstage. You have to talk more to the audience." They actually gave me a piece of paper, like, "Here are some things you should say: How are you feeling tonight? Are you ready to rock?" No kidding. So I've always felt this pressure to talk onstage. When Michael and I started playing Largo in Los Angeles, both of us felt awkward about bantering between songs, so we said, "Fuck it. Let's get one of our comedian friends to do it." So we have a comedian on the road who does our banter for us. It's an insane idea that is so great, and it's entertaining for us. We get a whole comedy show between songs while we're onstage. Couldn't be better.

### 11

PLAYBOY: Has the need for a single ruined music?

MANN: What's ruining music is record executives who think they know what a single is, without benefit of being a musician, knowing anything about music or fucking listening to music—like, not even being a music fan. If you're a music fan and you listen to 50 songs, there's one song that you keep singing at the end of the day. All right, that's the single. But record executives don't do that. They think there's a formula, and the formula is, "Make it like a song that's already been a hit." That is what has ruined music—executives at record companies who think they are better at making records than musicians and producers—the people who make records.

### 12

PLAYBOY: Describe examples of hackneyed lyric writing.

*"I think we'll have to relieve Detective Lacy from undercover vice squad duty—she seems to be having too much fun."*

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MANN: The first one is when you hear the first line and then you can pretty much telegraph what the rhyme is going to be. Like "sitting by the phone, here I am all alone"—that kind of thing. When somebody does a setup that's normal, and then comes in with something you didn't expect, that's pretty satisfying to me. I would also include gambling imagery, though I've done it, too. But cards and dice, those are always good. The elements—wind, fire, earth, nature—are usually bad. Weather in general. Oh my God! Rain—stay away from rain altogether. Rain and sun. The sun should never come out. No rain should come down ever again.

## 13

PLAYBOY: Can one sing about love too much?

MANN: You've got to change your angle. I mean, love—"Boy/Girl, I love you more than you love me"—yeah, you could definitely sing about that too much. The dynamic that I'm more interested in now is, "You love me and I'm totally incapable of having any kind of human relationship."

## 14

PLAYBOY: Jewel is now the world's highest-paid poet, reportedly earning $2 million for her book of poetry. Would you care to comment?

MANN: You're just looking for a catfight! Listen, how old was Jewel when she wrote that stuff? Read my lyrics when I was 23 and you'll find I didn't write lyrics any better than she writes poetry. But people are buying it, so somebody likes it. Obviously, nobody gives you $2 million for doing something they don't think is going to sell, so it's to somebody else's benefit to make that deal. And however naive—or whatever assessment you want to make of Jewel and her poetry—she's the one with the $2 million. I don't think Jewel is naive or simpleminded in any way. I think she's clever and canny, and she's doing what she wants. When does great art ever get its monetary due? It never happens. Whatever. I can't get that worked up about it. She's fine. She's great. She's beautiful. She has a great voice. She's perfect. She's exactly what everyone wants.

## 15

PLAYBOY: Any advice for the current crop of nymphet singers?

MANN: Where would you even start? I think these stars are primarily singers and performers. I thought of myself primarily as a songwriter and not a very good performer, so I come from a whole different mind-set. Also, they are moneymakers who won't encounter the kind of problems that I do. I don't think they're going to come out with albums that make anybody doubt their ability


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to sell them, but if they want to, they should stick to their guns. They'll get a bunch of shit for it, and I'll quote somebody—I'm not sure, but I think it's Cyril Connolly: "It's better to write for yourself and have no public than to write for the public and have no self." My friend Andy Kindler is one of the comics we have on the road. One of his jokes is his advice to aspiring performers: "Take the high road—less traffic."

## 16

PLAYBOY: What two things does Britney Spears have going for her?

MANN: That's a pitiful question [*laughs*]. She's lovely and she can sing and dance. She's a great performer. She doesn't write, does she? I don't even know. Did she write that song? You never know, because these kids are so young. It's fun to dress up and dance and sing, but at the end of the day when they're done with that, maybe they'll go, "What I really feel best about is serious songwriting." But then it will be difficult because executives will always look at them with dollar signs in their eyes and know that they can market the hell out of them the same way they had before.

## 17

PLAYBOY: Do you think of your music as elitist?

MANN: Well, it's very niche-oriented. Yes, you might have to read a book. That is one of the basic requirements. It might help if you're familiar with the English language. I can't call that elitist. You don't need a glossary to fucking understand my language. I think my lyrics are conversational. They're the kinds of conversations I have. Everyone's invited. If you have a hard time keeping up, we'll give you some books to read first. I mean, c'mon. I'm not overly intellectual. I don't think I'm intellectual at all. But compared with people who toss lyrics on top of a little tune and don't care if it makes any linear sense at all, the contrast is fairly literate, I guess, but it's not arcane in any way.

## 18

PLAYBOY: The Penn boys are enormously talented. What are their hidden talents?

MANN: The other two, Sean and Christopher—first of all, I don't know that much about them. But nobody juggles at Thanksgiving, for instance. I think they're actors through and through. Michael is an extraordinary human being. He's extremely smart. It's not hidden talents so much; it's his hidden interests that are kind of surprising. He knows an enormous amount about theology, the history of the Catholic Church and the occult roots of Nazism. He's a fascinating guy.

## 19

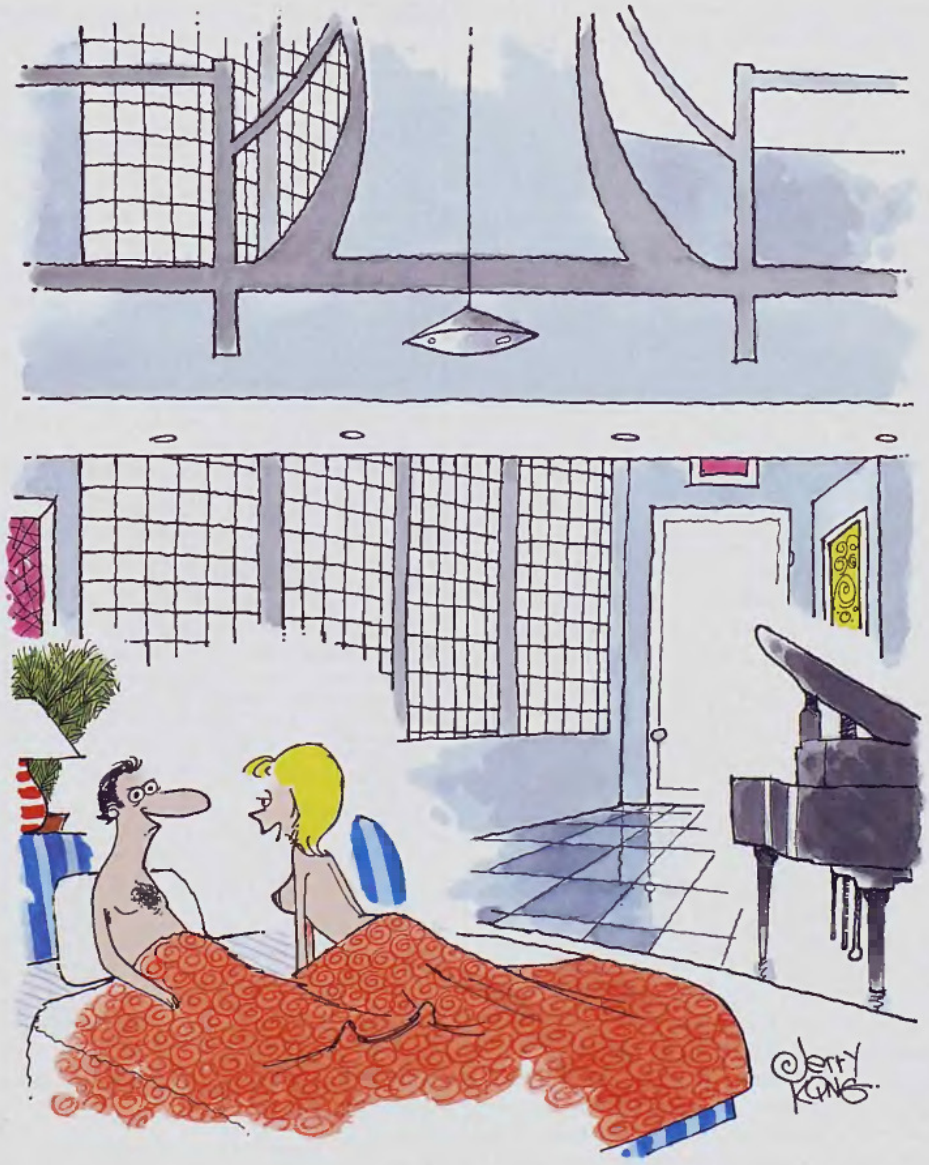
PLAYBOY: You've complained that too much emphasis has been put on attractiveness. While it's a problem, you certainly qualify. Is it so wrong to get the message from a messenger who is physically appealing?

MANN: Lucky for me, because if I weren't, I'd be fucked. I don't think it's wrong, but I think we've been trained to dismiss music from people who aren't attractive. Janis Joplin could never get a record deal today. Carole King? C'mon. *Tapestry* was a big hit because it was a great record, and I think she's attractive. But she's not a goddamn model, and she would never get a record deal today. Never. Forget it. And that's why you have Jewel instead of Carole King, and if the music suffers a little bit, so be it. But we already have models. We can look at beautiful women until the cows come home. There are good-looking girls who are young and are great performers and that's always fine, but it's definitely at the expense of more-talented people who could really bring depth to one's musical world. But people aren't looking for that. They're overentertained. They're accustomed to constant entertainment, which has to be lighter, because you can't work with that volume of entertainment if any of it's meaningful.

## 20

PLAYBOY: Men have muses. What do women have?

MANN: Problems. Actually, I don't think men have muses. Michael doesn't. A woman dreamed up that one. "I'm going to be his muse. That's how I'm going to contribute to great art. I'm going to sit there and look hot." If you want to be his muse, give him a hard time. Then he'll really have something to write about.

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# RUM FOR THE MONEY

*(continued from page 96)*

lengthy aging after being pot distilled (pot-still spirits retain more of their original character). Rather than being kept in the Caribbean, where the warm climate accelerates the aging process, the barrels containing Cadenhead CRV are shipped to Scotland, where the cooler climate allows for slower maturation. More years in the cask give the wood ample time to influence the rum. Cadenhead's CRV 20-year-old is a 146 proof rum that tastes of caramel, apples and honey.

Now for sipping rums. These carefully honed masterpieces, while adding infinite sophistication to mixed drinks, are best enjoyed neat in a snifter. In fact, many who sip Pyrat Rum's Cask 23 for the first time mistake it for a cognac. It's a limited bottling made with a high percentage of older rums. This rum is soft yet pungent and delicately laced with caramel and vanilla. More readily available is Planters Gold Pyrat XO Reserve, made from aged rums that are blended and barrel-aged again. The result is a rum with the thick quality of an XO cognac.

Until 1998, the robust taste of Bacardi 8 was known only to the founding family. Made from the original formula (created by Don Facundo Bacardi Massó in 1862) and then aged for eight years, it is smooth and velvety, with overtones of oak, toasted nuts, licorice and oranges. One of the newest superpremium rums to hit the U.S. is Serralles Don Q Cristal, which, in Puerto Rico, holds the double distinction of being one of the most popular and most expensive sipping rums. Don Q Gold is aged about four years. Light and spicy, with hints of vanilla, almond and lemon, it's one of the most elegant rums in this category. From Venezuela comes Ron Añejo Aniversario, in a distinctive leather pouch. Ron Matusalem is a dark and pungent elixir that originated in Cuba in 1872. Today the grandson of the brand's founder makes this Caribbean brand in Florida while Castro continues to produce a counterfeit copy in Cuba. Darkest of these rums is Ron Matusalem Classic Black, with a sweet bourbonlike quality. Gran Reserva is composed of rums that have an average age of 15 years. It is thick and creamy, with a taste of sweet-and-sour apples interwoven with cedar and oak, and one of the longest finishes of any rum available.

There are other rums that are definitely worth searching out. One of the best rums of Puerto Rico is Ron del Barrilito; the company was founded in 1880 and the rum is still produced by the same family. The bottle with two stars on the neckband contains rums at least three years old. However, the one to look for is the three-star bottling, with blended rums that are at least six years old (great for sipping). Another Puerto

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Rican treasure is Palo Viejo, 80 proof and as smooth as a wet rock. Although the Dominican Republic is known for its great cigars, it also exports a dark, rich rum known as Ron Barceló. A three-year aged añejo is available, but try to find the rarer Barceló Imperial, aged for up to six years. More readily available is the 95.5 proof blue label Pusser's from the British Virgin Islands (thicker and more potent than the 80 proof red label), a blend of six rums.

Compared with other premium spirits, most dark rums are refreshingly affordable. So put on a Martin Denny CD, float a couple of orchids in the pool and discover the hidden treasures to be found in the dark side of rum.

SOME CLASSIC RUM DRINKS

DARK AND STORMY
(RHUMBA, BOULDER, CO)

4 ounces Reed's Ginger Brew
2 fresh limes
2 ounces Gosling's Black Seal

Pour Reed's Ginger Brew into a highball glass filled with ice. Squeeze the juice of limes into the glass, then place the limes on the ice. Pour Gosling's rum over the lime rinds so that the rum picks up their flavor as it trickles into the glass. This is Bermuda's national cocktail, with a twist from one of the best Caribbean-themed restaurants in Colorado.

ORIGINAL MAI TAI
(TRADER VIC'S, BEVERLY HILLS, CA)

¾ ounce orgeat
1 ounce curaçao
1 whole lime, squeezed
1 ounce dark rum
1 ounce Demerara rum
Pineapple pieces
Maraschino cherry
Fresh mint sprig

Pour liquid ingredients into a cocktail shaker filled with crushed ice. Shake vigorously, then pour into a 15-ounce double old-fashioned glass. Garnish with pineapple, cherry and mint sprig.

Although Trader Vic's now uses a mix, this is the formula devised by Trader Vic Bergeron in 1944. He named it Mai Tai, Tahitian for "out of this world."

TREASURE ISLAND MARTINI
(RUMJUNGLE, MANDALAY BAY RESORT AND CASINO, LAS VEGAS, NV)

1 ounce Captain Morgan Private Stock
½ ounce Bacardi Limón
¼ ounce fresh lime juice
Lime slice with slit to fit glass rim

Mix ingredients except the lime slice in a martini shaker. Shake well and pour into a chilled martini glass. Garnish with slice of lime.

This is a signature drink from one of the country's most elaborate rum-specialty bars.

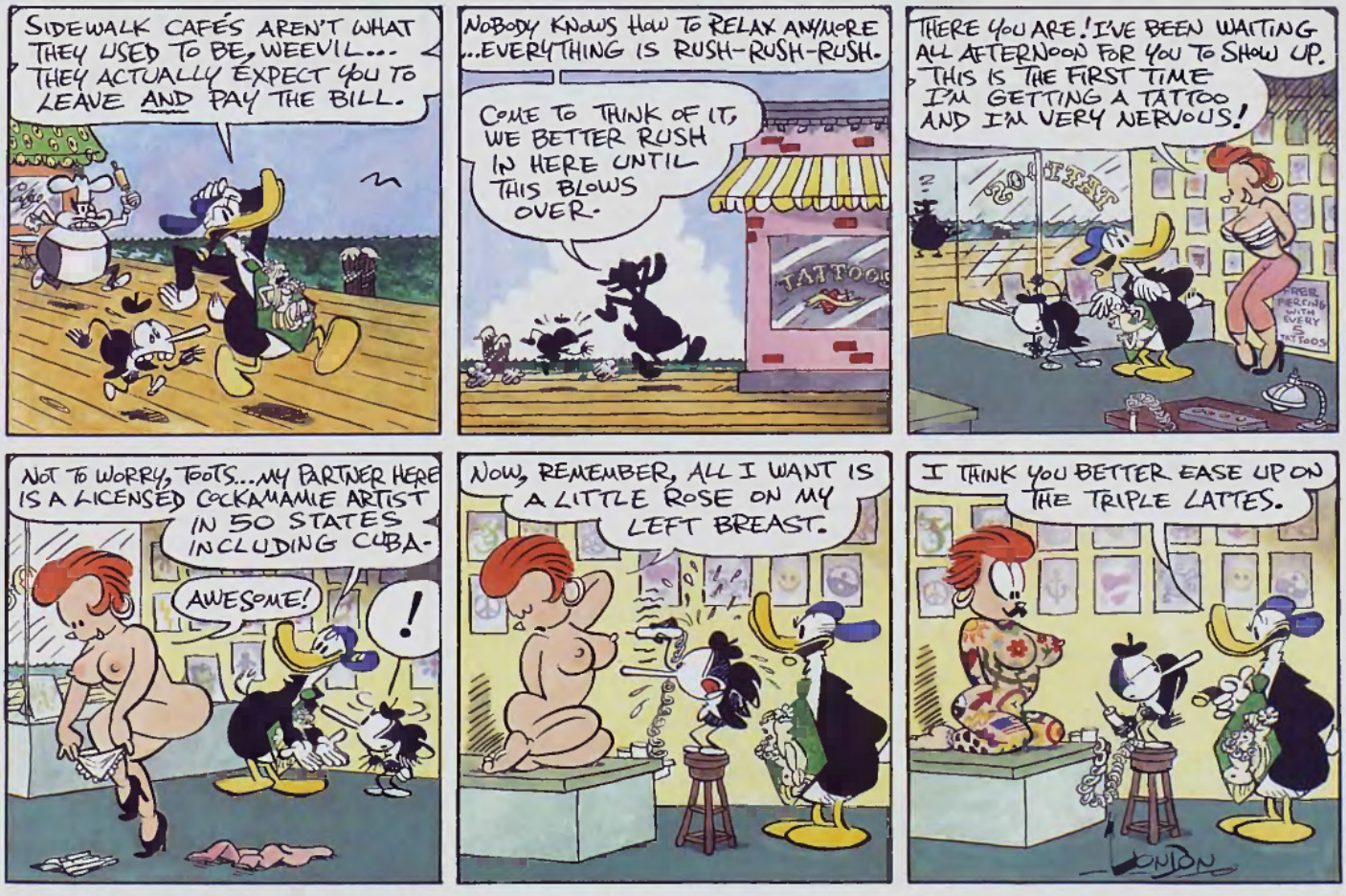
ISLA RUM CRÈME
(ISLA, NEW YORK, NY)

1 ounce Barceló rum
1 bottle of Boylan cream soda
2 cups of dark-brown sugar
1 vanilla bean
Maraschino cherry or vanilla bean

Place the brown sugar into an airtight container, add the vanilla bean and refrigerate for one week to allow the vanilla flavor to permeate the sugar. Fill a rocks glass with ice cubes; rim glass with brown sugar. Add rum, then fill glass with cream soda. Garnish with a cherry or vanilla bean.

A surprisingly refreshing drink from the Cuba-inspired restaurant and bar in Manhattan.

# Dirty Duck® by Bobby London


SIDEWALK CAFÉS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE, WEEVIL... THEY ACTUALLY EXPECT YOU TO LEAVE AND PAY THE BILL.
NOBODY KNOWS HOW TO RELAX ANYMORE ...EVERYTHING IS RUSH-RUSH-RUSH.
COME TO THINK OF IT, WE BETTER RUSH IN HERE UNTIL THIS BLOWS OVER.
TATTOOS
THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL AFTERNOON FOR YOU TO SHOW UP. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'M GETTING A TATTOO AND I'M VERY NERVOUS!
TATTOOS
NOT TO WORRY, TOOTS... MY PARTNER HERE IS A LICENSED COCKAMAMIE ARTIST IN 50 STATES INCLUDING CUBA-
AWESOME!
!
NOW, REMEMBER, ALL I WANT IS A LITTLE ROSE ON MY LEFT BREAST.
I THINK YOU BETTER EASE UP ON THE TRIPLE LATTES.
LONDON

# PLAYMATE NEWS

## THE HOWARD FILES

It takes a brave Playmate to appear on *The Howard Stern Show*, but lately, a daring number have risen to the challenge. The King of All Media has interviewed Pamela Anderson Lee, Brande Roderick, Jaime Bergman (who stars in the Stern-produced sitcom *Son of the Beach*), Alexandria Karlsen and Shauna Sand (with her husband, Lorenzo Lamas). Of course, on the air Stern acts outrageously, grilling the Centerfolds about their sex lives and their private parts. But off the air, the Playmates vow that Stern is a sweetheart. Tiffany Taylor, who has been on his show three times, reports: "I recently appeared and promoted Playboy's Club Lingerie. I was there with three other Playmates—Brooke Richards, Becky DelosSantos and Nicole Wood. We wore lingerie as part of the promotion. Howard loved that. Then we played *Who Wants to Be a Turkish Millionaire?*—a parody of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* I won. The first time I went on the show was scary. When I get nervous, my voice sounds really high, and they were having trouble hearing me. But Howard is cool. It's always fun to visit him." Jaime Bergman agrees: "On the air, he's Howard, trying to get you to talk about sex. If you blow it off, everything's fine."

Tiffony Taylor, Nicole Wood, Becky DelosSantos and Brooke Richords stopped by *The Howard Stern Show* in New York City to chat and promote Club Lingerie. Top: Tiffony bellies up to the shock jock. Above: Nicole, Becky, Tiffony and Brooke are thrilled to have survived Howard's raunchy Q. and A.

## PECKING ORDER

If you like the look of the Grafton on Sunset, the happening 107-room boutique hotel in Los Angeles, thank Toni (Ann Thomas) Peck. As president of the design firm T. Peck and Co., she was commissioned to transform the stodgy Park Sunset Hotel into a hip joint that blends Fifties Hollywood glamour with the edginess of Sunset Boulevard. The result is a funky spot with theme rooms, including Jayne's Suite and the Rat Pack Room and Urban Suite. Toni's husband, hotel mogul John Fitts (pictured above center with her), owns the Grafton. Another reason to stop by: The hotel's watering hole, the Bar, is run by Cindy Crawford's husband, Rande Gerber.

## 25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Lillian Müller was a star in Europe when she decided to launch her Stateside modeling career as Miss August 1975. A ship engineer's daughter from Kristiansand, Norway, Lillian was spotted by PLAYBOY and flown from Europe to Chicago—where lensman Dwight Hooker shot the Centerfold shown here—and then to Los Angeles, where her pictorial was finished. Post-PLAYBOY, she acted in such movies as *The Devil and Max Devlin* and *Best Defense* and in the TV show *Magnum P.I.* "I always think I can do what I set out to do," Lillian said, "and I keep trying until I've done it."

Lillian Müller.

## OSCAR WILD!

Kevin Spacey and Hilary Swank snagged best actor and best actress honors at the Academy Awards, but no one garnered more attention at the post-Oscars parties than Hef and his Playmates. Clockwise from right: Lisa Dergan and Ava Fabian. Victoria Fuller and her man. Deanna Brooks and Rachel Jean Marteen. Brande Roderick.

# PLAYMATE NEWS

## My Favorite Playmate By Andy Dick

My favorite Playmate is Jami Ferrell, because she looks all-American and really sweet. My girlfriend looks like her, though my girlfriend's boobs aren't quite as big. Jami's boobs are large. I can take them or leave them. Hell, I'll take 'em.

## SWIMSUIT SHOWCASE

When CBS' *Eye on the Town* came to the Mansion to shoot Playboy swimwear and lingerie, three Playmates—PMOY 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson (left, top), Miss March 1999 Alexandria Karlsen (at bottom left) and Miss January 1997 Jami Ferrell—were recruited to model the barely there outfits. We asked Jodi Ann about her lingerie preferences: "I like thigh-highs and garters. They're fun, sexy and flattering. It's one more piece of lingerie that a man has to take off of you. When you are in a steady relationship, you start to get comfortable. Then flannel pajamas become OK." Jami, Lexie and Jodi Ann aren't the only Playmates you'll see on *Eye on the Town*—Daphnee Lynn Duplaix will appear as a correspondent.

### PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

August 2: Miss August 1966
**Susan Denberg**
August 5: Miss July 1981
**Heidi Sorenson**
August 6: Miss January 1988
**Kimberley Conrad Hefner**
August 10: Miss July 1998
**Lisa Dergan**
August 22: Miss February 1960
**Susie Scott**

## GOODBYE, LAURA

**Laura Young 1938–1999**

Laura Young, named one of the top 10 Playmates of PLAYBOY's first decade by readers in the December 1964 issue, passed away from cancer November 1999 at the age of 61. Laura, Miss October 1962, was the first Centerfold to be photographed by Pompeo Posar. After she appeared in the magazine, Laura worked on costumes for the Bunnies at the Chicago Playboy Club. According to her second husband, Stu Daly, Laura then "settled down into a lifestyle of raising children and being a devoted wife and mother. She was a down-to-earth person whose focus in life was her children."

## BRANDEWATCH

Pamela Anderson Lee appeared as C.J. Parker. Donna D'Errico played Donna Marco. Erika Eleniak portrayed Shauni McClain. Marliece Andrada played Skylar Bergman. Of course, we're talking about Playmates who have starred on *Baywatch*. The most recent Centerfold on the beach is Brande Roderick, who will save lives as *Baywatch*'s new female lead Leigh Dyer. (Aren't the character names fabulous?) According to *Daily Variety*, veteran writer and producer Frank South (*Melrose Place*) is moving to Oahu to join *Baywatch Hawaii* as head writer. Brande reportedly auditioned for a smaller role but "hit it out of the park" during the screen test. This will be her first major TV role, as a woman who has been recruited by lifeguard Sean Monroe to join the *Baywatch* lifeguard service and school. South is gearing up to revitalize *Baywatch Hawaii*, now in its 11th season, into a show that's "not only good to look at but active emotionally and physically. We want people who can't wait to see what will happen next."

## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

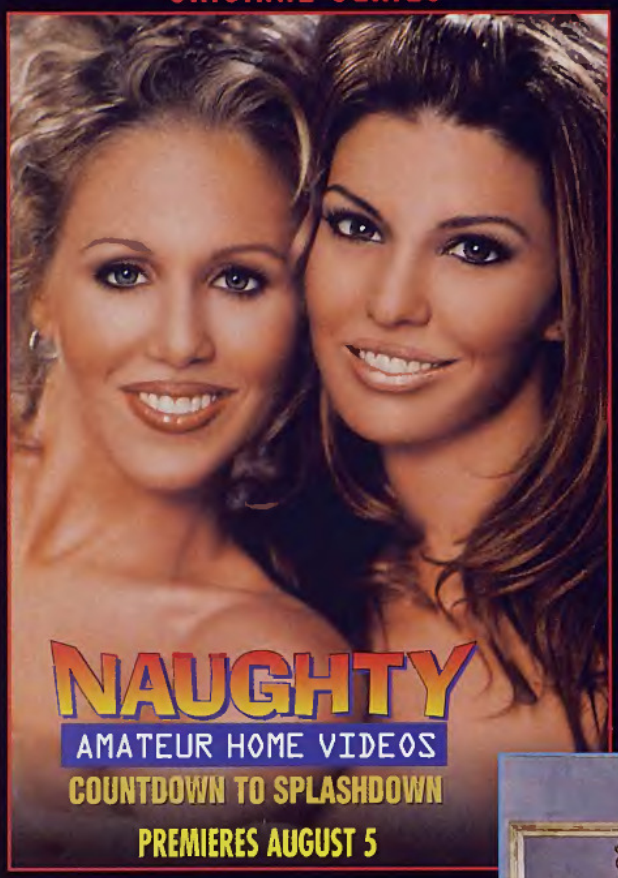
Best wishes to **Victoria Silvstedt** and **Chris Wragge**, who were married on June 10 in Ridgewood, New Jersey. The couple met when Chris was a correspondent for *Entertainment Tonight* and interviewed Victoria as Playmate of the Year 1997. . . . Hollywood insiders are excited about *Live Girls*, **Jenny McCarthy's** Fox comedy show, written by **Nancy Pimental** (*South Park*). . . . **Layla Roberts**, **Angela Little** (pictured), and **Lisa Dergan** joined **Hef** at the Sunset Room in Los Angeles to celebrate **Ava Fabian's** birthday. . . . 1999 PMOY **Heather Kozar** appears in ads for Motorola, Bud Light and Jiffy Lube. She has a small role in the forthcoming film *Back Home Again*. . . . **Lucy Liu**, **Cameron Diaz** and **Drew Barrymore** aren't the only goddesses in the forthcoming movie *Charlie's Angels*. **Elke Jeinsen** has a cameo. . . . **Jo Collins** (pictured) made her first Glamourcon appearance in Chicago and received a dozen roses from an adoring fan. . . . Coca-Cola may as well change its slogan to Daph Is It now that **Daphnee Lynn Duplaix** appears in one of its commercials. . . . How did **Deborah Driggs** (pictured at left) get those killer triceps? "I am addicted to yoga classes," she tells us.

Layla and Angela.

Jo Collins' Glamourcon debut.

Deborah Driggs.

ORIGINAL SERIES

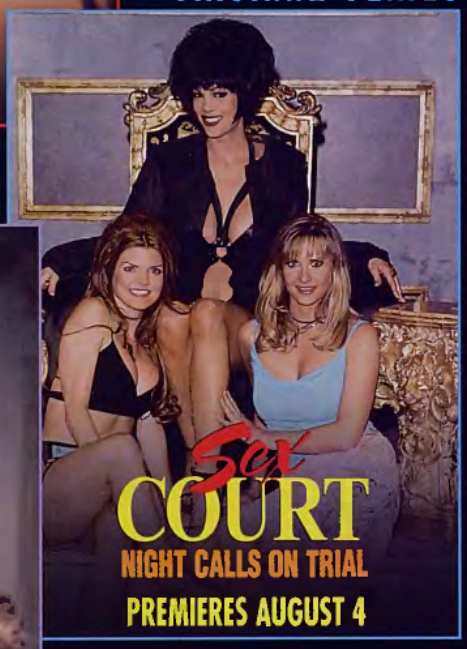



PLAYMATE HOSTS

Neferteri Shepherd
Miss July

Summer Altice
Miss August

ORIGINAL SERIES




ORIGINAL SERIES

ORIGINAL PROGRAMS

# more than you ever imagined...

**JULY PREMIERES**

**BOOBY TRAP** - Two babes go under the covers to flesh out a KGB double agent. July 28; August 1, 7, 10, 16, 20

**THE BRIDE OF DOUBLE FEATURE** - This double feature gives you a night of all-out adult action. July 29; August 1, 5, 13, 21, 31

**PLAYBOY'S SEXY GIRLS NEXT DOOR: BLINDS UP** - Peek at the girls who used to fuel your fantasies as they seize your imagination once again. July 14, 17, 20, 25, 29; August 2, 5, 7, 16, 24, 25

**PLAYMATE EROTIC ADVENTURES** - Let down your guard and let these amazing guides reveal that they have no limits. July 16, 21, 23, 26, 28, 31; August 2, 27

**WET & WILD: LIVE FROM LAS VEGAS** - Pretty Playmates show you why the jokers aren't the only wild cards on the Strip. LIVE July 7; Replays August 9, 12, 13, 19, 30

**AUGUST PREMIERES**

**ADULT STARS CLOSE UP: REVEALED** - Playboy TV takes you on a guided tour into the private lives of your favorite adult beauties. August 12, 16, 22, 25, 28

**BEST OF NIGHT CALLS 411** - Share in the the season's sexiest calls and e-mails as these livewires give the hottest advice on television. August 9, 10, 12, 14, 22, 25

**CAUGHT IN THE ACT** - Two young crooks scramble to get their guns cocked in time for some hot-armed action. August 18, 25, 29, 31

**NAUGHTY AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS: COUNTDOWN TO SPLASHDOWN** - Dive into the deep end with a group of naughty novices as they make more than a few ripples in the water. August 5, 7, 10, 11, 16, 21, 24

**SEX COURT: NIGHT CALLS ON TRIAL** - Juli and Tiffany take the stand as a woman is accused of watching too much *Night Calls*. August 4, 8, 17, 19, 21, 27, 30

CC All premiere programs are closed captioned.

PLAYBOY TV

For program information go to:

**www.playboytv.com**

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR by DIRECTV, STAR CHOICE, EXPRESSVU or DISH Network dealer.

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# PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

## AH, WILDERNESS

The best camping trip is a tented safari with you sipping sundowners while someone else cooks dinner. If that's not an option, communing with mother nature can still be comfortable. Start with the Kelty Riverbend, a tent that is not only easy to erect, but also features Eclipse Photochromatic windows that darken in response to ultraviolet rays. Kelty also makes the Light Year, a $150 down-filled sleeping bag that's warm enough for fall hunting trips and adds only two pounds to your pack. A cozy campfire is just a click away with the Brunton Helios Stormproof Lighter, designed to withstand both rain and hurricane-strength winds. Man does not live on hot dogs and marshmallows alone, so we recommend Mountain Safety Research's line of camp chow cooked over their Superfly butane stove. The meals are easy to cook and surprisingly tasty (especially pasta primavera and curried lentil bisque), and the packaging can be disposed of in your fire. The Superfly stove's matchless autostart will help get soup cooking in seconds. No 21st century camping trip would be complete without a global positioning satellite gizmo in your backpack, and we like Garmin's eTrex model for its portability and variety of features. The system's TracBack mode will reverse your route once you've reached your destination. The bad news is that you'll be at your desk again on Monday. —CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

**Right (clockwise from top): Stay caffeinated with Porter Products' Longitude Bistro Coffee Press ($30). Mountain Safety Research makes everything that you'll need for your camp kitchen—the compact Superfly stove ($50), lightweight three-piece Titan cookset ($90) and organic camp food for two (about $5).**

JAMES IMBROGNO

**Left: Lowe Alpine's Alpamayo backpack has a unique compression system to keep the pack from sagging when loaded with gear ($250). The self-darkening windows of the Kelty Riverbend two-person or three-person tent keep occupants cool and comfortable ($185). Above: The Case Company's bone-handled Hobo pocketknife separates into a full-size knife and fork and has a bottle opener ($65). Garmin's eTrex handheld GPS weighs only 5.3 ounces and can store up to 500 waypoints, which serve as electronic breadcrumbs to find your way back to your starting point ($145). The Brunton Helios Lighter is reliable for about 30,000 ignitions ($60).**



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

# Grapevine

© STEVE TORRES

## Honey Buns

LARA LASHER, co-host of the pay-per-view series *Babewatch*, has been a TV extra and a bikini contest competitor, which helped her pay for med school. Really.

© DOUGLAS STRICKLER

## Joy Goes Long

Touchdown: HEATHER JOY has appeared in modeling magazines and on the San Francisco 49ers cheerleader trading cards.

## Got Christina and Britney

The Got Milk girls: Grammy winner CHRISTINA AGUILERA (below left) and the *Baby One More Time* platinum-album-times-12 BRITNEY SPEARS have more in common than the tabloids would have you believe. Both are ambitious and energetic and play to the MTV crowd. You'll find Spears featured at the MTV Music Awards and Aguilera on tour.

© KEN SETTLE

© KEN SETTLE

## Do Tell, Denzel

A movie is "like a muffin," says DENZEL WASHINGTON. "You make it. You put it on the table. Then others decide if it's the best muffin ever made." He's currently baking *Remember the Titans*, in which the recent Oscar nominee plays a coach.

## All That Glitters Is Gold

SIGOURNEY WEAVER can fill out a sweater. She can also fill out a dark comedy. In *Breakers*, she and Jennifer Love Hewitt play mother and daughter con artists who swindle men. Who wouldn't fall for Sigourney?

## Pop Top

KAILA YU has her own website (KailaYu.com), a calendar (Sensual Asian Women) and TV appearances (Playboy TV and USA Network) to her credit. We credit her with beautifying *Grapevine*.

# Potpourri

## MARILYN'S ON THE PHONE

With a Marilyn Monroe phone you'll even want to hear from telemarketers. That's because when somebody calls, MM's skirt blows up (just as it does in *The Seven Year Itch*) and she sings, "I want to be loved by you" followed by a few lines of dialogue from the movie. Does phone sex get any better than this? The unit also features a demo button (so you can show off Marilyn without having to wait for a call) and a volume control switch. Price: $100. Call Kash 'N Gold at 800-354-8785.

## WINCHESTER BREAKS NEW GROUNDS

Instead of beating its guns into plowshares, firearms manufacturer Olin-Winchester has opted to supplement its income with logoed coffee mugs ($14.95 for two), a coffee blend that boasts a "nostalgic hunting camp flavor" ($14.95 for 12 ounces in a collector's tin) and a barbecue sauce appropriately named Rapid Fire ($6.30). Call 410-828-7575 for more information or go to winchestergifts.com.

JOHN O'BRIEN

JOHN SCHNEIDER

## PLAYING THROUGH

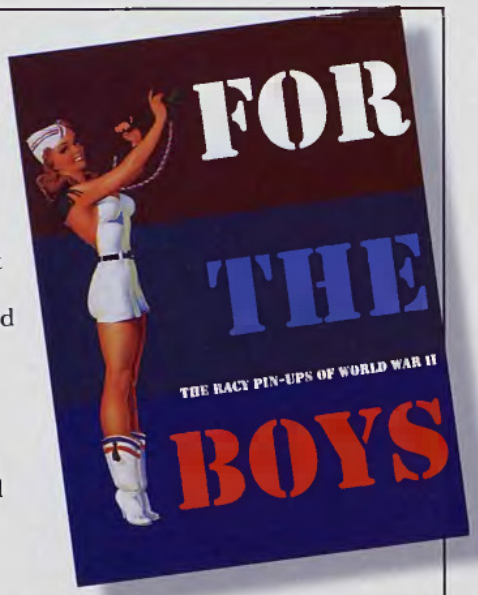
*The Golf Insider*'s motto "If you play golf, play the best and skip the rest" sums up the newsletter's intent: It wants to be your trusted friend and advisor on golf travel. Regular features such as "What the Golf World Is Talking About" clues duffers in on everything from Greg Norman's new golf courses (such as the Great White at Miami's Doral) to Michigan's Upper Peninsula (a great place to get in 54 holes because it stays light in summer until 10 P.M.). Even workaholics will enjoy the golf fantasy trip. Price for a year's subscription (eight issues) is $109. To order, call toll-free at 877-526-6331. The website is thegolfinsider.com.

## SAFARI, SO GOOD

Even if you don't want to know how to build a pizza oven out of a termite mound, the rest of Josie Stow's *The African Kitchen* is a thrilling evocation of life in the wild—with recipes. Go from a safari breakfast in the bush (whiskied jungle oats) to dinner under the camel thorn trees (*peri-peri* shrimp kebabs). *African Kitchen*'s photos are by Jan Baldwin. Price: $25. Interlink Books is the publisher. Check your bookstores.

### G.I. CUTIE PIES

World War II pin-ups appeared in many forms, from fighter-pilot nose cone and bomber jacket art to calendars, postcards, matchbooks and playing cards. Yes, our troops over there knew what they were fighting for. Now Collector's Press has gathered 500 or so examples of the best ephemera into a 144-page hardcover, *For the Boys*. Alberto Vargas and George Petty are represented, along with cartoonists Al Capp and Milton Caniff. Price: $39.95. Call 800-423-1848 or go to collectorspress.com.



### REALLY BIG MOVER

So you've bought yourself a loft and now the long hot summer has turned it into a sauna. Chill out with the world's largest ceiling fan—the 20-foot, 10-blade aluminum model pictured here. HVLS Fan sells them for $4175, including controls. The fan's hollow blades generate a column of air 25 times larger than a standard 48-inch fan will. We're talking cool. Call 606-254-9921 to order.

### SET 'EM UP, JOE

Four liquors we recently tried include (left to right): Youri Dolgoruki, a quadruple-distilled vodka from Moscow's oldest distillery ($28). Dirty Olive gin (shown) and Dirty Olive vodka both contain olive brine that gives them a salty taste (about $22 each). (President Franklin Delano Roosevelt supposedly liked his martinis "dirty.") César Monterrey Gold Reserva is a remarkably smooth tequila at a remarkable price—$18. Combine it with imported GranGala liqueur (also $18) for a delicious margarita.

### NIGHT COURT

For a little midsummer night's one-on-one, get Huffy Sports' Twilight basketball, a regulation-size model that glows from the inside thanks to three-volt batteries and a light-emitting diode (the ball automatically switches off after five minutes at rest). Price: about $15. The company also offers a lighted football, along with several intermediate and minisize lighted balls. It looks like you'll be up all night. Call 800-558-5234 or check huffysports.com.

### VISIONS OF LOVELINESS

Miss Naomi, who owns the exquisite artwork and antiques reproduced in *Visions of Erotica*, a 176-page hardcover from Schiffer Publishing, has one of the largest collections of erotica in the world. No wonder it took us so long to pick the Thirties aluminum wall plaque pictured here. Our second choice is pictured on page 127, but you'll have to buy the book to see it. Price: $49.95 from Schiffer at 610-593-1777.

# Next Month

DARING SHARI

BLACK, WHITE AND READ ALL OVER

GRIDIRON DIRT

NAVY GIRL

**SHARI BELAFONTE**—"I LOOK PRETTY DAMN GOOD FOR 45," SHARI TOLD US. THE WOMAN DOES NOT LIE. THE DREADLOCKED SHOWBIZ PHENOMENON SHOWS OFF HER EROTIC SIDE IN A DARING TROPICAL PICTORIAL

**JENNIFER LOPEZ**—THE WOMAN WITH THE FABULOUS BUTT, THE STARTLING DRESSES, THE SIZZLING MOVIE CAREER AND THE BOYFRIEND NAMED PUFF DADDY CLEARS UP RUMORS AND CREATES NEW BUZZ IN A BRASSY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

**SETH GREEN**—*BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER*'S OZ AND *AUSTIN POWERS*' SCOTT EVIL ON THE BEST THREE-NAMED ACTRESS, THE PERILS OF CHILDHOOD STARDOM, THE PROS AND CONS OF PLAYING A YOUNG WOODY ALLEN AND THE ALLURE OF THE CASTING COUCH. TWENTY QUESTIONS BY **ROBERT CRANE**

**PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW**—SALARY CAPS AND FREE AGENCIES HAVE THREATENED GRIDIRON DYNASTIES. THIS YEAR, IT'S ANYONE'S GAME. **RICK GOSSELIN** CASTS HIS VOTE FOR THE (SURPRISE) NFC AND (EVEN BIGGER SURPRISE) AFC CHAMPS

**HAROLD RAMIS**—HOLLYWOOD'S FUNNIEST JOKE MAN—WHO GOT HIS START WRITING FOR PLAYBOY—TALKS ABOUT HIS NEW MOVIE, *BEDAZZLED*, THE MYSTERIOUS BILL MURRAY AND THE POSSIBILITY OF *GHOSTBUSTERS 3*. PROFILE BY **DAVID RENSIN**

**HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, PLAYBOY ADVISOR**—FOR 40 YEARS, OUR GUYS HAVE RACKED THEIR BRAINS TO GET YOU LAID AND YOUR WINE DECANTED AT THE RIGHT TEMPERATURE. A FOND LOOK BACK AT THE SEXIEST, MOST OUTRAGEOUS QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**MAKING WAVES**—IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THAT A BEAUTIFUL NAVY GIRL AGREES TO SHED HER UNIFORM FOR HER COUNTRY—AND OUR CAMERAS. WE SALUTE HER PATRIOTISM IN A SPLASHY PICTORIAL

**CASINO CAMPUS**—COLLEGE KIDS WILL BET ON ANYTHING: BIG-TIME SPORTS, BREATHALYZER TESTS, WHICH GIRL HAS FAKE TITS. NOT A FEW LOSE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. AN INSIDE LOOK AT GAMBLERS AND BOOKIES AT SCHOOL. BY **ERIN ZAMMETT**

**THE BLACK AND WHITE SISTERS**—ONE HAS DARK-RIMMED EYES AND DRINKS GUINNESS, THE OTHER HAS BLEACHED HAIR AND PREFERS MILK. A LANDSCAPER FINDS OUT WHY TWO WOMEN BAN COLOR FROM THEIR LIVES. FICTION BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

**PLUS:** THE **EMINEM** PHENOMENON, OUR FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST, SONY'S LONG-AWAITED PLAYSTATION 2, THE 10 BEST PLACES IN AMERICA FOR E-COMMUTING, URBAN SURVIVAL GEAR, WILD CARS ON THE STREETS OF JAPAN, OUR FAVORITE MOVIE GOOFS AND PLAYMATE **KERISSA FARE**

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